

MONTAIGNE's *A*
ESSAYS
In THREE BOOKS.

WITH
NOTES and QUOTATIONS.

And an ACCOUNT of
The AUTHOR's LIFE.

With a short Character of the AUTHOR
and TRANSLATOR, by the late Mar-
quis of *HALLIFAX*.

Translated by *CHARLES COTTON*, Esq.

—*Viresque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4. Æn.

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M.DCC.XLIII.

ESSAYS

IN THREE BOOKS

NOTES AND QUOTATIONS

FROM AN ACCOUNT OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

WITH A SHORT CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR

AND A LIST OF HIS WORKS

TRANSLATED BY



COTTON, ESQ.

OF THE

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MILTON

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE

Marquis, Earl, and Viscount *Halifax*, Baron of *Eland*, Lord *Privy Seal*, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable *Privy Council*.

MY LORD,

IF I have set down the only Opportunity I ever had of kissing your Lordship's Hands amongst the happy Encounters of my Life, and take this Occasion, so many Years after, to tell you so, your Lordship will not, I hope, think yourself injured by such a Declaration from a Man that honours You; nor condemn my Ambition, when I publish to the World, that I am not altogether unknown to You. Your Lordship, peradventure, may have forgot a Conversation so little worthy your Remembrance: But the Memory of your Lordship's obliging Fashion to me all that Time, can never die with me; and though my Acknowledgment arrives thus late at you, I have never left it at home when I went abroad into the best Company. My Lord, I cannot, I would not flatter you, I do not think your Lordship capable of being flattered, neither am I inclined to

DEDICATION.

do it to those that are : But I cannot forbear to say, that I then received such an Impression of your Virtue and noble Nature, as will stay with me for ever. This will either excuse the Liberty I presume to take in this Dedication, or, at least, make it no Wonder; and I am so confident in your Lordship's Generosity, that I assure myself you will not deny your Protection to a Man whose greatest publick Crime is, that of an ill Writer. A better Book (if there be a better of the Kind) (in the Original I mean) had been a Present more fitly suited to your Lordship's Quality and Merit, and to my Devotion. I could hardly wish it such : But as it is, I lay it at your Lordship's Feet, together with,

My LORD,

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Your LORDSHIP's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

Charles Cotton.



*This for Charles Cotton, Esq; at
his House at Berisford.*

To be left at Ashburne in Derbyshire.

S I R,

I Have too long delayed my *Thanks* to you for giving me such an obliging *Evidence* of your *Remembrance*: That alone would have been a welcome *Present*, but when joined with the Book in the World I am the best entertained with, it raiseth a strong Desire in me to be better known, where I am sure to be so much pleased. I have 'till now thought Wit could not be translated, and do still retain so much of that Opinion, that I believe it impossible, except by one whose Genius cometh up to that of the Author. You have the original Strength of his Thought, that it almost tempts a Man to believe the Transmigration of Souls, and that his being used to Hills, is come into the Moor-Lands, to reward us here in *England*, for doing him more Right than his Country will afford him. He hath by your Means, mended his first Edition. To transplant and make him ours, is not only a valuable Acquisition to us, but a just Censure of the critical Impertinence of those *French* Scribes

A Letter to Mr. COTTON.

lers who have taken Pains to make little Cavils and Exceptions to lessen the Reputation of this great Man, whom Nature hath made too big to confine him to the Exactness of a studied Stile. He let his Mind have it's full Flight, and sheweth, by a generous Kind of Negligence, that he did not write for Praise, but to give the World a true Picture of himself and of Mankind. He scorned affected Periods, or to please the mistaken Reader with an empty Chime of Words. He hath no Affection to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural Force of what is his own, and the excellent Application of what he borroweth.

You see, Sir, I have Kindness enough for *Monsieur de Montaigne* to be your Rival; but no-body can now pretend to be in equal Competition with you: I do willingly yield it is no small Matter for a Man to do to a more prosperous Lover; and if you will repay this Piece of Justice with another, pray believe, that he who can translate such an Author without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad but proud of being his

Very humble Servant,

4 AP 63

HALLIFAX.

THE

THE
EDITOR
TO THE
READER.

IT would perhaps be looked upon as a Piece of Rashness in us, to attempt any thing in Commendation of *Montaigne* and his ingenious Translator, after the Character given of them by so learned a Hand as the Marquis of *Hallifax*: Nothing material can be added to what he has said on the Subject; but, nevertheless, a Word or two may not be altogether unnecessary, in Regard to this new Impression of a Book, the Original of which has been in Demand in *France* ever since the first Publication of it there 150 Years ago.

Mr. *Cotton* has, indeed, succeeded to a Miracle in his Translation of so celebrated a Piece, and we are thoroughly persuaded that very few *Frenchmen* now living, were they to undertake the Task, would find themselves capable of turning *Montaigne's Essays* into modern *French* with the same Spirit and Justice to the Author; but still our Translator was not altogether infallible: He had certainly one of the most difficult Books in the World to struggle with, and he complains of it himself in his Preface: It is no Wonder then that he fell into such Mistakes, which we should not only have

To the READER.

have fallen into ourselves, but probably have committed a great many more, had he not first trod the rugged Way before us. All we ventured to do has been only to mend the few Errors in him that obviously appeared to us to be such, and to change his Language where fifty Years had rendered it any Way harsh or obsolete: This was the utmost of our View, and we can assure our Readers, that in pursuing it we have altered Mr. Cotton's Prose in above three thousand Places; but as to his Poetry, we thought fit to let it remain as we found it, except upon one or two Occasions. Whether the Alterations we have made are for the better or not, is what we must submit to the Judgment of the Public, whom it has been our earnest Endeavours to please by a new Edition of a Book so constantly called for, so universally useful, and so highly esteemed by all Men of Learning and Taste.

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T H E

The TRANSLATOR'S P R E F A C E T O T H E R E A D E R.

M*Y* Design in attempting this Translation, was to present my Country with a true Copy of a very brave Original. How far I have succeeded in that Design, is left to every one to judge; and I expect to be the more gently censured, for having myself so modest an Opinion of my own Performance, as to confess that the Author has suffered by me as well as the former Translator; though I hope, and dare affirm, the Misinterpretations I shall be found guilty of, are neither so numerous, nor so gross. I cannot discern my own Errors; it were unpardonable in me if I could, and did not mend them; but I can see his (except when we are both mistaken) and those I have corrected; but I am not so ill-natur'd as to shew where. In Truth, both Mr. Florio and I are to be excused, where we miss of the Sense of the Author, whose Language is such in many Places, as Grammar cannot reconcile, which renders it the hardest Book to make a justifiable Version of that I ever yet saw in that or any other Language I understand; insomuch, that though I do think, and am pretty confident, I understand French as well as any Man, I have yet sometimes been forced to grope at his Meaning. Peradventure, the greatest Critick would, in some Places, have found my Author abstruse enough. Yet are not these Mistakes I speak of either so many, or of so great Importance, as to cast any scandalous Blemish upon the Book, but such as few Readers can discover, and they that do, will, I hope, easily excuse.

The Errors of the Press I must in part take upon myself, living at so remote a Distance from it, and supplying it with a stubber'd Copy from an illiterate Ammannensis, the last of which is provided against in the Quires that must succeed.



THE
L I F E
O F

Michael Seign^r. de Montaigne.



THE Race of *Michael Seigneur de Montaigne* in *Perigord*, was Noble, but Noble without any great Lustre till his Time: As to Estate, he was seized of above 2000 Crowns of yearly Revenue. He was born to his Father, the Third, in order of Birth, of his Children, and by him delivered to Gossips of the meanest Condition to be baptized, with a Design rather to oblige and link him to those who were likely to stand in Need of him, than to such as he might stand in Need of: He moreover sent him from his Cradle, to be brought up in a poor Village of his, and there continued him all the while he was at Nurse, and longer, forming him to the lowest and most common Manner of Living: Wherein he certainly so well enured himself to Frugality and Austerity, that they had much ado, during all the Time of his Infancy especially, to correct the Refusals he made of Things that Children of his Age are greedy of; as Sugars, Sweetmeats, Marchpanes, and the like.

No

Michael *Seigneur de Montaigne*.

No doubt the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues are a very fair, and a very great Advance; but, as he himself observes, they are now-a-days too dear bought. His Father made all diligent Inquiry that possibly could be, amongst the learned Men, for an exquisite Method of Education, was cautioned of the Inconvenience then in Use, and told, that the tedious Time that is employed in the Languages of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, which cost them nothing, is the only Reason we cannot arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge that was in them. The Expedient that he found out for this, is that, whilst he was at Nurse, and before he began to speak, he delivered him to the Care of a *German*, (who since died a famous Physician in *France*) totally ignorant of our Languages, and very well versed in the *Latin* Tongue. This Man he had brought out of his own Country, and entertained with a very great Salary for this Purpose, had the Child continually in his Arms, to whom there were added two others more moderately learned, to attend him, and to relieve the first; which three entertained him with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the rest of the Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither his Father, nor so much as his Mother, Man, or Maid, spoke any Word in his Hearing, but such as every one had learned only to prattle with him. And it is not to be believed how all of them profited by this Method; his Father and Mother learned, by this Means, *Latin* enough to understand, and serve themselves withal at Need, as all those Servants did, who were most about his Person. To be short, they did *Latin* it at such a Rate, that it overflowed the neighbouring Villages, where, by Use, several Appellations of Artizans, and their Tools, have got footing, and there remain to this Day. For his Part, he was above six Years old before he understood any more of *French* or *Perigorden* than of

The LIFE of

Arabick; and, without Art, Books, Grammar, or Precepts, without Whipping, and without Tears, he had learned to speak as pure *Latin* as his Master, for he could neither alter it nor mix it. If, for Example, they gave him after the College Mode, they gave it to others in *French*, but they were forced to give it him in ill *Latin* to put it into good: And *Nicholas Gronchi*, who has writ a Book *De Comitibus Romanorum*; *Guillaume Guerente*, who has writ a Commentary upon *Aristotle*; *George Buchanan*, that great Scotch Poet; and *Mark Anthony de Mureta*, whom both *France* and *Italy* acknowledge for the best Orator of his Time, his domestic Tutors, have oft since told him, that he had that Language in his Childhood so ready, and at hand, they were afraid to accost him.

As to the *Greek*, his Father designed to have taught him by Art; but, by a new Method, and that by Way of Sport and Recreation, they tost their Declensions to and fro, after the manner of those who, by certain Tricks upon the Chess-board, learn *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*: So, amongst other Things, he had been advised to make him relish Learning and Duty, by an unforced Will, and his own Device, and to educate his Soul with all Sweetness and Liberty, without Austerity or Compulsion. Which he also did to such a Degree of Superstition, that seeing some are of Opinion, that it troubles the Brains of Children to be suddenly roused in a Morning, and to be snatched away from Sleep, wherein they are much deeper plunged than Men, with Haste and Violence; he always caused him to be waked by the Sound of some musical Instrument, and was never unprovided of a Musician for that Purpose.

But as they who are impatient to be cured, submit to all Sorts of Remedies, and every one's Advice; the good Man, being extremely timorous of failing in a Thing he had so much set his Heart upon, suffered

Michael Seigneur de Montaigne.

ferred himself at last to be carried away by the common Opinion, which like Cranes always follow that which went before, and submitted to custom, having now no more those Persons about him, who had given him the first Instructions, that he had bought of *Italy*; and about the sixth Year of his Age sent him to the College of *Guyenne*, at that time very flourishing, and the best in *France*. And there it was not possible to add any Thing to the Care had in choosing for him the best Chamber-Tutors, and in all other circumstances of Education, wherein he reserved several particular Forms, contrary to the College Usance; but so it was, that it was a College still, and this unusual Method of Education was here of no other Advantage to him, than at his first coming to prefer him to one of the higher Classes; for at thirteen Years of Age he had run through his whole Course.

At the Age of three and thirty he married a Wife, tho', might he have been left free to his own Choice, he would have avoided marrying, even with *Wisdom* herself, had she been willing. But 'tis not much to the Purpose, says he, to resist Custom, for the common Usance of Life will be so. Nevertheless, this Marriage of his was not spontaneous, he was put upon it, and led to it by odd Accidents. And as great a Libertine as he professes himself to be, he more particularly observed his matrimonial Vow than he expected from, or had proposed to, himself.

His Father had left him *Montaigne* in Partage, as the eldest of his Sons, prophesying that he would ruin it, considering his Humour; so little disposed to live at home: But he was deceived, for he lived upon it as he entered into it, excepting that it was something better, and yet without Office, or any other foreign Helps. As to the rest, if *Fortune* never did him any violent or extraordinary Office, so she never shewed him any signal Favour: Whatever

The LIFE of

he had in his House that proceeded from her Liberty was before he came to it, and above a hundred Years before his Time: He never, in his own particular, had any solid and essential Advantages, for which he stood indebted to her Bounty: She shewed him airy, honorary, and titular Favours, without Substance; she procured for him the Collar of the Order of *St. Michael*, which, when young, he coveted above all other Things, it being at that Time the utmost Mark of Honour of the *French Nobles*, and very rare. But of all her Favours, there was none with which he was so well pleased, as an authentick Bull of a *Roman Burgeſs*, that was granted to him, with great Civility and Bounty, in a Journey he made to *Rome*, which is transcribed in Form in the sixth Chapter of the third Book of his Essays.

Messieurs de Bourdeaux elected him Mayor of their City, being then out of the Kingdom, and at *Rome*, and yet more remote from any such Expectation, which made him excuse himself; but that would not serve his Turn, and moreover the King interposed his Command. 'Tis an Office that ought to be looked upon with the greatest Esteem, as it has no other Perquisites and Benefits belonging to it, than the mere Honour of its Execution. It lasts but two Years; but may, by a second Election, be continued longer, though that rarely happens. It was to him, and had been so twice before; once some Years since to *Monsieur de Lausac*, and more lately to *Monsieur de Byron*, Mareschal of *France*, in which Place he succeeded, and left his to *Monsieur de Matignon*, also Mareschal of *France*, proud of so noble Fraternity. His Father, a Man of great Honour and Equity, had formerly also had the same Dignity. All the Children his Wife brought died at Nurse, saving *Leonora*, an only Daughter, whom he disposed in Marriage some two Years before his Death.

Michael Seigneur de Montaigne.

The first printing of his Essays was in the Year 1580, at which Time the publick Applause gave him, as he says, a little more Assurance than he expected. He has since added, but corrected nothing: His Book having been always the same, saving that upon every new Impression he took the Privilege to add something, that the Buyer might not go away with his Hands quite empty. His Person was strong and well knit; his Face not fat but full; his Complexion betwixt jovial and melancholick, moderately sanguine and hot; his Constitution healthful and spritely, rarely troubled with Diseases, till he grew into Years, that he began to be afflicted with the Cholic and Stone: As to the rest, very obstinate in his Hatred and Contempt of Physicians Prescriptions: An hereditary Antipathy; his Father having lived threescore and fourteen Years, his Grandfather threescore and nine, and his great Grandfather almost fourscore Years, without having ever tasted any Sort of Medicine.

He died in the Year 1592, the 13th of September, a very constant and philosophical Death, being aged fifty-nine Years, six Months, and eleven Days; and was buried at *Bordeaux*, in the Church of a Commandery of St. *Anthony*, now given to the Religious *Feullentines*; where his Wife, *Françoise de la Castaigne*, and his Daughter, have erected for him an honourable Monument, having, like his Ancestors, passed over his Life and Death in the Catholick Religion.

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A V I N.



A
VINDICATION
O F
Montaigne's ESSAYS.



THE Essays of *Michael de Montaigne* are justly ranked amongst Miscellaneous Books: For they are on various Subjects, without Order and Connexion; and the very Body of the Discourses has still a greater Variety. This Sort of Confusion does not however hinder People of all Qualities to extol these Essays above all the Books that ever they read, and they make them their chief Study. They think that other Miscellanies of ancient and modern Books are nothing but an unnecessary Heap of Quotations, whereas we find in this Authorities to the Purpose, intermix'd with the Author's own Thoughts; which being bold and extraordinary, are very effectual to cure Men of their Weakness and Vanity, and induce them to seek Virtue and Felicity by lawful Means. But because every Body is not of this Opinion, we must take Notice here of what is said against, and in Favour of these Essays, to know what we should believe of 'em; and this is the more necessary, because one meets with frequent Opportunities to talk of this Author, his Book being almost in the Hands of all People.
The

The Enemies of *Montaigne* tell us, That his Book is so far from inspiring his Readers with the Love of Virtue, that on the contrary, some of his Discourses being stuff'd with free and licentious Words, they teach them some Vices of which they were ignorant, or else are the Occasion that they take a Pleasure in speaking thereof, and at last induce them to fall into the same. That his Discourses upon several Effects of Nature are rather fit to divert his Thoughts from true Religion, than to convince them of the Truth of it, and are altogether unbecoming a Christian Philosopher. That notwithstanding his Propositions and Assertions are for the most Part weak and false, yet they are very dangerous for several Persons who either want Learning, or have too great a Bias for Libertinism. That besides an indifferent Knowledge of practical Morals and History, which *Montaigne* had acquired in reading *Seneca* and *Plutarch*, having convers'd with few other Books, as he owns himself, he had hardly a Tincture of other Sciences and Arts, even not of the Theory of Moral Philosophy. That he was as ignorant in other Parts of Philosophy, as Physick, Metaphysick, and Logick; which does sufficiently appear by his wrong Inferences on several Things. That he understood very little what we call Humanity, or *Belles Lettres*, as one may see by his unpolite Stile, and the Confusion of his Discourses, which shew him a very ill Grammarian, and a bad Rhetorician; and as he talks positively, and boldly as the most learned Men, *Scaliger* was us'd to stile him a *bold Ignorant*. These angry Gentlemen do likewise pretend, that what is most admir'd in *Montaigne* is Rolen from some ancient Authors, and that if those Quotations and the little Stories he tells us about his Temper and Inclinations were taken out of his Book, the rest would be very little or nothing at all.

This is the Substance of the most material Objections made against *Montaigne*; not to mention here several Authors, who have purposely written against his Opinions, as Mr. *De Silbon* in his Book of the Immortality of the Soul, wherein he confutes what *Montaigne* has alledg'd to prove that Brutes are capable of thinking. *Chanut*, in his Treatise of the Operations of the Understanding, quotes *Montaigne's* Essays, as a Work wherein Judgment had no Share, because, says he, every judicious Man loves Order,

der, and there is nothing but Confusion in that whole Book.

Having thus impartially related what is urg'd against *Montaigne*, we proceed now to mention what is said in his Vindication. And we might here, in the first Place, make use of the long Preface *Mademoiselle de Gournay* has prefix'd to the *French Folio Edition* of his *Essays*, 1652, wherein she does not only give a full Answer to all the Objectinos made, or that can be made against *Montaigne*, but also talks of him as of a Man whose Works have reviv'd Truth in his Age, and which therefore she calls *the Quintessence of Philosophy, the Hellebore of Man's Folly, the Setter at Liberty of the Understanding, and the Judicial Throne of Reason*. But we do not think fit to insist upon her Evidence, for notwithstanding the solid Arguments her Opinion is groundd upon, she may be suspected to be blindfolded with the passionate Love she had for her excellent Father: And besides, we have so many great Men to produce in Favour of *Montaigne*, that we may without any Prejudice to his Cause, wave the Evidence of *Mademoiselle de Gournay*. These will tell you, that if he has handled any Matters with an uncommon Freedom, this is an Effect of his generous Temper, which was free from any base Compliance; and as to his Love for Virtue, and his Religion, they appeal to his very Book itself, whereby that Truth will appear, if the Passages alledg'd to prove the contrary are examin'd without Partiality, and not by themselves, but according to the Connexion they have with what precedes or follows.

Stephen Pasquier, that sincere Writer, deals more fairly with *Montaigne* than *Silbon*, *Balzac*, or any other of his Opposers, for he does not conceal his Faults, nor pass by what may be said to extenuate or excuse them. '*Montaigne*, says he, in one of his Letters, has several Chapters, whereof the Body is no ways answerable to the Head, witness these following, *The History of Spurina; of the Resemblance of Children to their Parents; of the Verses of Virgil; of Coaches; of lame People; of Vanity, and Physiognomy*. These are incoherent Things, wherein the Author runs from one Subject to another, without any Order or Connexion. But after all, we must take of *Montaigne* what is good, and not look upon his Titles,

‘ but into his Discourses, for possibly he design’d to laugh
 ‘ at himself, others, and human Capacity, slighting thus
 ‘ the Rules and servile Laws of Authors.

I shall add on this Point, that notwithstanding several of his Discourses do contain quite different Things from what is promis’d in the Titles, as *Pasquier* has observ’d, yet it does not always happen so; and when he has done it, methinks, it is rather through Affectation than Inadvertency, to shew that he did not intend to make a regular Work. This does likewise appear, by the odd, or rather fantastical Connexion of his Discourses, wherein from one Matter he makes long Digressions upon several others. No doubt but he thought that one might take the same Liberty in his Meditations, as is assum’d in common Conversations, in which, tho’ there be but two or three Interlocutors, ’tis observ’d that there is such a Variety in their Discourses, that if they were set down in Writing, it would appear that by Digressions they are run away from their first Subject, and that the last Part of their Conversation is very little answerable to the first. This I verily believe was his true Intention, that he might present the World with a free and original Work; for neither *Chanet* nor any other of his Adversaries will be able to convince the World, that this proceeded from want of Judgment in a Man of such Parts as they are oblig’d to own in *Montaigne*.

He design’d also sometimes to conceal his Design in his Titles; as for Instance, in his third Book, when having spent almost a whole Chapter against Physicians, it is most likely that his Intention was to conceal it by intitling the same, *Of the Resemblance of Children to their Parents*. For this gives him an Opportunity to tell us, that he was afflicted with the Gravel as his Father was, and to discourse of the Cure of several Distempers, and at the same time of the Uncertainty of Physick, or rather of the Ignorance of Physicians; from whence I conclude, that in this whole Chapter, and several others, there is rather a refin’d Art, than Ignorance. It has also been objected against him, that he talks of no Body else in his Writings, as if he intended to propose himself as a necessary Pattern to the rest of Mankind, tho’ what he says of himself is for the most part odd and fantastical. To this I answer, that any Man may be an Example to others, either for doing Good, or eschewing
 ing

ing Evil ; and that *Montaigne* does not pretend that what he says of himself should be taken for any other thing than really it is, having a sufficient Knowledge of all human Frailties, and of his own in particular.

'Tis somewhat surprizing that *Montaigne* should be blamed for quoting ancient Authors, when his Quotations are made *à propos*, that is, for confirming or illustrating what he says, seeing *Plutarch* and several other excellent Authors have taken the same Liberty ; and if it be objected, that the Quotations in *Plutarch* are taken from Greek Authors, and consequently are in the same Language as his, whereas *Montaigne* has stuffed his *French* Book with Greek, Latin, and Italian Verses ; I answer that this is trifling, for if *Montaigne* found nothing in his own Language worthy of being cited, or else if he thought that ancient or foreign Writers had better treated the Matter he speaks of, Pray by what Law is he forbidden to make use of their Authority ? I own, that in some Places, he has translated some Passages of ancient Authors into *French*, and has so dextrously incorporated them into his Work, that he has in some Manner made them his own ; but where is the great Crime in this, especially seeing he has a World of Thoughts of his own, which are more sublime and excellent, than what he has alledged from others ?

Balzac, in his XIX *Entretien*, reflects upon his Language, though at the same time he excuses it. ' He lived, ' says he, in the Reign of the Family of *Valois*, and was ' a *Gascoign* by Birth, and therefore it is impossible, but ' his Language must have something of the Vice common ' to his Age and Country. However, we must own, that ' his Soul was eloquent, and that he expressed his Thoughts ' in bold masculine Expressions, and that his Stile had ' some Beauties above what we could have expected from ' his Age. I'll say no more on this Head, and I know that ' it would be a sort of a Miracle, that a Person could po- ' litely speak *French* in the Barbary of *Quercy* and *Perigord*. ' Should a Man, beset with bad Examples, and deprived of ' good ones, have Courage and Strength enough to defend ' himself alone against a whole Nation, against his own ' Wife, Relations, and Friends, who are as many Enemies ' to the Purity of the *French* Tongue ? The Court was ' likewise as corrupted as the Country, so that it was then ' lawful

‘lawful to fail, there being then no settled Rules for our
 ‘Language; and those Faults, which are more ancient
 ‘than the Laws themselves, are doubtless innocent. I
 ‘conclude, says he in another Place, that I have a great
 ‘Veneration for him, and that in my Opinion he is
 ‘comparable to those Ancients whom we call *Maximos*
 ‘*Ingenio, Arte rudes, &c.*

What *Balzac* says, in relation to the Court of *France* in the Days of *Montaigne*, is true enough, and very much to the Purpose; but observe here the Vanity and Malice of that Hypercritic, who must reflect upon *Montaigne*’s Country; as if it were impossible that any Body born in *Perigord* or *Quercy*, should write *French* as politely as he who was born within a Day’s Journey from *Montaigne*. I know *Balzac* has written more politely than *Montaigne*, and that the *French* Tongue is much indebted to him; but he whose Excellency was chiefly in the Connexion of Words, must not for all that pretend to set up for a Judge of the Thoughts of *Montaigne*, as he rashly ventured upon in his XVIII and XIX *Entretien*.

’Tis true, *Montaigne* has some provincial Expressions, but they are few in Number; and it is to be observed, that several Words of his which were at first excepted against, have been since adopted by the best Writers, this being the Privilege of great Authors to introduce new Words. The *French* Word *enjoué* (merry) has not been always in Use, though it is now in the Mouths of all the learned and polite People, and *Montaigne* was the first Author that I know of who made Use of it; and so they are obliged to him for this Word, which does not only signify a merry Man, but likewise expresses the very Effects of Mirth in his Face, and chiefly upon his Cheek (*jouës*.)

Those who tell us that *Scaliger* was used to call him a bold *Ignorant*, do certainly a greater Injury to *Scaliger* than to *Montaigne*; for the Reputation of that great Man will never so far bias Mankind, as to make them believe, that the Author of a Book, wherein there is so much Learning, should be an ignorant Fellow. *Scaliger* was a better Judge, and as this is not to be found in any one of his Works, I think one may venture to say, that this Calumny was contrived by some of his envious Enemies, who having not Strength enough to encounter him,
 made

made use of this Artifice to run down his Merit with that great Name.

Monsieur de Plaffac, a great Admirer of *Montaigne*, corrected his Chapter of the *Vanity of Words* into modern *French*; but as he owns it himself, it was no more *Montaigne's*, whose Similies and proverbial Expressions have a greater Strength, than the nice Politeness of the modern *French Language*; and, besides, *Montaigne's* Discourse is every where full of Sentences and solid Reason, which do not always admit that smooth but empty Way of Writing, so much in Vogue in *France*.

I do not however design to defend *Montaigne* in every thing; far from it, I blame his Freedom in several Places, and I cannot abide, that after having discoursed of the exemplary Life of a holy Man, he should immediately talk as he does of Cuckoldom and Privy-Parts, and other Things of this Nature, which, though perhaps tolerable in another Place, cannot be suffered in this; and I wish he had left out these Things, that Ladies might not be put to the Blush, when his *Essays* are found in their Libraries, and that they might improve themselves by reading this excellent Book, without putting their Modesty to any Torment, as they must needs do when they come to these Places.

As for the rest, there is hardly any human Book extant so fit as this to teach Men what they are, and lead them insensibly to a reasonable Observation of the most secret Springs of their Actions; and therefore it ought to be the *manuale* of all Gentlemen, his uncommon Way of teaching, winning People to the Practice of Virtue, as much as other Books fright them away from it, by the dogmatical and imperious Way which they assume.

Thus we have answered all the material Objections made against *Montaigne*; for I think the other Trifles, which are objected against him, do not deserve to be taken Notice of, and I wonder that the Author of the *Search after Truth* should spend his Time upon them, in a Manner so unbecoming his Character. He tells us, after *Balzac* and some others, that *Montaigne's* Vanity and Pride are not suitable to an Author and Philosopher; that it was ridiculous and useless to keep a Page having hardly 6000 Livres a Year, and more ridiculous still to have so often mentioned it in his

Writings:

Writings: But I may answer, that it was very common in his time for Gentlemen of noble Extraction to keep a Page, to shew their Quality, though their Estate could hardly afford them to keep a Footman, and that the 6000 Livres a Year were then more than 20000 now-a-days. It was likewise very much unbecoming the Gravity of our famous *Searcher after Truth*, to rail at *Montaigne* because he kept a Clerk, when he was Counsellor in the Parliament of *Bordeaux*, for *Montaigne* having exercised that noble Employment but for a short Time, in his Youth he had no Occasion to mention it, and who shall believe, that he has concealed it out of Vanity, he who in the Opinion of *Malebranche* himself, talks of his Imperfections and Vices with too great a Freedom? It is likewise very ungenerous and un-gentleman-like to take Notice, that he did not very well succeed in his Mayoralty of *Bordeaux*; the Times he lived in were very troublesome, and supposing he committed some Error, which they saw without any Proof, what is that to the Merit of his Book? *Balzac* introduces a Gentleman speaking thus to an Admirer of *Montaigne*. ‘ You may praise your Author, if you will, more than our *Cicero*, but I cannot fancy that a Man who governed all the World, was not at least equal to a Person, who did not know how to govern *Bordeaux*.’ This may very well pass for a Jest; but is it a rational Way of confuting an Author, to have Recourse to personal Reflections, or some Incidents relating to his private Person or Quality? This is so mean, that I cannot fancy *Balzac* could be guilty of it, and I wholly impute it to those who have published after his Death, some loose Discourses on several Subjects, which they have intitled his *Entretiens*.

Notwithstanding these Objections, *Montaigne* always had and is like to have Admirers, as long as Sense and Reason have any Credit in the World. *Justus Lipsius* calls him the *French Thales*, and *Mexeray* the Christian *Seneca*, and the incomparable *Thuanus* had made an Eulogy of him, which being very short, I shall transcribe it here:

‘ *Michael de Montaigne*, Chevalier, was born in *Perigord*, in a Castle which had the Name of his Family. He was made Counsellor in the Parliament of *Bordeaux* with *Stephen de la Boetie*, with whom he contracted so great a Friendship, that that dear Friend was even after his

Death

Death the Object of his Respect and Veneration. *Montaigne* was extraordinary *Free and Sincere*, as Posterity will see by his *Essays*, for so he has intitled that immortal Monument of his Genius.

While he was at *Venice*, he was elected Mayor of *Bordeaux*, which Place was bestowed only upon Persons of the first Quality, and even the Governors of the Province thought it was an Honour for them. The Mareschal de *Matignon*, who commanded the King's Forces in that Province during the Troubles of the State, had such an Esteem for him, that he communicated unto him the most important Affairs, and admitted him into his Council. As I had a Correspondence with him while I was in his Country, and since at Court, the Conformity of our Studies and Inclinations united us most intimately. He died at *Montaigne* in the 60th Year of his Age.

This Testimony of *Thuanus* is sufficient to justify the Memory of our Author, for No-body will believe that a Man of that Integrity would have been so great a Friend with so vicious a Man as *Malebranche* has represented *Montaigne*. I shall therefore conclude this Discourse with a very remarkable Circumstance mentioned by *Thuanus* in his own Life, *Lib. 3.* which shews that *Montaigne* was beloved by the greatest Princes in his Time, and honoured with their Confidence. While the States of the Kingdom, says he, were sitting at *Blois*, *Montaigne* and I were discoursing of the Division between the King of *Navarre* and the Duke of *Guise*; whereupon he told me that he knew the most secret Thoughts of those Princes, as having been employed to compose their Differences, and that he was persuaded, that neither of them was of the Religion he professed. That the King of *Navarre* would have willingly embraced the Religion of his Predecessors, if he had not feared that his Party would abandon him, and that the Duke of *Guise* would have declared himself for the Confession of *Augsborg*, which the Cardinal of *Lorraine* his Uncle had inspired him with; if he could have done it without any Prejudice to his Interests.

I thought this Circumstance was not unworthy of being placed here; but I must beg the Reader's Pardon for having been so long, which must be attributed to the Respect I

have for the Memory of that excellent Author. I designed to shew the Reason why *Montaigne* meets with a more favourable Entertainment in *England* than in his native Country, but having been already too long, I shall content myself to observe, that an Author who talks freely of every thing, is not suitable to the Temper of a servile Nation that has lost all Sense of Liberty.

Monfieur *La Bruyere*, in his celebrated Book of the *Characters and Manners of the Age*, gives another Reason why some People condemn *Montaigne*. ‘Two Writers,’ says he, (meaning *La Mothe le Vayer* and *Malebranche*) ‘have condemned *Montaigne*: I know that Author may be justly blamed in some Things, but neither of them will allow him to have any thing valuable. One of them thinks too little to taste such an Author, who thinks a great deal; and the other thinks too subtilly to be pleased with what is natural.’ This, I believe, is the general Character of *Montaigne*’s Enemies.



ESSAYS



ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seig^r. de Montaigne.

The First BOOK.

CHAP. I.

That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.



THE most likely and most usual Way in Practice, of appeasing the Indignation of such as we have any Way offended, when we see them in Possession of the Power of Revenge, and find that we absolutely lye at their Mercy, is by Submission (than which, nothing more flatters the Glory of an Adversary) to move them to Commiseration and Pity: *Submission mollifies the Hearts of the offended.*

And yet Bravery, Constancy, and Resolution, however quite contrary Means, have sometimes served to produce the same Effect. *Edward the Black Prince* of Wales (the same who so long governed our Province of Guienne, a Person whose high Condition, excellent Qualities, and remarkable For-

tune, have in them a great deal of the most noble and most considerable Parts of Grandeur) having through some Misdemeanours of theirs, been highly incensed by the *Limosins*, and in the Heat of that Resentment taken their City by Assault, was not, in the Riot commonly attending such Executions, either by the Outcries of the People, or the Prayers and Tears of the Women and Children, abandoned to Slaughter and prostitute at his Feet for Mercy, to be stayed from prosecuting his Revenge; till penetrating farther into the Body of the Town,

Remarkable Valour of 3 French Gentlemen.

he at last took Notice of three *French Gentlemen*, who with incredible Bravery alone sustained the whole Power of his victorious Army: And then it was, that the Consideration of, and the Respect unto so remarkable a Virtue, first stopt the Torrent of his Fury, and that his Clemency, beginning in the Preservation of these three Cavaliers, was afterwards extended to all the remaining Inhabitants of the City. *Scanderbeg*, Prince of *Epirus*, in great Wrath pursuing one of his Soldiers, with a resolute Purpose to kill him, and the Soldier having in vain tried by all the Ways of Humility and Supplication to appease him, seeing him notwithstanding obstinately bent to his Ruin, resolved, as his last Refuge, to face about and expect him with his Sword in his Hand; which Behaviour of his gave a sudden Stop to his Captain's Fury, who, seeing him assume so noble a Resolution, received him to Grace: An Example, however, that might suffer another Interpretation with such as have not read of the prodigious Force and Valour of that invincible Prince. The Emperor *Conrade III.* having besieged *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be prevailed upon, what mean and unmanly Satisfaction soever had been tendered to him, to condescend to milder Conditions, than that the *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* only who were in the Town might go out without Violation of their Honour on Foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them. Which was no sooner known, but that out of Magnanimity of Heart, and an Excess of good Nature, they presently contrived to carry out upon their Shoulders, their Husbands and Children, and even the Duke himself; a Sight at which the Emperor was so pleased, that ravished

with

with the Generosity of the Action, he wept for Joy, and immediately extinguishing in his Heart the mortal and implacable Hatred he had conceiv'd against this Duke, he from that Time forward treated him and his with all Humanity and Affection. The one, or the other, of these two ways, would with great Facility work upon my Nature; for I have a marvellous Propensity to Mercy and Mildness, and to such a Degree of Tenderness, that I fancy, of the two I should sooner surrender my Anger to *Compassion* than *Esteem*: And yet Pity is reputed a Vice amongst the *Stoicks*, who will that we succour the Afflicted, but not that we should be so affected with their Sufferings, as to suffer with them. I conceiv'd these Examples not ill suited to the Question in Hand, and the rather because therein we observe these great Souls, assaulted and try'd by these two several ways to resist the one without relenting, and to be shook and subjected by the other. It is true, that to suffer a Man's Heart to be totally subdu'd by Compassion, may be imputed to Facility, Effeminacy, and Over-tenderness; whence it comes to pass, that the weakest Natures, as of Women, Children, and the common Sort of People, are the most subject to it: But after having resisted, and disdain'd the Power of Sighs and Tears, to surrender a Man's Animosity to the sole Reverence of the sacred Image of Virtue; this can be no other than the Effect of a strong and inflexible Soul, enamour'd of, and ravish'd with a Masculine and obstinate Valour. Nevertheless, Astonishment and Admiration may in less generous Minds beget a like Effect. Witness the People of *Thebes*, who having put two of their Generals upon Trial for their Lives, for having continued in Arms beyond the precise Term of their Commission, very hardly pardon'd *Pelopidas*, who bowing under the Weight of so dangerous an Accusation, had made no manner of Defence for himself, nor produc'd other Arguments than Prayers and Supplications to secure his Head; whereas, on the contrary, *Epaminondas* being brought to the Bar, and falling to magnify the Exploits he had perform'd in their Service, and after a haughty and arrogant manner reproaching them with Ingratitude and Injustice, they had not the Heart to proceed any further in his Trial, but broke up the Court

*Pity reputed a
Vice amongst
the Stoicks.*

and departed, the whole Assembly highly commending the Courage and Confidence of this Man *Dionysius* the Elder, after having by a tedious Siege, and through exceeding great Difficulties, taken the City of *Rhegium*, and in it the Governor *Phyton*, a very gallant Man, who had made so obstinate a Defence, he was resolv'd to make him a tragical Example of his Revenge; in order whereunto, and the more sensibly to afflict him, he first told him, *That he had the Day before caus'd his Son and all his Kindred to be drown'd*: To which *Phyton* return'd no other Answer but this, *That they were then by one Day happier than he*. After which, causing him to be stripp'd, and delivering him into the Hands of the Tormentors, he was by them not only dragg'd through the Streets of the Town, and most ignominiously and cruelly whipp'd, but moreover, vilified with most bitter and contumelious Language: Yet still, in the Fury of all this Persecution, he maintain'd his Courage entire all the Way, with a strong Voice and undaunted Countenance proclaiming the glorious Cause of his Death; namely, for that he would not deliver up his Country into the Hands of a merciless Tyrant; at the same Time denouncing against him a sudden Chastisement from the offended Gods. At which the Tyrant rolling his Eyes about, and reading in his Soldiers Looks, that instead of being incens'd at the haughty Language of this conquer'd Enemy, to the Contempt of him their Captain and his Triumph, they not only seem'd struck with Admiration of so rare a Virtue, but moreover inclin'd to mutiny, and were even ready to rescue the Prisoner out of the Hangman's Hands, he caus'd the Execution to cease, and afterwards privately caus'd him to be thrown into the Sea. Man (in good Earnest) is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable Subject, and on whom it is very hard to form any certain or proportionate Judgment. For *Pompey* could pardon the whole City of the *Mammertines*, though furiously incens'd against it, upon the single Account of the Virtue and Magnanimity of one Citizen, *Zeno*, who took the Fault of the Publick wholly upon himself; neither intreated other Favour, but alone to undergo the Punishment for all: And yet *Sylla's* Host, having in the City of *Perusia* manifested the same Virtue, obtain'd nothing by it, either
for

for himself or his Fellow Citizens. And directly contrary to my first Examples, the bravest of all Men, and who was reputed so gracious and civil to all those he overcame. *Alexander the Great*, having after many great Difficulties forc'd the City of *Gaza*, and entring found *Betis*, who commanded there, and of whose Valour in the Time of this Siege he had most noble and manifest Proofs, alone, forsaken by all his Soldiers, his Arms hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, covered all over with Blood and Wounds, and yet still fighting in the Croud of a great Number of *Macedonians*, who were laying on him on all Sides, he said to him, nettled at so dear bought Victory, and two fresh Wounds he had newly received in his own Person, *Thou shalt not die Betis so honourably as thou dost intend, but shall assuredly suffer all the Torments that can be inflicted on a miserable Captive.* To which Menaces the other returning no other Answer, but only a fierce and disdainful Look; What, says the Conqueror (observing his obstinate Silence) *Is he too stiff to bend a Knee! Is he too proud to utter one suppliant Word! I shall certainly conquer this Silence; and if I cannot force a Word from his Mouth, I shall at least extract a Groan from his Heart.* And thereupon converting his Anger into Fury, presently commanded his Heels to be bored through, causing him to be dragg'd, mangled, and dismembred at an infamous Cart's-Tail. Was it that the Height of Courage was so natural and familiar to this Conqueror, that because he could not admire, he should the less esteem this *Hero*? Or was it that he conceiv'd Valour to be a Virtue so peculiar to himself, that his Pride could not, without Envy, endure it in another? Or was it that the natural Impetuosity of his Fury was incapable of Opposition? Certainly had it been capable of any manner of Moderation or Satiety, it is to be believ'd, that in the Sack and Desolation of *Thebes*, to see so many valiant Men lost and totally Destitute of any farther Defence, cruelly massacred before his Eyes, would have appeas'd it. Where there were above six thousand put to the Sword, of which not one was seen to fly, or heard to cry out for Quarter; but on the contrary every one running here and there to seek out and to provoke the victorious Enemy to help them to an honourable End: Not one who did not to his last Gasp, yet endeavour

to revenge himself, and with all the Arms of a brave Despair to sweeten his own Death in the Death of an Enemy. Yet did their Virtue create no Pity, and the Length of one Day was not enough to satiate the Thirst of the Conqueror's Revenge; but the Slaughter continued to the last Drop of Blood that was capable of being shed, and stopp'd not till it met with none but naked and impotent Persons, old Men, Women, and Children, of them to carry away to the Number of thirty thousand Slaves.



CHAP. II.

Of Sorrow.

NO Man living is more free from this Passion than I, who neither like it in myself, nor admire it in others, and yet generally the World, (I know not why) is pleas'd to grace it with a particular Esteem, endeavouring to make us believe, that Wisdom, Virtue and Conscience shroud themselves under this grave and affected Appearance. Foolish and fordid Disguise! The *Italians* however, under the Denomination of *Un Trista*, decypher a clandestine Nature, a dangerous and ill-natured Man: And with good Reason, it being a Quality always hurtful, always idle and vain, and as cowardly, mean, and base, by the *Stoicks* expressly, and particularly forbidden their Sages: But the Story nevertheless says, that *Psammenitus*, King of *Egypt*, being defeated and taken Prisoner by *Cambyses* King of *Persia*, seeing his own Daughter pass by him in a wretched Habit, with a Bucket to draw Water, though his Friends about him were so concerned as to break out into Tears and Lamentations at the miserable Sight, yet he himself remain'd unmov'd, without uttering a Word of Discontent, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground: And seeing moreover his Son immediately after led to Execution, still maintain'd the same Gravity and Indifference; till spying at last one of his Domesticks dragg'd away amongst the Captives, he could then hold no longer, but fell to tearing his Hair, and beating his Breast, with all the other Extravagancies

vagancies of a wild and desperate Sorrow. A Story that may very fitly be coupled with another of the same kind, of a late Prince of our own Nation, who being at *Trent*, and having News there brought him of the Death of his elder Brother, but a Brother on whom depended the whole Support and Honour of his House, and soon after of that of a younger Brother, the second Hope of his Family, and having withstood these two Assaults with an exemplary Resolution, one of his Servants happening a few Days after to die, he suffered his Constancy to be overcome by this last Accident; and parting with his Courage, so abandon'd himself to Sorrow and Mourning, that some from thence were forward to conclude, that he was only touch'd to the Quick by this last Stroke of Fortune; but, in truth, it was that being before brim-full of Grief, the least Addition overflow'd the Bounds of all Patience. Which might also be said of the former Example, did not the Story proceed to tell us, that *Cambyfes* asking *Psammenitus*, *Why, not being mov'd at the Calamity of his Son and Daughter, he should with so great Impatience bear the Misfortune of his Friend?* It is (answered he,) because this last Affliction was only to be manifested by Tears, the two first exceeding all manner of Expression. And peradventure something like this might be working in the Fancy of the ancient Painter, who being in the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, to represent the Sorrow of the Assistants proportionably to the several Degrees of Interest every one had in the Death of this fair innocent Virgin; and having in the other Figures laid out the utmost Power of his Art, when he came to that of her Father he drew him with a Veil over his Face, meaning thereby, that no kind of Countenance was capable of expressing such a Degree of Sorrow. Which is also the Reason why the Poets feign the miserable Mother *Niobe*, having first lost seven Sons, and successively as many Daughters, to be at last transform'd into a Rock;

Diriguiffe malis *.

— Whom Grief alone,
Had Pow'r to stiffen into Stone.

* *Ovid. Met. lib. 6.*

Thereby to exprefs, that melancholick, dumb, and deaf Stupidity, which benumbs all our Faculties when opprest with Accidents greater than we are able to bear; and indeed the Violence and Impreffion of an exceffive Grief, muft of Neceffity astonifh the Soul, and wholly deprive her of her ordinary Functions: As it happens to every one of us, who upon any fudden Alarm of very ill News, find ourfelves furpriz'd, ftupified, and in a manner depriv'd of all Power of Motion, till the Soul, beginning to vent itfelf in Sighs and Tears, feems a little to free and difengage itfelf from the fudden Oppreffion, and to have obtain'd fome Room to work itfelf out at greater Liberty.

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eft.*

Yet fcarce at laft by ftuggling Grief a Gate Unbolted is for Sighs to fally at.

In the War that *Ferdinand* made upon the Widow of King *John* of Hungary about *Buda*, a Man at Arms was particularly taken Notice of by every one for his fingular gallant Behaviour in a certain Encounter; unknown, highly commended, and as much lamented, being left dead upon the Place: But by none fo much as by *Raisciac* a German Lord, who was infinitely enamour'd of fo unparallel'd a Virtue. When the Body being brought off, and the Count with the common Curiofity coming to view it, the Arms were no fooner taken off, but he immediately knew him to be his own Son. A Thing that added a fecond Blow to the Compaffion of all the Beholders; only he, without uttering a Word, or turning away his Eyes from the woeful Object, flood fixtly contemplating the Body of his Son, till the Vehemency of Sorrow having overcome his vital Spirits, made him fink down ftone dead to the Ground.

Chi puo dir com' egli arde é in picciol fuoco †!

—What Tongue is able to proclaim
How his Soul melted in the gentle Flame?

ſay the *Inamorato's* when they would represent an inſupportable Paſſion.

† *Virg. Aeneid, l. 11.* † *Petrarca, Sonetto 158.*

*Mifero quod omnes
 Eripit sensus mihi. Nam simul te,
 Lælia, aspexi, nihil est super me
 Quod loquar amens,
 Lingua sed torpet tenuis, sub artus
 Flamma dimanat, sonitu suapte
 Tinnunt aures, gemina teguntur
 Lumina nocte*.*

— all conquering *Lælia*, thine Eyes
 Have ravish'd from me all my Faculties:
 At the first Glance of their victorious Ray,
 I was so struck I knew not what to say;
 Nor had a Tongue to speak; a subtle Flame
 Crept thro' my Veins; my tingling Ears became
 Deaf without Noise, and my poor Eyes I found
 With a black Veil of double Darkness bound.

Neither is it in the Height and greatest Fury of the Fit,
 that we are in a Condition to pour out our Complaints; or
 to sally into Courtship, the Soul being at that Time over-
 burthened, and labouring with profound Thoughts: And
 the Body dejected and languishing with Desire; and thence
 it is, that sometimes proceed those accidental Impotences
 that so unseasonably surprise the willing Lover, and that
 Frigidity which by the Force of an immoderate Ardour,
 so unhappily seizes him even in the very Lap of Fruition:
 For all Passions that suffer themselves to be relished and di-
 gested are but moderate.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent†.

His Grief's but easy, who his Grief can tell,
 But piercing Sorrow has no Article.

A Surprise of unexpected Joys does likewise often pro-
 duce the same Effect.

*Ut me conspexit venientem, & Troia circum
 Arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstis,
 Diriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
 Labitur, & longo vix tandem tempore satur†.*

* Cat. Epig. 52.

† Seneca Hippol. Act. 2. Scen. 3.

† Virg. Æneid.

Soon as she saw me coming, and beheld
 The *Trojan* Ensigns waving in the Field,
 O'er-joy'd, and ravish'd at th' unlook'd for Sight,
 She turn'd a Statue, lost all feeling quite;
 Life's gentle Heat did her stiff Limbs forsake,
 See swoon'd, and scarce after long swooning spake.

To these we have the Examples of the *Roman* Lady, who died for Joy to see her Son safe returned from the Defeat of *Cannæ*; and of *Sophocles*, and *Dionysius* the Tyrant, who died of Joy; and of *Takva*, who died in *Corfica*, reading News of the Honours the *Roman* Senate had decreed in his Favour. We have moreover one, in the Time of Pope *Leo* the Tenth, who upon News of the taking of *Milan*, a Thing he had so ardently and passionately desired, was rapt with so sudden an Excess of Joy, that he immediately fell into a Fever and died. And for a more authentick Testimony of the Imbecillity of human Nature, it is recorded by the Ancients, that *Diodorus* the Logician died upon the Place, out of an extreme Passion of Shame, for not having been able in his own School, and in the Presence of a great Auditory, to disengage himself from a nice Argument that was propounded to him. I for my Part am very little subject to these violent Passions; I am naturally of a stubborn Apprehension, which also by Discourse I every Day harden and fortify more and more.



C H A P. III.

That our Affections carry themselves beyond us.

SUCH as accuse Mankind of the Folly of gaping and panting after future Things, and advise us to make our Benefits of those which are present, and to set up our Rest upon them, as having too short a Reach to lay hold upon that which is to come, and it being more impossible for us, than to retrieve what is past; have hit upon the most universal

versal of human Errors, if that may be called an Error to which Nature itself has disposed us, who in order to the Subsistence and Continuation of her own Work, has, amongst several others, prepossessed us with this deceiving Imagination, as being more jealous of our Action, than afraid of our Knowledge. For we are never present with, but always beyond ourselves. Fear, Desire, and Hope, are still pushing us on towards the Future, depriving us in the mean Time of the Sense and Consideration of that which is to amuse us, with the Thought of what shall be, even when we shall be no more.

Calamitosus est Animus futuri anxius.*

A Mind that anxious is of Things to come,
Is still abroad, finding no Rest at home.

We find this great Precept often repeated in *Plato*, *Do thine own Work, and know thyself*. Of which two Parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole Duty, and consequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for, who will do his own Work aright, will find, that his first Lesson is to know himself: And who rightly understands himself, will never mistake another Man's Work for his own, but will love and improve himself above all other Things, will refuse superfluous Employments, and reject all unprofitable Thoughts and Propositions. And, as Folly on the one Side, though it should enjoy all it can possibly desire, would notwithstanding never be content; so on the other, Wisdom does ever acquiesce with the present, and is never dissatisfied with it's immediate Condition: And that is the Reason why *Epicurus* dispenses his Sages from all Foresight and Care of the Future. Amongst those Laws that relate to the Dead, I look upon that to be the best, by which the Actions of Princes are to be examined and sifted after their Decease. They are equal, at least, while living, if not above the Laws, and therefore what Justice could not inflict upon their Persons, 'tis but Reason should be executed upon their Reputations, and the Estates of their Successors, Things that we often value above Life itself: A Custom of singular Advantage to those

* *Seneca, Epist. 98.*

Countries where it is in use, and by all good Princes as much to be desired, who have Reason to take it ill, that the Memories of the Tyrannical and Wicked should be used with the same Reverence and Respect with theirs. We owe, 'tis true, Subjection and Obedience to all our Kings, whether good or bad, alike, for that has Respect unto their Office; but as to Affection and Esteem, those are only due to their Virtue. Let it be granted, that by the Rule of Government, we are with Patience to endure unworthy Princes, to conceal their Vices, and to assist them in their indifferent Actions, whilst their Authority stands in need of our Support: Yet, the Relation of Prince and Subject being once at an End, there is no Reason we should deny the Publication of our real Wrongs and Sufferings to our own Liberty and common Justice, and to interdict good Subjects the Glory of having submissively and faithfully served a Prince, whose Imperfections were to them so perfectly known, were to deprive Posterity of so good an Example; and such as out of Respect to some private Obligation, shall, against their own Knowledge and Conscience, espouse the Quarrel, and vindicate the Memory of a faulty Prince, do a particular Right at the Expence, and to the Prejudice of the publick Justice. *Livy* does very truly say, That the Language of Men bred up in Courts, is always sounding of vain Ostentation, and that their Testimony is rarely true, every one indifferently magnifying his own Master, and stretching his Commendation to the utmost Extent of Virtue and Sovereign Grandeur: And 'tis not impossible but some may condemn the Freedom of those two Soldiers, who so roundly answered *Nero* to his Face, the one being asked by him, *Why he bore him Ill-will?* *I loved thee,* answer'd he, *whilst thou wert worthy of it; but since thou art become a Parricide, an Incendiary, a Waterman, a Fidler, a Player, and a Coachman, I hate thee as thou dost deserve.* And the other, *Why he should attempt to kill him?* *Because,* said he, *I could think of no other Remedy against thy perpetual Mischiefs.* But the publick and universal Testimonies that were given of him after his Death (and will be to all Posterity, both of him and all other wicked Princes like him) his Tyrannies and abominable Deportment considered, who, of a sound Judgment, can reprove them? I am scandalized, I confess, that in so sacred a Government

vernment as that of the *Lacedæmonians* there should be mixt so hypocritical a Ceremony at the Interment of their Kings; where all their Confederates and Neighbours, and all Sorts and Degrees of Men and Women, as well as their Slaves, cut and slash their Foreheads in Token of Sorrow, repeating in their Cries and Lamentations, That that King (let him have been as wicked as the Devil) was the best that ever they had; by this Means attributing to his Quality the Praises that only belong to Merit, and that of Right is properly due to the most supreme Desert, though lodged in the lowest and most inferior Subject. *Aristotle* (who will still have a Hand in every Thing) makes a *Quære* upon the Saying of *Solon*, That none can be said to be happy until he be dead. Whether then any one of those who have lived and died according to their Heart's Desire, if he have left an ill Repute behind him, and that his Posterity be miserable, can be said to be happy? Whilst we have Life and Motion, we convey ourselves by Fancy and Pre-occupation, whither and to what we please; but once out of Being, we have no more any Manner of Communication with what is yet in Being; and it had therefore been better said of *Solon*, That Man is never happy, because never so till after he is no more.

*Ceremony of the
Lacedæmonians
at the Interment
of their Kings.*

Quisquam
Vix radicitus è vita se tollit, & ejicit,
Sed facit esse sui quiddam super inscius ipse,
Nec removet satis à projecto corpore sese; &
Vindicat *.

No dying Man can truss his Baggage so,
But something of him he must leave below:
Nor from his Carcass, that doth prostrate lie,
Himself can clear, or far enough can fly.

Bertrand de Glesquin, dying before the Castle of *Rancon*, near unto *Puy* in *Auvergne*, the Besieg'd were afterwards, upon Surrender, enjoined to lay down the Keys of the Place upon the Corps of the dead General. *Bartholomæus*

* *Lucret. lib. 3.*

d'Alviano,

d'Alviano, the *Venetian* General, happening to die in the Service of the Republic in *Brescia*; and his Corps being to be carried through the Territory of *Verona*, an Enemy's Country, most of the Army were of Opinion to demand safe Conduct from the *Veronese*, supposing, that upon such an Occasion it would not be denied: But *Theodoro Trivulzio* highly opposed the Motion, rather choosing to make his Way by Force of Arms, and to run the Hazard of a Battle, saying, it was by no means decent, and very unfit, that he, who in his Life was never afraid of his Enemies, should seem to apprehend them when he was dead. And in Truth, in Affairs almost of the same Nature, by the *Greek* Laws, he, who made Suit to an Enemy for a Body to give it Burial, did by that Act renounce his Victory, and had no more Right to erect a Trophy; and he to whom such Suit was made, was ever, whatever otherwise the Success had been, reputed Victor. By this Means it was, that *Nicias* lost the Advantage he had visibly obtained over the *Corinthians*, and that *Agésilas*, on the contrary, assured what he had before very doubtfully gained of the *Bæotians*. These Proceedings might appear very odd, had it not been a general Practice in all Ages, not only to extend the Concern of our Persons beyond the Limits of Life, but moreover to fancy that the Favour of Heaven does not only very often accompany us to the Grave, but has also, even after Life, a Concern for our Ashes: Of which there are so many ancient Examples (waving those of our own Observation of later Date) that it is not very necessary I should longer insist upon it. *Edward* King of *England*, and the first of that Name, having in the long Wars betwixt him and *Robert* King of *Scotland*, had sufficient Experience of how great Importance his own immediate Presence was to the Success of his Affairs, having ever been victorious in whatever he undertook in his own Person; when he came to die, bound his Son in a solemn Oath, that so soon as he should be dead, he should boil his Body till the Flesh parted from the Bones, and reserve them to carry continually with him in his Army, so often as he should be obliged to go against the *Scots*; as if Destiny had inevitably grappled Victory even to those miserable Remains. *Jean Zisca*, the same, who so often in Vindication of *Wickliffe's* Heresies, infested the *Bohemian* State, left order that

that they should flea him after his Death, and of his Skin to make a Drum, to carry in the War against his Enemies, fancying it would much contribute to the Continuation of the Successes he had always obtained in the War against them. In like manner, certain of the *Indians*, in a Day of Battle with the *Spaniards*, carried with them the Bones of one of their Captains, in Consideration of the Victories they had formerly obtained under his Conduct. And other People of the same new World do yet carry about with them in their Wars the Relicks of valiant Men who have died in Battle, to incite their Courage and advance their Fortune: Of which Examples, the first reserve nothing for the Tomb, but the Reputation they have acquir'd by their former Atchievements; but these proceed yet farther and attribute a certain Power of Operation. The last Act of Captain *Bayard* is of a much better Composition; who finding himself wounded to death with a Harquebuss Shot, and being by his Friends importun'd to retire out of the Fight, made Answer, That he would not begin at the last Gasp to turn his Back to the Enemy; and accordingly still fought on, till feeling himself too faint, and no longer able to sit his Horse, he commanded his Steward to set him down against the Root of a Tree, but so that he might die with his Face towards the Enemy, which he also did. I must yet add another Example equally remarkable, for the present Consideration, with any of the former. The Emperor *Maximilian*, great Grandfather to *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, was a Prince endowed throughout with great and extraordinary Qualities, and amongst the rest, with a singular Beauty of Person; but had withal, a Humour very contrary to that of other Princes, who for the Dispatch of their most important Affairs convert their Closet into a Chair of State, which was, that he would never permit any of his Bed-Chamber, in what familiar Degree of Favour soever, to see him in that Posture; and would steal aside to make Water as religiously as a Virgin, and was as shy to discover either to his Physician, or any other whatever, those Parts that we are accustomed to conceal: And I myself, who have so impudent a Way of Talking, am nevertheless naturally so modest this Way, that unless at the Importunity

Modesty of Maximilian the Emperor.

of Necessity, or Pleasure, I very rarely and unwillingly communicate to the Sight of any, either those Parts or Actions that Custom orders us to conceal, wherein I also suffer more Constraint than I conceive is very well becoming a Man, especially of my Profession: But he nourish'd this modest Humor to such a Degree of Superstition, as to give express Orders in his last Will, that they should put him on Drawers so soon as he should be dead; to which methinks he would have done well to have added, that he should have been hoodwinked too that put them on. The Charge that *Cyrus* left with his Children, that neither they nor any other should either see or touch his Body after the Soul was departed from it, I attribute to some superstitious Devotion of his; both his Historian and himself, amongst other great Qualities, having strew'd the whole Course of their Lives with a singular Respect to Religion. I was by no Means pleas'd with a Story was told me by a Man of very great Quality, of a Relation of mine, and one who had given a very good Account of himself both in Peace and War; that coming to die in a very old Age, of an excessive Pain of the Stone, he spent the last Hours of his Life in an extraordinary Solitude about ordering the Ceremony of his Funeral, pressing all the Men of Condition who came to see him, to engage their Word to attend him to his Grave, importuning this very Prince, who came to visit him at his last Gasps, with a most earnest Supplication, that he would order his Family to be assisting there, and withal representing before him several Reasons and Examples to prove that it was a Respect due to a Man of his Condition; and seem'd to die content, having obtained this Promise, and appointed the Method and Order of his Funeral Parade. I have seldom heard of so long-lived a Vanity. Another, though contrary Solitude, (of which also I do not want domestick Example) seems to be somewhat a-kin to this; that a Man shall cudgel his Brains, at the last Moments of his Life, to contrive his Obsequies to so particular and unusual a Parsimony, as to conclude it in the fordid Expence of one single Servant with a Candle and Lanthorn; and yet I see this Humour commended, and the Appointment of *Marcus Æmilius*

lius Lepidus, who forbid his Heirs to bestow upon his Hearse even the common Ceremonies in use upon such Occasions. Is it not Temperance and Frugality to avoid the Expence and Pleasure of which the Use and Knowledge is imperceptible to us? See here an easy and cheap Reformation. If Instruction were at all necessary in this Case, I should be of Opinion, that in this, as in all other Actions of Life, the Ceremony and Expence should be regulated by the Ability of the Person deceased; and the Philosopher *Lycon* prudently order'd his Executors to dispose of his Body where they should think most fit, and as to his Funerals, to order them neither too superfluous, nor too mean. For my Part, I should wholly refer the ordering of this Ceremony to Custom, and shall, when the Time comes, accordingly leave it to their Discretion, to whose Lot it shall fall to do me that last Office. *Totus hic locus est contemnendus in nobis, non negligendus in nostris* *: The Place of our Sepulture is wholly to be contemned by us, but not to be neglected by our Friends; but it was a holy Saying of a Saint, *Curatio funeris, conditio Sepulturæ, pompa Exequiarum, magis sunt vivorum solatia, quàm subsidia mortuorum* †; The Care of Funerals, the Place of Sepulture, and the Pomp of Exequies, are rather Consolations to the Living than any Benefit to the Dead. Which made *Socrates* answer *Criton*, who, at the Hour of his Death, asked him, how he would be buried? *How you will*, said he. If I could concern myself farther than the present about this Affair, I should be most tempted, as the greatest Satisfaction of this Kind, to imitate those who in their Life-time entertain themselves with the Ceremony of their own Obsequies before-hand, and are pleased with viewing their own Monument, and beholding their own dead Countenance in Marble. Happy are they who can gratify their Senses by Insensibility, and live by their Death! I am ready to conceive an implacable Hatred against all Democracy and Popular Government, (though I cannot but think it the most natural and equitable of all others) so oft as I call to mind the inhuman Injustice of the People of *Athens*, who, without Remission, or once

* *Cicero Tusc. l. 1.* † *August. de Civit. Dei.*

vouchsafing to hear what they had to say for themselves, put to death their brave Captains, newly returned triumphant from a naval Victory they had obtain'd over the *Lacedæmonians* near the *Arginusian Isles*; the most bloody and obstinate Engagement that ever the *Greeks* fought at Sea; for no other Reason, but that they rather followed their Blow and pursued the Advantages prescribed them by the Rule of War, than that they would stay to gather up and bury their Dead: An Execution that is yet rendered more odious by the Behaviour of *Diomedon*, who being one of the condemn'd, and a Man of most eminent both politick and military Virtue, after having heard their Sentence, advancing to speak, no Audience till then having been allowed, instead of laying before them his own Innocency or the Impiety of so cruel an Arrest, only express'd a Solicitude for his Judges Preservation, beseeching the Gods to convert this Sentence to their own Good, and praying that for neglecting to pay those Vows which he and his Companions had done (which he also acquainted them with) in Acknowledgment of so glorious a Success, they might not pull down the Indignation of the Gods upon them; and so without more Words went courageously to his Death. But Fortune a few Years after punishing them in their Kind, made them see the Error of their Cruelty: For *Chabrias*, Captain-General of their Naval Forces, having got the better of *Pollis* Admiral of *Sparta*, about the Isle *Naxos*, totally lost the Fruits of his Success, and content with his Victory, of very great Importance to their Affairs, not to incur the Danger of this Example, and lose a few Bodies of his dead Friends that were floating in the Sea, gave Opportunity to a world of living Enemies to sail away in Safety, who afterwards made them pay dear for this unseasonable Superstition.

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?

Quo non nata jacent.*

Doſt ask where thou ſhall lye when dead?
With thoſe that never Being had.

* *Seneca Tr. Chor. 2.*

How the Soul discharges her Passions. 29

This other restores the Sense of Repose to a Body without a Soul.

*Neque sepulcrum, quo recipiat, habeat portum corporis :
Ubi, remissa humana vita, Corpus requiescat à malis †.*

Nor with a Tomb as with a Haven blest,
Where, after Life, the Corps in Peace may rest.

As Nature demonstrates to us, that several dead Things retain yet an occult Sympathy and Relation to Life ; Wine changes it's Flavour and Complexion in Cellars, according to the Changes and Seasons of the Vine from whence it came ; and the Flew of Venison alters it's Condition and Taste in the Powdering-tub, according to the Seasons of the living Flesh of it's Kind, as it is observed by the Curious.



C H A P. IV.

That the Soul discharges her Passions upon false Objects, where the true are wanting.

A Gentleman of my Country, who was very often tormented with the Gout, being importun'd by his Physicians totally to reclaim his Appetite from all manner of salt Meats, was wont presently to reply, that he must needs have something to quarrel with in the Extremity of his Fits, and that he fancied, that railing at, and cursing one while the *Bologna* Sauages, and another the dry'd Tongues and the Hams, was some Mitigation to his Pain. And in good Earnest, as the Arm when it is advanced to strike, if it fail of meeting with that upon which it was design'd to discharge the Blow, and spends itself in vain, does offend the Striker himself ; and as also, that to make a pleasant Prospect the Sight should not be lost and dilated in a vast Extent of empty Air, but have some Bounds to limit and circumscribe it at a reasonable Distance.

† *Cicero Tusc. l. 1.*

*Ventus, ut amittit vires, nisi robore densæ
Occurrant Sylvæ, spatio diffusus inani.*

As Winds do lose their Strength, unless withstood
By some dark Grove of strong opposing Wood.

So it appears, that the Soul being transported and decompos'd, turns it's Violence upon itself, if not supply'd with something to oppose it, and therefore always requires an Enemy as an Object on which to discharge it's Fury and Resentment. *Plutarch* says very well of those who are delighted with little Dogs and Monkeys, that the amorous Part which is in us, for want of a legitimate Object, rather than lye idle, does after that manner forge and create one frivolous and false; as we see that the Soul in the Exercise of it's Passions, inclines rather to deceive itself, by creating a false and fantastical Subject, even contrary to it's own Belief, than not to have something to work upon. And after this manner brute Beasts direct their Fury to fall upon the Stone or Weapon that has hurt them, and with their Teeth even execute their Revenge upon themselves, for the Injury they have received from another.

*Pannonis haud aliter post ictum sævior Ursa
Cui jaculum parva Lybs amentavit habena.
Se rotat in vulnus, telumque irata receptum
Impetit, & secum fugientem circuit Hastam *.*

So the fierce Bear, made fiercer by the Smart,
Of the bold *Lybian's* mortal guided Dart,
Turns round upon the Wound, and the tough Spear
Contorted o'er her Breast does flying bear.

What Causes of the Misadventures that befall us do we not invent? What is it that we do not lay the Fault to right or wrong, that we may have something to quarrel with? Those beautiful Tresses, young Lady, you so liberally tear off, are no way guilty, nor is it the Whiteness of those delicate Breasts you so unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky Bullet has slain your beloved Brother; quarrel with something else. *Livy*, speaking of the *Roman Army in Spain*, says, that for the Loss of two Brothers,

* *Claudian.*

who were both great Captains, *Flere omnes repente, & of-
fensare capita* *, that they all wept and tore their Hair.
'Tis the common Practice of Affliction. And the Philo-
sopher *Bion* said pleasantly of the King, who by Handfuls
pull'd his Hair off his Head for Sorrow, *Does this Man
think that Baldness is a Remedy for Grief?* Who has not
seen peevish Gamesters worry the Cards with their Teeth,
and swallow whole Bales of Dice in Revenge for the Loss
of their Money? *Xerxes* whipp'd the Sea, and writ a
Challenge to Mount *Athos*! *Cyrus* employed a whole Ar-
my several Days at Work, to revenge himself of the River
Gnidus, for the Fright it had put him into in passing over ;
and *Caligula* demolish'd a very beautiful Palace for the
Pleasure his Mother had once enjoy'd there. I remember
there was a Story current, when I was a Boy, that one
of our Neighbouring Kings having receiv'd a Blow from
the Hand of G O D, swore he would be reveng'd, and in
order to it, made Proclamation, that for ten Years to
come no one should pray to him, or so much as mention
him throughout his Dominions; by which we are not
so much to take Measure of the Folly, as the vain-Glory
of the Nation of which this Tale was told. They are
Vices that indeed always go together; but such Actions as
these have in them more of Presumption than want of Wit.
Augustus Cæsar, having been tost with a Tempest at Sea,
fell to defying *Neptune*, and in the Pomp of the *Circensian*
Games, to be reveng'd, depos'd his Statue from the Place
it had amongst the other Deities. Wherein he was less
excusable than the former, and less than he was afterwards,
when having lost a Battle under *Quintilius Varus* in *Ger-
many*, in Rage and Despair he went running his Head
against the Walls, and crying out, *O Varus!* give me my
Men again! for this exceeds all Folly, forasmuch as Im-
piety is joined with it, invading God himself, or at least
Fortune, as if she had Ears that were subject to our Bat-
teries; like the *Thracians*, who when it thunders, or
lightens, fall to shooting against Heaven with *Titanian*
Madness as if by Flights of Arrows they intended to re-
duce God Almighty to Reason. Though the ancient Poet
in *Plutarch* tells us,

* *Livy* dec. 3. l. 5.

*Point ne se faut courroucer aux Affaires,
Il ne leur chaut de toutes nos cholers †.*

We must not quarrel Heaven in our Affairs,
That little for a Mortal's Anger cares.

But we can never enough decry, nor sufficiently condemn, the senseless and ridiculous Sallies of our unruly Passions.



CHAP. V.

Whether the Governor of a Place besieg'd, ought himself to go out to parley.

LUcius Marcius, the Roman Legate, in the War against Perseus King of Macedon, to gain Time wherein to re-inforce his Army, set on Foot some Overtures of Accommodation, with which the King being lull'd asleep, concluded a Cessation for certain Days; by this Means giving his Enemy Opportunity and Leisure to repair his Army, which was afterward the Occasion of his own Ruin. The elder Sort of Senators, notwithstanding, mindful of their Fore-fathers Virtue, were by no Means satisfied with this Proceeding; but on the contrary condemn'd it, as degenerating from their ancient Practice, which they said was by Valour, and not by Artifice, Surprizes, and Night Encounters; neither by pretended Flight, Ambuscades, and deceitful Treaties, to overcome their Enemies; never making War till having first denounc'd it, and very often assign'd both the Hour and Place of Battle. Out of this generous Principle it was that they deliver'd up to Pyrrhus his treacherous Physician, and to the *Hetrurians* their disloyal School-Master. And this was indeed a Procedure truly *Roman*, and nothing ally'd to the *Græcian* Subtilty, nor the *Punick* Cunning, where it was reputed a Victory

† *Plutarch.*

of less Glory to overcome by Force than Fraud. Deceit may serve for a Need, but he only confesses himself overcome who knows he is neither subdued by Policy, nor Misadventure, but by Dint of Valour, in a fair and manly War. And it very well appears by the Discourse of these good old Senators, that this fine Sentence was not yet receiv'd amongst them,

— *Dolus an virtus quis in Hoste requiret* *?

No Matter if by Valour, or Deceit,
We overcome, so we the better get.

The *Achaians* (says *Polybius*) abhor'd all manner of Double-dealing in War, not reputing it a Victory unless where the Courages of the Enemy were fairly subdued. *Eam vir sanctus & sapiens sciet veram esse victoriam, quæ salva fide, & integra dignitate parabitur* †. An honest and a prudent Man will acknowledge that only to be a true Victory which he has obtain'd without Violation of his own Faith, or any Blemish upon his own Honour; says another,

*Vosne velit, an me regnare heræ, quidve ferat fors,
Virtute experiamur* ‡.

If you or I shall rule, lets fairly try,
And Force or Fortune give the Victory.

In the Kingdom of *Ternates*, amongst those Nations which we so broadly call *Barbarians*, they have a Custom never to commence War till it be first denounc'd; adding withal, an ample Declaration of what they have to do it withal, with what, and how many Men, what Ammunitions, and what both offensive and defensive Arms; but that being done, they afterwards conceive it lawful to employ this Power without Reproach, any Way that may best conduce to their own Ends. The ancient *Florentines* were so far from obtaining any Advantage over their Enemies by Surprise, that they always gave them a Month's Warning before they drew their Army into the Field, by the continual Tolling of a Bell they call'd *Martinella*. For what concerns us who are not so scrupulous in this Affair, and who attribute the Honour of the War to him who has

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

† *Tacit. in Agric.*

‡ *Ennius.*
the

the better of it, after what Manner soever obtained, and who after *Lysander* say, *Where the Lion's Skin is too short, we must etch it out with the Fox's Case*. The most usual Occasions of Surprize are derived from this Practice, and we hold that there are no Moments, wherein a Chief ought to be more circumspect, and to have his Eye so much at Watch, as those of Parleys and Treaties of Accommodation; as it is therefore become a general Rule amongst the martial Men of these latter Times, that a Governor of a Place never ought in Time of a Siege to go out to parley. It was for this that in our Fathers Days the *Signeurs de Montmard* and *d'Assigni* defending *Mousson* against the Count *de Nassau*, were so highly censured; yet in this Case it would be excusable in that Governor, who going out should notwithstanding do it in such Manner, that the Safety and Advantage should be on his Side; as Count *Guido de Rangoni* did at *Reggio* (if we are to believe *Bellay*, for *Guicciardine* says it was he himself) when *Monsieur de l'Escut* approached to parley, who slept so little a Way from his Fort, that a Disorder happening in the interim of Parley, not only *Monsieur de l'Escut* and his Party, who were advanced with him, found themselves by much the weaker, (insomuch that *Allessandro de Trivulcio* was there slain) but he himself was constrained, as the safest Way to follow the Count, and relying upon his Honour to secure himself from the Danger of the Shot within the very Walls of the Town. *Eumenes*, being shut up in the City of *Nora* by *Antigonius*, and by him importuned to come out to speak with him, as he sent him Word it was fit he should to a better Man than himself, and one who had now an Advantage over him, returned this notable Answer, *Tell him*, said he, *that I shall never think any Man better than myself, whilst I have my Sword in my Hand*; and would never consent to come out to him, till first, according to his own Demand, *Antigonius* had delivered him his own Nephew *Ptolomeus* in Hostage. And yet some have done rather better than worse, in going out in Person to parley with the Assailant; witness *Henry de Vaux*, a Cavalier of *Champagne*, who being besieged by the *English* in the Castle of *Commerce*, and *Bartholomew de Bone*, who commanded at the *Leagure*, having so sapped the greatest Part of the Castle without, that nothing remained but setting

ting Fire to the Props to bury the besieged under the Ruins, he required the said *Henry* to come out to speak with him for his own Good; which the other accordingly doing, with three more in Company with him, and his own evident Ruin being made apparent to him, he conceived himself singularly obliged to his Enemy, to whose Discretion, after he and his Garrison had surrendered themselves, Fire being presently applied to the Mine, the Props no sooner began to fail but the Castle was immediately turned topsyturvy, no one Stone being left upon another. I could, and do, with great Facility, rely upon the Faith of another; but I should very unwillingly do it in such a Case, as it should thereby be judged that it was rather an Effect of my Despair and Want of Courage, than voluntary and out of Confidence and Security in the Faith of him with whom I had to do.



C H A P. VI.

That the Hour of Parley is dangerous.

I Saw, notwithstanding, lately at *Mussidan*, a Place not far from my House, that those who were driven out thence by our Army, and others of their Party, highly complained of Treachery, for that, during a Treaty of Accommodation, and in the very *interim* that their Deputies were treating, they were surprized and cut to Pieces: A Thing that, peradventure in another Age, might have had some Colour of foul Play; but (as I said before) the Practice of Arms in these Days is quite another Thing, and there is now no Confidence in an Enemy excusable, till after the last Seal of Obligation; and even then the Conqueror has enough to do to keep his Word; so hazardous a Thing it is to intrust the Observation of the Faith a Man has engaged to a Town that surrenders upon easy and favourable Conditions, to the Necessity, Avarice, and Licence of a victorious Army, and to give the Soldiers free Entrance into
it

*The Faith of
Military Men
very uncertain.*

it in the Heat of Blood. *Lucius Æmilius Regillus*, a Roman Prætor, having lost his Time in attempting to take the City of *Phocæa* by Force, by Reason of the singular Valour wherewith the Inhabitants defended themselves against him, conditioned at last to receive them as Friends to the People of *Rome*, and to enter the Town, as into a confederate City, without any Manner of Hostility; of which he also gave them all possible Assurance: But having for the greater Pomp brought his whole Army in with him, it was no more in his Power, with all the Endeavour he could use, to command his People: So that Avarice and Revenge despising and trampling under Foot both his Authority and all Military Discipline, he there at once saw his own Faith violated, and a considerable Part of the City sacked and ruined before his Face. *Cleomenes* was wont to say, *That what Mischief soever a Man could do his Enemy in Time of War was above Justice, and nothing accountable to it in the Sight of Gods and Men.* And according to this Principle, having concluded a Cessation with those of *Argos* for seven Days, the third Night after he fell upon them when they were all buried in Security and Sleep, and put them to the Sword; alledging for his Excuse, That there had no Nights been mentioned in the Truce: But the Gods punished his Perfidy. In a Time of Parley also, and that the Citizens were Intent upon their Capitulation, the City of *Cassilinum* was taken by Surprise, and that even in the Age of the justest Captains, and the best Discipline of the *Roman* Militia: For it is not said, that it is not lawful for us in Time and Place to make Advantage of our Enemies Want of Understanding, as well as their Want of Courage. And doubtless War has a great many Privileges that appear reasonable, even to the Prejudice of Reason. And therefore here the Rule fails, *Neminem id agere ut ex alterius prædetur inscitia**, *That no one should prey upon another's Folly.* But I am astonished at the great Liberty allowed by *Xenophon* in such Cases, and that both by Precept and the Example of several Exploits of his complete Gene-

* *Cicero de Offic. l. 3.*

ral. An Author of very great Authority, I confess in those Affairs, as being in his own Person both a great Captain and a Philosopher of the first Form of *Socrates's* Disciples; and yet I cannot consent to such a Measure of License as he dispenses in all Things and Places. Monsieur *d'Aubigny* having besieged *Capua*, and played a furious Battery against it, Signior *Fabricio Colonne*, Governor of the Town, having from a Bastion begun to parley, and his Soldiers in the mean Time being a little more remiss in their Guard, our People took Advantage of their Security, entered the Place at unawares, and put them all to the Sword. And of later Memory, at *Yvoy*, Signior *Juliano Romero* having played that Part of a Novice to go out to capitulate with the Constable, at his Return found his Place taken. But that we might not escape Scot-free, the Marquis of *Pescara* having laid Siege to *Genoa*, where Duke *Ottavio Fregosa* commanded under our Protection, and the Articles betwixt them being so far advanced, that it was looked upon as a done Thing, and upon the Point to be concluded, several *Spaniards* in the mean Time being slipped in under the Privilege of the Treaty, seized on the Gates, and made use of this Treachery as an absolute and fair Victory: And since at *Ligny in Barrois*, where the Count *de Brienne* commanded, the Emperor having in his own Person beleagured that Place, and *Bartheville*, the said Count's Lieutenant, going out to parley, while he was capitulating the Town was taken.

*Fu il vincer sempre maji laudabil cosa
Vinca sio per fortuna, o per ingegno **

Fame ever does the Victor's Praises ring,
And Conquest ever was a glorious Thing,
Which Way so'er the Conqu'ror purchas'd it,
Whether by Valour, Fortune, or by Wit;

say they: But the Philosopher *Chrysippus* was of another Opinion, wherein I also concur; for he was used to say, That those who run a Race, ought to employ all the Force they have in what they are about, and to run as fast as they can; but that it is by no Means fair in them to lay any

* *Ariosto, Cant. 15.*

Hand upon their Adversary to stop him, nor to set a Leg before him to throw him down. And yet more generous was the Answer of that Great *Alexander* to *Polypercon*, who persuaded him to take the Advantage of the Night's Obscurity to fall upon *Darius*; by no means (said he) it is not for such a Man as I am to steal a Victory, *Malo me fortunæ pœniteat, quam victoriæ pudeat**, I had rather repent me of my Fortune, than be ashamed of my Victory.

*Atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Orodem
Sternere, nec jacta cæcum dare Cuspide vulnus :
Obvius, adversoque occurrit, seque viro vir
Contulit, haud furto melior, sed fortibus armis †.*

His Heart disdain'd to strike *Orodes* dead,
Or, unseen, basely wound him as he fled;
But gaining first his Front, wheels round, and there
Bravely oppos'd himself to his Career :
And fighting Man to Man, would let him see
His Valour scorn'd both Odds and Policy.



CH A P. VII.

That the Intention is Judge of our Actions.

TIS a Saying, *That Death discharges us of all our Obligations*. However, I know some who have taken it in another Sense. *Henry the Seventh*, King of *England*, articulated with *Don Philip*, Son to *Maximilian* the Emperor, and Father to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, when he had him upon *English* Ground, that the said *Philip* should deliver up the Duke of *Suffolk* of the *White Rose*, his mortal Enemy, who was fled into the *Low Countries*, into his Hands; which *Philip* (not knowing how to evade it) accordingly promised to do, but upon Condition nevertheless, that *Henry* should attempt nothing against the Life of

* *Quint. Curt.* 1. 4.

† *Virg. Aeneid.* 1. 10.

the said Duke, which during his own Life he perform'd; but coming to die, in his last Will, commanded his Son to put him to Death immediately after his Decease. And lately, in the Tragedy, that the Duke of *Alva* presented to us in the Persons of the two Counts, *Egmont*, and *Horne* at *Brussels*, there were very remarkable Passages, and one amongst the rest, that the said Count *Egmont* (upon the Security of whose Word and Faith Count *Horne* had come and surrendered himself to the Duke of *Alva*) earnestly entreated that he might first mount the Scaffold, to the End that Death might disengage him from the Obligation he had pass'd to the other. In which Case, methinks Death did not acquit the former of his Promise, and the Second was satisfied in the good Intention of the other, even though he had not died with him: For we cannot be oblig'd beyond what we are able to perform, by Reason that the Effects and Intentions of what we promise are not at all in our Power, and that indeed we are Masters of nothing but the Will, in which, by Necessity, all the Rules and whole Duty of Mankind is founded and establish'd. And therefore Count *Egmont*, conceiving his Soul and Will bound and indebted to his Promise, although he had not the Power to make it good, had doubtless been absolv'd of his Duty, even though he had out-liv'd the other; but the King of *England* wilfully and permeditately breaking his Faith, was no more to be excus'd for deferring the Execution of his Infidelity till after his Death, than *Herodotus's* Mason, who having inviolably, during the Time of his Life, kept the Secret of the Treasure of the King of *Aegypt* his Master, at his Death discover'd it to his Children. I have taken Notice of several in my Time, who, convinc'd by their Consciences of unjustly detaining the Goods of another, have endeavoured to make Amends by their Will, and after their Decease: But they had as good do nothing as delude themselves both in taking so much Time in so pressing an Affair, and also in going about to repair an Injury with so little Demonstration of Resentment and Concern. They owe over and above something of their own, and by how much their Payment is more strict and incommodious to themselves, by so much is their Restitution more perfect; just, and meritorious; for Penitency requires Penance: But they yet do worse than these, who reserve the Declaration

tion of a mortal Animosity against their Neighbour to the last Gasps, having concealed it all the Time of their Lives before, wherein they declare to have little Regard of their own Honour whilst they irritate the Party offended against their Memory ; and less to their Conscience, not having the Power, even out of Respect to Death itself, to make their Malice die with them ; but extended the Life of their Hatred even beyond their own. Unjust Judges, who defer Judgment to a Time wherein they can have no Knowledge of the Cause ! For my Part I shall take Care, if I can, that my Death discover nothing that my Life has not first openly manifested, and publickly declared.



C H A P. VIII.

Of Idleness.

AS we see some Grounds that have long lain idle and untill'd, when grown rank and fertile by rest, to abound with and spend their Virtue in the Product of innumerable Sorts of Weeds and wild Herbs that are unprofitable, and of no wholesom Use, and that to make them perform their true Office, we are to cultivate and prepare them for such Seeds as are proper for our Service. And as we see Women that without the Knowledge of Men do sometimes of themselves bring forth inanimate and formless Lumps of Flesh, but that to cause a natural and perfect Generation they are to be husbanded with another Kind of Seed ; even so it is with Wits, which if not applied to some certain Study that may fix and restrain them, run into a thousand Extravagancies, and are eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of restless Imagination.

*Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen abenis
Sole reperiçsum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolat, latè loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summiq; ferit laquearia tecti*.*

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 8.*

like

Like as the quivering Reflection
Of Fountain Waters, when the Morning Sun
Darts on the Bason, or the Moon's pale Beam
Gives Light and Colour to the captive Stream,
Whips with fantastick Motion round the Place,
And Walls and Roof strikes with it's trembling Rays.

In which wild and irregular Agitation, there is no
Folly, nor idle Fancy they do not light upon :

————— *velut ægri somnia, vanæ*
Finguntur species ————— *

Like sick Men's Dreams, that from a troubled Brain
Phantasms create, ridiculous and vain.

The Soul that has no established Limit to circumscribe
it, loses itself, as the Epigrammatist says,

Quisquis ubique habitat, maxime nusquam habitat †.

He that lives every where, does no where live.

When I lately retired myself to my own House, with a
Resolution, as much as possibly I could, to avoid all man-
ner of Concern in Affairs, and to spend in Privacy and
Repose the little Remainder of Time I have to live: I
fancied I could not more oblige my Mind than to suffer it
at full Leisure to entertain and divert itself, which I also
now hoped it might the better be entrusted to do, as being
by Time and Observation become more settled and ma-
ture; but I find,

————— *variâ semper dant otia mentem* †.

————— Even in the most retir'd Estate
Leisure itself does various Thoughts create.

that, quite contrary, it is like a Horse that has broke from
his Rider, who voluntarily runs into a much more violent
Career than any Horseman would put him to, and creates
me so many *Chimæras* and fantastick Monsters one upon
another, without Order or Design, that, the better at
Leisure to contemplate their Strangeness and Absurdity, I
have begun to commit them to Writing, hoping in time
to make them ashamed of themselves.

* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.* † *Martial, lib. 7. Epig. 72.*

† *Lucan. l. 4.*



C H A P. IX.

Of Liars.

THERE is not a Man living, whom it would so little become to speak of Memory as myself, for I have none at all; and do not think that the World has again another so treacherous as mine. My other Faculties are all very ordinary and mean; but in this I think myself very singular, and to such a Degree of Excellence, that (besides the Inconvenience I suffer by it, which merits something) I deserve, methinks, to be famous for it, and to have more than a common Reputation: Though, in Truth, the necessary Use of Memory considered, *Plato* had Reason when he called it a great and powerful Goddess. In my Country, when they would decypher a Man that has no Sense, they say, such a one has no Memory; and when I complain of mine, they seem not to believe I am in earnest, and presently reprove me, as though I accused myself for a Fool, not discerning the Difference betwixt Memory and Understanding; wherein they are very wide of my Intention, and do me Wrong, Experience rather daily shewing us on the contrary, that a strong Memory is commonly coupled with infirm Judgment: And they do me moreover (who am so perfect in nothing as the good Friend) at the same time a greater Wrong in this, that they make the same Words, which accuse my Infirmitly, represent me for an ingrateful Person; wherein they bring my Integrity and good Nature into Question upon the Account of my Memory, and from a natural Imperfection, unjustly derive a Defect of Conscience. He has forgot, says one, this Request, or that Promise; he no more remembers his Friends, he has forgot, to say or do, or to conceal such and such a Thing for my Sake. And truly, I am apt enough to forget many Things, but to neglect any thing my Friend has given me in Charge, I never do it. And it should be enough, methinks, that I

feel the Misery and Inconvenience of it without branding me with Malice, a Vice so much a Stranger, and so contrary to my Nature. However, I derive these Comforts from my Infirmary; first, that it is an Evil from which principally I have found Reason to correct a worse, that would easily enough have grown upon me, namely Ambition; this Defect being intolerable in those who take upon them the Negotiations of the World, an Employment of the greatest Honour and Trust among Men: Secondly, That (as several like Examples in the Progress of Nature demonstrate to us) she has fortified me in my other Faculties, proportionably as she has unfurnished me in this; I should otherwise have been apt implicitly to have reposed my Wit and Judgment upon the bare Report of other Men, without ever setting them to work upon any Inquisition whatever, had the strange Inventions and Opinions of the Authors I have read been ever present with me by the Benefit of Memory: Thirdly, That by this Means I am not so talkative, for the Magazine of the Memory is ever better furnished with Matter than that of the Invention; and had mine been faithful to me, I had e'er this deafned all my Friends with my eternal Babble, the Subjects themselves rousing and stirring up the little Faculty I have of handling and applying them, heating and extending my Discourse. 'Tis a great Imperfection, and what I have observed in several of my intimate Friends, who, as their Memories supply them with a present and entire Review of Things, derive their Narratives from so remote a Fountain, and crowd them with so many impertinent Circumstances, that though the Story be good in itself, they make a shift to spoil it; and if otherwise, you are either to curse the Strength of their Memory, or the Weakness of their Judgment: And it is a hard Thing to close up a Discourse, and to cut it short, when you are once in, and have a great deal more to say. Neither is there any Thing wherein the Force and Readiness of a Horse is so much seen, as in a round, graceful, and sudden Stop; and I see even those who are pertinent enough, who would but cannot stop short in their Career; for whilst they are seeking out a handsom Period to conclude the Sense, they talk at random, and are so perplexed and entangled in their own Eloquence, that they know not what they say. But above all, old Men, who

yet retain the Memory of Things past, and forget how often they have told them, are the most dangerous Company for this Fault; and I have known Stories from the Mouth of a Man of very great Quality, otherwise very pleasant in themselves, becoming very troublesome, by being a hundred Times repeated over and over again. The fourth Obligation I have to this infirm Memory of mine is, that by this Means I less remember the Injuries I have received; inasmuch, that (as the Ancient said) I should have a *Protocol*, a Register of Injuries, or a Prompter, like *Darius*, who, that he might not forget the Offence he had received from those of *Athens*, so oft as he sat down to Dinner, ordered one of his Pages three Times to whoop in his Ear, *Sir, Remember the Athenians*: And also, the Places which I revisit, and the Books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh Novelty. It is not without good Reason said, That he who has not a good Memory should never take upon him the Trade of Lying. I know very well, that the *Grammarians* distinguish betwixt an *Untruth* and a *Lie*, and say, that to tell an *Untruth* is to tell a Thing that is false, but that we ourselves believe to be true; and that to *lie*, is to tell a Thing that we know in our Conscience to be utterly false and untrue; and it is of this last Sort of Liars only that I now speak. Now these do either wholly contrive and invent the Untruths they utter, or so alter and disguise a true Story, that it always ends in a Lie; and when they disguise and often alter the same Story according to their own Fancy, 'tis very hard for them at one Time or another to escape being trapp'd, by Reason that the real Truth of the Thing having first taken Possession of the Memory, and being there lodged, and imprinted by the Way of Knowledge and Science, it will be ever ready to present itself to the Imagination, and to shoulder out any Falseness of their own contriving, which cannot there have so sure and settled Footing as the other; and the Circumstances of the first true Knowledge evermore running in their Minds, will be apt to make them forget those that are illegitimate, and only forged by their own Fancy. In what they wholly invent forasmuch as there is no contrary Impression to juggle their Invention, there seems to be less Danger of Tripping; and yet even this also, by reason it is a vain Body, and without any other Foundation than Fancy only, is very apt to

escape

escape the Memory, if they be not careful to make themselves very perfect in their Tale. Of which I have had very pleasant Experience, at the Expence of such as profess only to form, and accommodate their Speech to the Affair they have in Hand, or to the Humour of the Person with whom they have to do; for the Circumstances to which these Men stick not to enslave their Consciences, and their Faith being subject to several Changes, their Language must accordingly vary: From whence it happens, that of the same Thing they tell one Man, that it is this, and another, that it is that, giving it several Forms and Colours; which Men, if they once come to confer Notes, and find out the Cheat, what becomes of this fine Art? To which may be added, that they must of Necessity very often ridiculously trap themselves; for, what Memory can be sufficient to retain so many different Shapes as they have forged upon one and the same Subject? I have known many in my Time, very ambitious of the Repute of this fine Piece of Discretion; but they do not see, that if there be a Reputation of being wise, there is really no Prudence in it. In plain Truth, Lying is a hateful and an accursed Vice. We are not Men, nor have other Tie upon one another, but our Word. If we did but discover the Horror and ill Consequences of it, we should pursue it with Fire and Sword, and more justly than other Crimes. I see that Parents commonly, and in Discretion enough, correct their Children for little innocent Faults, and torment them for wanton childish Tricks, that have neither Impression, nor tend to any Consequence: Whereas, in my Opinion, Lying only, and (what is of something a lower Form) Stomach, are the Faults which are to be severely whipped out of them, both in the Infancy and Progress of the Vices, which will otherwise grow up and increase with them; and after a Tongue has once got the Knack of Lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some, who are otherwise very honest Men, so subject to this Vice. I have an honest Lad to my Taylor, who I never knew guilty of one Truth, no not when it had been to his Advantage. If *Falsbood* had, like *Truth*, but one Face only, we should be upon better Terms; for we should then take the contrary to what the *Liar* says

for certain Truth; but the Reverse of *Truth* has an hundred thousand Figures, and a Field indefinite without Bound or Limit. The *Pythagoreans* make *Good* to be certain and finite, and *Evil*, infinite and uncertain; there are a thousand Ways to miss the White, there is only one to hit it. For my own Part, I have this Vice in so great Horror, that I am not sure I could prevail with my Conscience to secure myself from the most manifest and extreme Danger by an impudent and solemn Lie. An ancient Father says, *That a Dog we know is better Company than a Man whose Language we do not understand**. *Ut externus non alieno sit hominis vice: As a Foreigner, to one that understands not what he says, cannot be said to supply the Place of a Man*, because he can be no Company. And how much less sociable is false Speaking than Silence? King *Francis* the first bragged, that he had, by this Means, nonplused *Francisco Taverna*, the Ambassador of *Francisco Sforza*, Duke of *Milan*, a Man very famous for his Eloquence in those Days. This Gentleman had been sent to excuse his Master to his Majesty about a thing of very great Consequence; which was this: King *Francis*, to maintain evermore some Intelligence in *Italy*, out of which he had been lately driven, and particularly in the Dutchy of *Milan*, had thought it (to that End) convenient to have evermore a Gentleman on his Behalf to lye Leiger in the Court of that Duke; an Ambassador in Effect, but in outward Appearance no other than a private Person who pretended to reside there upon the single Account of his own particular Affairs; which was so carried, by reason that the Duke, much more depending upon the Emperor, especially at a time when he was in a Treaty of a Marriage with his Niece, Daughter to the King of *Denmark*, and since Dowager of *Lorraine*, could not own any Friendship or Intelligence with us, but very much to his own Prejudice. For this Commission then one *Merveille*, a *Milanois* Gentleman, and Equerry to the King, being thought very fit, he was accordingly dispatched thither with private Letters of Credence, his Instructions of Ambassador, and other Letters of Recommendation to the Duke about his own private Concerns, the better to colour

* *Plin Nat. Hist. lib. 7. cap. 1.*

the Business ; and so long continued in that Court, that the Emperor at last had some Notion of his real Employment there, and complained of it to the Duke, which was the Occasion of what followed after, as we suppose ; which was, that under Pretence of a Murther by him committed, his Trial was in two Days dispatched, and his Head in the Night struck off in Prison. Signior *Francisco* then being upon this Account come to the Court of *France*, and prepared with a long counterfeit Story to excuse a thing of so dangerous Example, (for the King had applied himself to all the Princes of *Christendom*, as well as to the Duke himself, to demand Satisfaction for this Outrage upon the Person of his Minister) had his Audience at the Morning Council ; where, after he had for the Support of his Cause, in a long premeditated Oration, laid open several plausible Justifications of the Fact, he concluded, that the Duke his Master had never looked upon this *Merveille* for other than a private Gentleman, and his own Subject, who was there only in order to his own Business, neither had he ever lived after any other Manner ; absolutely disowning that he had ever heard he was one of the King's Domestick Servants, or that his Majesty so much as knew him, so far was he from taking him for an Ambassador. When having made an End, and the King pressing him with several Objections and Demands, and sifting him on all Hands, gravelled him at last, by asking, why then the Execution was performed by Night, and as it were by Stealth ? At which the poor confounded Ambassador, the more handsomly to disingage himself, made Answer, That the Duke would have been very loth, out of Respect to his Majesty, that such an Execution should have been performed in the Face of the Sun. Any one may guess if he was not well schooled when he came home, for having so grossly tripped in the Presence of a Prince of so delicate a Nostril as King *Francis*. Pope *Julius* the Second, having sent an Ambassador to the King of *England*, to animate him against King *Francis*, the Ambassador having had his Audience, and the King, before he would give a positive Answer, insisting upon the Difficulties he found in setting on Foot so great a Preparation as would be necessary to attack so potent a King, and urging some Reasons to that Effect, the Ambassador very unseasonably replied,

That he had also himself considered the same Difficulties, and had represented as much to the Pope. From which Saying of his, so directly opposite to the Thing propounded, and the Business he came about, which was immediately to incite him to War, the King first derived Argument (which he also afterwards found to be true) that this Ambassador, in his own private Bosom, was a Friend to the *French*; of which having advertised the Pope, his Estate at his Return home was confiscate, and himself very narrowly escaped the losing of his Head.



CHAP. X.

Of quick or slow Speech.

Ont ne fut à tous toutes Graces donnees.

All Graces by All-liberal Heaven
Were never yet to all Men given.

AS we see in the Gift of Eloquence, wherein some have such a Facility and Promptness, and that which we call a *present* Wit, so easy, that they are ever ready upon all Occasions, and never to be surpriz'd: And others more heavy and slow, never venture to utter any Thing but what they have long premeditated, and taken great Care and Pains to fit and prepare. Now, as we teach young Ladies those Sports and Exercises which are most proper to set out the Grace and Beauty of those Parts wherein their chiefest Ornament and Perfection lye; so in these two Advantages of Eloquence, to which the Lawyers and Preachers of our Age seem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to advise, the slow Speaker, methinks, should be more proper for the Pulpit, and the other for the Bar; and that because the Employment of the first does naturally allow him all the Leisure he can desire to prepare himself, and besides, his Career is perform'd in an even and unintermitted Line, without Stop or Interruption; whereas, the Pleader's Business and Interest compels him

him to enter the Lists upon all Occasions, and the unexpected Objections and Replies of his adverse Party, juggle him out of his Course, and put him upon the Instant, to pump for new and *extempore* Answers and Defences. Yet, at the Interview betwixt Pope Clement and King Francis, at *Marseilles*, it happened quite contrary, that *Monsieur Poyet*, a Man bred up all his Life at the Bar, and in the highest Repute for Eloquence, having the Charge of making the Harangue to the Pope committed to him, and having so long meditated on it before hand, as (it was said) to have brought it ready along with him from *Paris*; the very Day it was to have been pronounc'd, the Pope fearing something might be said that might give Offence to the other Princes Ambassadors who were there attending on him, sent to acquaint the King with the Argument which he conceiv'd most suiting to the Time and Place, but by Chance quite another Thing to that *Monsieur de Poyet* had taken so much Pains about: So that the fine Speech he had prepared was of no Use, and he was upon the Instant to contrive another; which finding himself unable to do, Cardinal *Bellay* was constrained to perform that Office. The Pleader's Part is, doubtless, much harder than that of the Preacher; and yet, in my Opinion we see more passable Lawyers than Preachers. It should seem that the Nature of Wit is, to have it's Operation prompt and sudden, and that of Judgment, to have it more deliberate, and more slow: But he who remains totally silent for want of Leisure to prepare himself to speak well, and he also whom Leisure does no ways benefit to better speaking, are equally unhappy. 'Tis said of *Severus*, that he spoke best *extempore*, that he stood more oblig'd to Fortune, than his own Diligence, that it was an Advantage to him to be interrupted in speaking, and that his Adversaries were afraid to nettle him, lest his Anger should redouble his Eloquence. I know experimentally, a Disposition so impatient of a tedious and elaborate Premeditation, that if it do not go frankly and gaily to work, can perform nothing to Purpose. We say of some Compositions, that they stink of Oil, and smell of the Lamp, by reason of a certain rough Harshness that the laborious Handling imprints upon those where great Force has been employed: But besides this, the solicitude of doing well, and a certain striving

striving and contending of a Mind too far strained and over-bent upon it's Undertaking, breaks, and hinders itself, like Water, that by Force of it's own pressing Violence and Abundance, cannot find a ready issue through the Neck of a Bottle, or a narrow Sluice. In this Condition of Nature, of which I was now speaking, there is this also, that it would not be disordered and stimulated with such a Passion as the Fury of *Cassius*; for such a Motion would be too violent and rude: It would not be justled, but solicited, and would be rouzed and heated by unexpected, sudden, and accidental Occasions. If it be left to itself, it flags and languishes, Agitation only gives it Grace and Vigour. I am always worst in my own Possession, and when wholly at my own dispose. Accident has more Title to any thing that comes from me, than I; Occasion, Company, and even the very Rising and Falling of my own Voice extract more from my Fancy, than I can find when I examine and employ it by myself; by which Means, the Things I say are better than those I write, if either were to be preferred where neither are worth any thing. This also befalls me, that I am at a Loss, when I seek, and light upon Things more by Chance, than by any Inquisition of my own Judgment. I perhaps sometimes hit upon something when I write that seems quaint and sprightly to me, but will appear dull and heavy to another. But let us leave this Subject. Every one talks of himself according to his Talent. For my Part, I am already so lost in it, that I know not what I was about to say, and in such Cases, a Stranger often finds it out before me. If I should always carry my Razor about me, to use so oft as this Inconvenience befalls me, I should make clean Work: But some Occurrence or other may, at some other Time, lay it as visible to me as the Light, and make me wonder what I should stick at.



C H A P. XI.

Of Prognostications.

FOR what concerns Oracles, it is certain, that a good while before the Coming of our Saviour *Christ*, they began to lose their Credit; for we see that *Cicero* is troubled to find out the Cause of their Decay in these Words; *Cur isto modo jam Oracula Delphis eduntur, non modo nostra ætate, sed jam diu, ut nihil possit esse contemptius**; What should be the Reason that the Oracles at Delphos are so uttered, not only in this Age of ours, but moreover a great while ago, that nothing can be more contemptible? But as to the other Prognosticks, calculated from the Anatomy of Beasts at Sacrifices, (which *Plato* does in part attribute to the natural Constitution of the Intestines of the Beasts themselves) the scraping of Poultry, the Flights of Birds: *Aves quasdam, rerum augurandarum causa natus esse putamus†*: We think some Sorts of Birds to be purposely created upon the Account of Augury, Claps of Thunder, the winding of Rivers. *Multa cernunt Aruspices, multa Augures provident, multa Oraculis declaruntur, multa Vaticinationibus, multa Somniis, multa Portentis‡*, Soothsayers and Augurs conjecture and foresee many Things, and many Things are foretold in Oracles, Prophecies, Dreams and Portents; and others of the like Nature, upon which Antiquity founded most of their publick and private Enterprizes, Christian Religion has totally abolished. And although there yet remain amongst us some Practices of Divination from the Stars, from Spirits, from the Shapes and Complexions of Men, from Dreams and the like, (a notable Example of the wild Curiosity of our Nature to grasp at and anticipate future Things, as if we had not enough to do to digest the present.)

* *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.*† *Cic. de Natura Deor. l. 2.*‡ *Ibid.*

— cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,
 Sollicitis visum mortalibus addere curam,
 Noscant venturas ut dira per omnia clades?
 Sit subitum quodcunque paras, sit caeca futuri
 Mens hominum fati, liceat sperare timenti *.

Why, thou great Ruler of *Olympus*, why
 Hast thou to timorous Mortality
 Added this Care, that Men should be so wise
 To know, by *Omens*, future Miseries?
 Free us from this unnecessary Care,
 Unlook'd for send the Ills thou dost prepare;
 Let human Minds from future Things be blind,
 That Hope, amidst our Fears, some Place may find.

(*Ne utile quidem est scire quid futurum sit: Miserum est enim, nihil proficientem, angere: It is not indeed convenient to know what should come to pass; for it is a miserable thing to be vex'd and tormented to no Purpose*). Yet are they of much less Authority now than heretofore. Which makes the Example of *Francis*, Marquis of *Saluzzo*, so much more remarkable; who being Lieutenant to King *Francis* the First, in his Army beyond the Mountains, infinitely favour'd and esteem'd in our Court, and oblig'd to the King's Bounty for the Marquisate itself, which had been forfeited by his Brother; and as to the rest, having no manner of Provocation given him to do it, and even his own Affection opposing any such Disloyalty; suffer'd himself to be so terrified (as it was confidently reported) with the fine Prognosticks that were spread Abroad in favour of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and to our Disadvantage, (especially in *Italy*, where these foolish Prophecies were so far believ'd, that great Sums of Money were laid, and other ventur'd out upon return of greater when they came to pass, so certain they made themselves of our Ruin) that having bewail'd to those of his Acquaintance who were most intimate with him, the Mischiefs that he saw would inevitably fall upon the Crown of *France*, and the Friends he had in that Court, he unhandsomely revolted, and turn'd to the other Side; but to his own Misfortune never-

* *Lucan. l. 2.*

theless, what Constellation soever govern'd at that Time. But he carried himself in this Affair like a Man agitated with divers Passions; for having both Towns and Forces in his Hands, the Enemy's Army under *Antonio de Leva* close by him, and we not at all suspecting his Design, it had been in his Power to have done more than he did; for we lost no Men by this Infidelity of his, nor any Town, but *Fossan* only, and that after a long Siege, and a brave Defence,

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus:
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat †.*

Th' eternal Mover has in Shades of Night
Future Events conceal'd from human Sight,
And laughs when he does see the timorous As.
Tremble at what shall never come to pass.

— ille potens sui
*Lætusque deget, cui licet, in diem
Dixisse, vixi: Cras vel atra
Nube Polum pater occupato,
Vel sole puro ‡.*

He free and merrily may live, can say,
As the Day passes I have liv'd To-day;
And for To-morrow little does take Care,
Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare §.*

A Mind that's chearful in it's present State,
To think of any thing beyond will hate.

And those who take this Sentence in a contrary Sense, interpret it amiss. *Ista sic recipiuntur, ut si Divinatio sit, Dii sint, & si Dii sint, sit Divinatio**. These Things have that mutual Relation to one another, that if there be such a Thing as Divination, there must be Deities; and if Deities, Divination. Much more wisely *Pacuvius*;

† *Hor. l. 3. Od. 29.* ‡ *Ibid. Ode 29.* § *Id. l. 2. Ode 16.* * *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.*

*Nam istis qui linguam avium intelligunt,
Plurique ex alieno jecore sapiunt, quam ex suo,
Magis audiendum, quàm auscultandum censeo* *.

Who the Birds Language understand, and who
More from Brutes Livers than their own do know,
Are rather to be heard than hearken'd to.

The so celebrated Art of Divination amongst the *Tuscans*, took it's Beginning thus: A Labourer striking deep with his Coulter into the Earth, saw the Demi-God § *Tages* to ascend with an infantile Aspect, but endued with a mature and senile Wisdom. Upon the Rumour of which, all the People ran to see the Sight, by whom his Words and Science, containing the Principles and Means to attain to this Art, were recorded and kept for many Ages. A Birth suitable to it's Progress! I, for my Part, should sooner regulate my Affairs by the Chance of a Die, than by such idle and vain Dreams. And indeed in all Republicks, a good Share of the Government has ever been referred to Chance. *Plato*, in the civil Regiment that he models according to his own Fancy, leaves the Decision of several Things of very great Importance wholly to it, and will, amongst other Things, that such Marriages as he reposes legitimate and good, be appointed by Lot, and attributing so great Virtue, and adding so great a Privilege to this accidental Choice, as to ordain the Children begot in such Wedlock to be brought up in the Country, and those begot in any other to be thrust out as spurious and base; yet so, that if any of those Exiles, notwithstanding, should peradventure in growing up give any early Hopes of future Virtue, they were in a Capacity of being recall'd, as those also who had been retain'd were of being exil'd in Case they gave little Expectation of themselves in their greener Years. I see some who are mightily given to Study, pore and comment upon their Almanacks, and produce them for Authority when any Thing has fallen out pat: Tho' it is hardly possible, but that these Well-wishers to the Mathematicks, in saying so much, must sometimes stumble upon some Truth amongst an infinite

* *Id ex Pacuvio.*

§ *Indigenæ dixerunt Tages, qui primus Etruscum
Edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros.* Ovid. Met. l. 15.
Number

Number of Lies. *Quis est enim qui totum diem jaculans non aliquando conlineet* *? For who shoots all Day at Buts, that does not sometimes hit the White? I think never the better of them for some accidental Hits. There would be more Certainty in it, if there were a Rule and a Truth of always lying. Besides, No-body records their Flim-flams and false Prognosticks, forasmuch as they are infinite and common, but if they chop upon one Truth, that carries a mighty Report, as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So *Diogenes*, surnamed the *Atheist*, answered him in *Samothrace*, who shewing him in the Temple the several Offerings and Stories in Painting, of those who had escaped Shipwreck, said to him, Look you, said he, you who think the Gods have no Care of human Things, what do you say by so many Persons preserved from Death by their especial Favour? Why, I say, answered he, that their Pictures are not here who were cast away, which were by much the greater Number. *Cicero* observes, that of all the Philosophers who have acknowledged a Deity, *Xenophanes* only has endeavoured to eradicate all Manner of Divination: Which makes it the less a Wonder, if we have sometimes seen some of our Princes, to their own Cost, rely too much upon these Fopperies. I wish I had given any Thing, that I had with my own Eyes seen those two great Rarities, the Book of *Joachim* the *Calabrian* Abbot, which foretold all the future Popes, their Names and Figures; and that of the Emperor *Leo*, which prophesied of all the Emperors and Patriarchs of *Greece*. This I have been an Eye-witness of, that in publick Confusions, Men astonished at their Fortune, have abandoned their own Reason superstitiously to seek out in the Stars the ancient Causes and Menaces of their present Mishaps, and in my Time have been so strangely successful in it, as to make Men believe, that this Study, being proper to fix and settle piercing and volatile Wits, those who have been any thing versed in this Knack of unfolding and untying Riddles, are capable in any Sort of Writing, to find out what they desire. But above all, that which gives them the greatest Room to play in, is the obscure, ambiguous, and fantastick Gibberish of their prophetick Canting, where their Authors deliver nothing of clear Sense, but

* *Adagium Cic. de Divin.*

shroud all in Riddle, to the End that Posterity may interpret and apply it according to their own Fancy. *Socrates's Dæmon*, or *Familiar*, might perhaps be no other but a certain Impulsion of the Will, which obtruded itself upon him without the Advice or Consent of his Judgment; and in a Soul so enlightned as his was, and so prepared by a continual Exercise of Wisdom and Virtue, 'tis to be supposed, those Inclinations of his, though sudden and undigested, were ever very important, and worthy to be followed. Every one finds in himself some Image of such Agitations, of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous Opinion. 'Tis I that am to allow them some Authority, who attribute so little to our own Prudence, and who also myself have had some, weak in Reason, but violent in Persuasion and Dissuasion, (which were most frequent with *Socrates*) by which I have suffered myself to be carried away so fortunately, and so much to my own Advantage, that they might have been judged to have had something in them of a divine Inspiration.



C H A P. XII.

Of Constancy.

THE Law of Resolution and Constancy does not imply that we ought not, as much as in us lyes, to decline, and to secure ourselves from, the Mischiefs and Inconveniencies that threaten us; nor consequently, that we shall not fear lest they should surprize us: On the contrary, all decent and honest Ways and Means of securing ourselves from Harms are not only permitted, but moreover commendable, and the Business of Constancy chiefly is, bravely to stand to, and stoutly to suffer those Inconveniencies which are not otherwise possibly to be avoided. There is no Motion of Body, nor any Guard in the handling of Arms, how irregular or ungraceful soever, that we dislike or condemn, if they serve to deceive or to defend the Blow that is made against us; insomuch, that several very warlike Nations

Nations have made use of a retiring and flying Way of Fight, as a Thing of singular Advantage, and by so doing have made their Backs more dangerous than their Faces to their Enemies. Of which Kind of Fighting the *Turks* yet retain something in their Practice of Arms to this Day; and *Socrates* in *Plato* laughs at *Laches*, who had defin'd Fortitude to be a standing firm in their Ranks against the Enemy: *What* (says he) *would it then be reputed Cowardice to overcome them by giving Ground?* Urging at the same Time the Authority of *Homer*, who commends *Aeneas* for his Skill in running away. And whereas *Laches*, considering better on't, justifies his first Argument upon the Practice of the *Scythians*, and in general all Cavalry whatever, he again attacks him with the Example of the *Lacedæmonian* Foot, (a Nation of all others the most obstinate in maintaining their Ground) who in all the Battle of *Platea*, not being able to break into the *Persian* Phalanx, unbethought themselves to disperse and retire, that by the Enemies supposing they fled, they might break, and disunite that vast Body of Men in the Pursuit, and by that Stratagem obtained the Victory. As for the *Scythians*, 'tis said of them, that when *Darius* went his Expedition to subdue them, he sent, by an Herald, highly to reproach their King, *That he always retired before him and declined a Battle*; to which *Indathyrfis* (for that was his Name) returned Answer, *That it was not for fear of him, or of any Man living, that he did so, but that it was the Way of marching in Practice with his Nation, who had neither till'd Fields, Cities, nor Houses to defend, or to fear the Enemy should make any Advantage of: But that if he had such a Stomach to fight, let him come but to view their ancient Place of Sepulture, and there he should have his Fill.*

Nevertheless as to what concerns Cannon Shot, when a Body of Men are drawn up in the Face of a Train of Artillery, as the Occasion of War does often require, 'tis unhandfom to quit their Post to avoid the Danger, and a foolish Thing to boot, forasmuch as by Reason of it's Violence and Swiftnes we account it inevitable, and many a one, by ducking, stepping aside, and such other Motions of Fear, has been sufficiently laugh'd at by his Companions. And yet in the Expedition that the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth made into *Provence*, the Marquis *de Guast* going to discover the City of *Arles*, and venturing to advance out of

the Blind of a Wind-mill, under Favour of which he had made his Approach, was perceived by the Seigneurs de *Bonneval* and the *Seneschal* of *Agenois*, who were walking upon the *Theatre Aux arenes*; who having shewed him to the *Sieur de Villiers*, Commissary of the Artillery, he traversed a Culverine so admirably well, and levell'd it so exactly right against him, that had not the Marquiss, seeing Fire to it, slipp'd aside, it was certainly concluded, the Shot had taken him full in the Body. And in like Manner some Years before, *Lorenzo de Medici*, Duke of *Urbino*, and Father to the Queen-Mother of *France*, laying Siege to *Mondolpbo*, a Place in the Territories of the *Vicariat* in *Italy*, seeing the Cannoneer give Fire to a Piece that pointed directly against him, it was well for him that he duck'd, for otherwise the Shot, that only ras'd the Top of his Head, had doubtless hit him full in the Breast. To say Truth, I do not think that these Evasions are performed upon the Account of Judgment; for how is any Man living able to judge of high or low Aim on so sudden an Occasion? And it is much more easy to believe, that Fortune favoured their Apprehension, and that it might be a Means at another Time, as well to make them step into the Danger, as to teach them to avoid it. For my own Part, I confess, I cannot forbear starting when the Rattle of a Harquebuse thunders in my Ears on a sudden, and in a Place where I am not to expect it, which I have also observed in others, braver Fellows than I; neither do the Stoicks pretend, that the Soul of their Philosopher should be Proof against the first Visions and Fantasies that surprize him; but as a natural Subject consent that he should tremble at the terrible Noise of Thunder, or the sudden Clatter of some falling Ruin, and be affrighted even to Paleness and Convulsion. And so in other Passions, provided a Man's Judgment remain sound and intire, and that the Sight of his Reason suffers no Concussion nor Alteration, and that he yields no Consent to his Fright and Discomposure. To him who is not a Philosopher, a Fright is the same in the first Part of it, but quite another Thing in the second; for the Impression of Passions does not remain only superficially in him, but penetrates farther, even to the very Seat of Reason, and so

as to infect and to corrupt it. He judges according to his Fear, and conforms his Behaviour to it. But in this Verse you may see the true State of the wise Stoick learnedly and plainly express'd :

Mens immota manet, lacrymæ voluntur inanes *.

The Eye, perhaps, frail, fruitless Showers rains,
Whilst yet the Mind firm and unshook remains.

The wise Peripatetick is not himself totally free from Perturbations of Mind, but he moderates them by his Wisdom.



C H A P. XIII.

The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes.

THERE is no Subject so frivolous, that does not merit a Place in this Rhapsody. According to the common Rule of Civility, it would be a kind of an Affront to an Equal, and much more to a Superior, to fail of being at home, when he has given you Notice he will come to visit you. Nay, Queen *Margaret of Navarre* farther adds, That it would be a Rudeness in a Gentleman to go out to meet any one that is coming to see him, let him be of what Condition soever ; and that it is more respectful and more civil to stay at home to receive him, if only upon the Account of missing of him by the Way, and that it is enough to receive him at the Door, and to wait upon him to his Chamber. For my Part, who as much as I can endeavour to reduce the Ceremonies of my House, I very often forgot both the one and the other of these vain Offices, and peradventure some one may take Offence at it ; if he do, I am sorry, but I cannot find in my Heart to help it ; it is much better to offend him once, than myself every Day, for it would be a perpetual Slavery ; and

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

to what End do we avoid the servile Attendance of Courts, if we bring the same, or a greater Trouble, home to our own private Houses? It is also a common Rule in all Assemblies, that those of less Quality are to be first upon the Place, by reason that it is a State more due to the better Sort to make others wait and expect them. Nevertheless, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis* at *Marseilles*, the King, after he had in his own Person taken order in the necessary Preparations for his Reception and Entertainment, withdrew out of the Town, and gave the Pope two or three Days respite for his Entry, and wherein to repose and refresh himself before he came to him. And in like manner, at the Assignation of the Pope and the Emperor at *Bologna*, the Emperot gave the Pope Leave to come thither first, and came himself after; for which, the Reason then given was this; that at all the Interviews of such Princes, the Greater ought to be first at the appointed Place, especially before the other in whose Territories the Interview is appointed to be, intimating thereby a kind of Deference to the other, it appearing proper for the Less to seek out, and to apply themselves to the Greater, and not the Greater to them. Not every Country only, but every City, and so much as every Society, have their particular Forms of Civility. There was Care enough taken in my Education, and I have liv'd in good Company enough to know the Formalities of our own Nation, and am able to give Lessons in it; I love also to follow them, but not to be so servilely tied to their Observation, that my whole Life should be enslav'd to Ceremony; of which there are some, that provided a Man omits them out of Discretion, and not for want of Breeding, it will be every whit as handsom. I have seen some People rude, by being over-civil, and troublesom in their Courtesy; tho' these Excesses excepted, the Knowledge of Courtesy and good Manners is a very necessary Study. It is, like Grace and Beauty, that which begets Liking and an Inclination to love one another at the first Sight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and consequently, that which first opens the Door, and intromits us to better ourselves by the Example of others, if there be any thing in the Society worth taking Notice of.



C H A P. XIV.

That Men are justly punished for being obstinate in the Defence of a Fort that is not in reason to be defended.

VAlour has it's Bounds, as well as other Virtues, which once transgressed, the next Step is into the Territories of Vice, so that by having too large a Proportion of this heroick Virtue, unless a Man be very perfect in it's Limits, which upon the Confines are very hard to discern, he may very easily unawares run into Temerity, Obstinacy, and Folly. From this Consideration it is, that we have derived the Custom in Times of War, to punish even with Death those who are obstinate to defend a Place that is not tenable by the Rules of War. In which Case, if there were not some Examples made, Men would be so confident upon the Hopes of Impunity, that not a Hen-roost but would resist, and stop a Royal Army. The Constable *Monsieur de Montmorency*, having at the Siege of *Parie* been ordered to pass the *Tesine*, and to take up his Quarters in the *Fauxburg St. Antonie*, being hindered so to do by a Tower that was at the End of the Bridge, which was so impudent as to endure a Battery, hanged every Man he found within it for their Labour. And again, since accompanying the *Dauphin* in his Expedition beyond the *Alps*, and taking the Castle of *Villane* by Assault, and allwithin it being put to the Sword, the Governor and his Ensign only excepted, he caused them both to be trussed up for the same Reason; as also did Captain *Martin du Bellay*, then Governor of *Turin*, the Governor of *St. Bony*, in the same Country, all his People being cut in Pieces at the taking of the Place. But forasmuch as the Strength or Weakness of a Fortrefs is always measured by the Estimate and Counterpoise of the Forces that attack it, (for a Man might reasonably enough despise two Culverines, that would be a Mad-man to abide a Battery of thirty Pieces of Cannon) where also the Greatness

of the Prince who is Master of the Field, his Reputation, and the Respect that is due unto him, is always put into the Balance; 'tis dangerous to affront such an Enemy: And besides, by compelling him to force you, you possess him with so great an Opinion of himself and his Power, that thinking it unreasonable any Place should dare to shut their Gates against his victorious Army, he puts all to the Sword, where he meets with any Opposition, whilst his Fortune continues; as is very plain in the fierce and arrogant Forms of summoning Towns and denouncing War; favouring so much of *Barbarian* Pride and Insolence in Use amongst the oriental Princes, and which their Successors to this Day do yet retain and practise. And even in that remote Part of the World where the *Portuguese* subdued the *Indians*, they found some States where it was an universal and inviolable Law amongst them, that every Enemy, overcome by the King in Person, or by his Representative Lieutenant, was out of Composition both of Ransom and Mercy. So that above all Things a Man should take heed of falling into the Hands of a Judge who is an Enemy and victorious.



C H A P. XV.

Of the Punishment of Cowardice.

Once heard of a Prince, and a great Captain, having a Narration given him as he sat at Table of the Proceeding against Monsieur de *Vervins*, who was sentenced to Death for having surrendered *Bullen* to the *English*, openly maintained, that a Soldier could not justly be put to Death for his Want of Courage. And in Truth, a Man should make a great Difference betwixt Faults that merely proceed from Infirmary, and those that are visibly the Effects of Treachery and Malice; for in the last they wilfully act against the Rules of Reason that Nature has imprinted on us; whereas in the former it seems as if we might produce the same Nature, who left us in such a State of Imperfection, and

and Defect of Courage for our Justification. Infomuch, that many have thought we are not justly questionable for any thing, but what we commit against the Light of our own Conscience. And it is partly upon this Rule, that those ground their Opinion, who disapprove of capital and sanguinary Punishments inflicted upon Hereticks and Miscreants; and theirs also, who hold that an Advocate or a Judge are not accountable for having ignorantly failed in their Administration. But as to Cowardice, it is most certain, that the most usual Way of chastising that is by Ignominy and Disgrace; and it is supposed, that this Practice was first brought into Use by the Legislator *Cherondas*; and that before his Time the Laws of Greece punished those with Death who fled from a Battle; whereas he ordained only that they should be three Days exposed in the publick Place dressed in Women's Attire, hoping yet for some Service from them, having awaked their Courage by this open Shame; *Suffundere malis hominis sanguinem quam effundere, choosing rather to bring the Blood into their Cheeks, than to let it out of their Bodies.* It appears also, that the Roman Laws did anciently punish those with Death who had ran away: For *Ammianus Marcellinus* says, that the Emperor *Julian* commanded ten of his Soldiers who had turned their Backs in an Encounter against the *Parthians*, to be first degraded, and afterwards put to Death, according (says he) to the ancient Laws; and yet elsewhere for the like Offence, he only condemns others to remain amongst the Prisoners under the Baggage Ensign. The Punishment the People of *Rome* inflicted upon those who fled from the Battle of *Cannæ*, and those who run away with *Cneius Fulvius*, at his Defeat, did not extend to Death. And yet methinks Men should consider what they do in such Cases, lest Disgrace should make such Delinquents desperate, and not only faint Friends, but implacable and mortal Enemies. Of late Memory, the *Seigneur de Franget*, Lieutenant to the *Mareschal de Châtillon's* Company, having by the *Mareschal de Chabanes* been put in Governor of *Fontarabie*, in the Place of *Monsieur de Lude*, and having surrendered it to the *Spaniard*, he was for that condemned to be degraded from all Nobility, and both himself and his Posterity declared ignoble, taxable, and for ever incapable of bearing

Arms; which severe Sentence was afterwards accordingly executed at *Lions*, and since that all the Gentlemen who were in *Guise* when Count *Nassau* entered into it, underwent the same Punishment, as several others have done since for the like Offence. Notwithstanding, in case of such a manifest Ignorance or Cowardice as exceeds all other ordinary Example, 'tis but Reason to take it for a sufficient Proof of Treachery and Malice, and for such it ought to be censured and punished.



C H A P. XVI.

A Proceeding of some Ambassadors.

I Observe in all my Travels this Custom, ever to learn something from the Information of those with whom I confer (which is the best School of all other) and to put my Company upon those Subjects they are the best able to speak of:

*Basti al nochiero ragionare de venti,
Al bisfolco de i Tori, & le sue Pyaghe
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l Pastor gli armeni*.*

*Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
Ememorat miles vulnera, pastor ovis†.*

The Seamen best can reason of the Winds,
Of Oxen none so well as lab'ring Hinds;
The huffing Soldier best of Wounds and Knocks,
And gentler Shepherds of their harmless Flocks.

For it often falls out, that, on the contrary, every one will rather choose to be prating of another Man's Province than his own, thinking it so much new Reputation acquired; witness the Jeer *Archidamus* put upon *Periander*, That he had quitted the Glory of being an excellent Physician to gain the Repute of a very bad Poet. And do but observe how large and ample *Cæsar* is to make us understand his

* *Aristo.*† *Propert.*

Invention

Invention of building of Bridges, and contriving Engines of War, and how succinct and reserv'd in Comparison, where he speaks of the Offices of his Profession, his own Valour, and military Conduct. His Exploits sufficiently prove him a great Captain, and that he knew well enough but he would be thought a good Engineer to boot; a Quality something rare, and not much to be expected in him. The elder *Dionysius* was a very great Captain, as it befitted his Fortune he should be; but he took very great Pains to get a particular Reputation by Poetry, and yet he never was cut out for a Poet. A Gentleman of the long Robe being not long since brought to see a Study furnish'd with all Sorts of Books, both of his own and all other Faculties, took no Occasion at all to entertain himself with any of them, but fell very rudely and impertinently to descant upon a Barricado plac'd before the Study-door, a thing that a hundred Captains and common Soldiers see every Day without taking any Notice or Offence.

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

The lazy Ox would Saddle have and Bit,
The Steed a Yoke, neither for either fit.

By this Course a Man shall never improve himself, nor arrive at any Perfection in any thing. He must therefore make it his Business, always to put the Architect, the Painter, the Statuary, as also every Mechanick Artizan, upon discourse of their own Capacities. And to this Purpose, in reading Histories, which is every Body's Subject, I use to consider what kind of Men are the Authors; which, if Persons that profess nothing but mere Learning, I in and from them principally observe and learn the Stile and Language; If Physicians, I upon that Account the rather incline to credit what they report of the Temperature of the Air, of the Health and Complexions of Princes, of Wounds, and Diseases; If Lawyers, we are from them to take Notice of the Controversies of Right and Title, the Establishment of Laws and Civil Government, and the like; If Divines, the Affairs of the Church, ecclesiastical Censures, Marriages and Dispensations; If Courtiers, Manners and Ceremonies; If Soldiers, the Things that properly belong to their Trade, and principally the Accounts of such Actions and Enterprizes wherein they were personally

personally engaged ; and if Ambassadors, we are to observe their Negotiations, Intelligences, and Practices, and the Manner how they are to be carried on. And this is the Reason why (which perhaps I should have lightly pass'd over in another) I dwelt upon and maturely consider'd one Passage in the History writ by Monsieur de Langey (a Man of very great Judgment in Things of that Nature) which was, after having given a Narrative of the fine Oration Charles the Fifth had made in the Consistory at Rome, and in the Presence of the Bishop of Mascon and Monsieur de Velly, our Ambassadors there, wherein he had mixed several tart and injurious Expressions to the Dishonour of our Nation ; and amongst the rest, *That if his Captains and Soldiers were not Men of another kind of Fidelity, Resolution, and Sufficiency in the Knowledge of Arms, than those of the King, he would immediately go with a Rope about his Neck and sue to him for Mercy*' ; (and it should seem the Emperor had really this, or a very little better Opinion of our military Men, for he afterwards, twice or thrice in his Life, said the very same thing) as also, that he challeng'd the King to fight him in his Shirt with Rapier and Poniard, in a Boat : The said *Sieur de Langey* pursuing his History, adds, that the forenam'd Ambassadors, sending a Dispatch to the King of these Things, conceal'd the greatest Part, and particularly the two last Passages. At which I could not but wonder, that it should be in the Power of an Ambassador to dispense with any Thing which he ought to signify to his Master, especially of so great Importance as this, coming from the Mouth of such a Person, and spoke in so great an Assembly ; and should rather conceive it had been the Servant's Duty faithfully to have represented to him the whole and naked Truth as it pass'd, to the End that the Liberty of disposing, judging and concluding might absolutely have remain'd in him : For either to conceal, or to disguise the Truth for Fear he should take it otherwise than he ought to do, and lest it should prompt him to some extravagant Resolution, and in the mean Time to leave him ignorant of his Affairs, should seem, methinks, rather to belong to him who is to give the Law, than to him who is only to receive it ; to him who is in supreme Command, and best can judge of his own Interests, and not to him who ought to look upon him-

self as inferior in Authority, so also in Prudence and good Counsel: But let it be how it will, I for my Part would be loth to be so served in my little Concerns. We do so willingly slip the Collar of Command upon any Pretence whatever, and are so ready to usurp upon Dominion, and every one does so naturally aspire to Liberty and Power, that no Utility whatever deriv'd from the Wit or Valour of those he does employ, ought to be so dear to a Superior, as a downright and sincere Obedience. To obey more upon the Account of Understanding than Subjection, is to corrupt the Office, and to subvert the Power of Command; insomuch that *P. Crassus*, the same whom the *Romans* reputed five times happy, at the Time when he was Consul in *Asia*, having sent to a *Greek* Engineer to cause the greater of two Masts of Ships that he had taken Notice of at *Athens*, to be brought to him, to be employed about some Engine of Battery he had a design to make; the other presuming upon his own Science and Sufficiency in those Affairs, thought fit to do otherwise than directed, and to bring the less; which also, according to the Rules of Art, was really more proper for the Use to which it was designed: But *Crassus*, though he gave Ear to his Reason with great Patience, would not however take them, how sound or convincing soever, for current Pay, but yet remained so highly offended at his Disobedience, that he caused him to be sufficiently whipped for his Pains, valuing the Interest of Discipline much more than of the Thing. Notwithstanding, we may on the other Side consider, that so precise and implicit an Obedience as this, is only due to positive and limited Commands. The Employment of an Ambassador is never so confined; several Things in the Management of Affairs, and in the various and unforeseen Occurrences and Accidents that may fall out in the Management of a Negotiation of this Nature, being wholly referr'd to the absolute Sovereignty of their own Conduct: Neither do they simply execute only, but also to their own Discretion and Wisdom form and model their Master's Pleasure; and I have in my Time known Men of Command, who have been check'd for having rather obey'd the express Words of the King's Letters, than the Necessity of the Affairs they had in Hand. Men of Understanding do yet to this Day condemn the Custom of
the

the Kings of *Persia*, to give their Lieutenants and Agents so little Rein, that upon the least arising Difficulties they must evermore have Recourse to their farther Commands; this Delay in so vast an Extent of Dominion, having often very much prejudiced their Affairs. And *Crassus* writing to a Man, whose Profession it was best to understand those Things, and pre-acquainting him to what Use this Mast was designed, did he not seem to consult his Advice, and in a Manner invite him to interpose his better Judgment?



C H A P. XVII.

Of Fear.

*Obsupui, steteruntque comæ & vox faucibus hæsit *.*

I was amaz'd, struck speechless, and my Hair
On end upon my Head did wildly stare.

I Am not so good a Naturalist as to discern by what secret Springs *Fear* has it's Motion in us; but I am wise enough to know, that it is a strong Passion, and such a one, that the Physicians say, there is no other whatever that sooner de-thrones our Judgment from it's proper Seat; which is so true, that I myself have seen very many become frantick through Fear; and even in those of the best settled Temper, it is most certain, that it begets a terrible Astonishment and Confusion during the Fit. I omit the vulgar Sort, to whom it one while represents their Great-Grandfirs, risen out of their Graves in their Shrowds, another while *Hobgoblins*, *Spectres*, and *Chimæra's*, but even amongst Soldiers (a Sort of Men over whom, of all others, it ought to have the least Power) how often has it converted Flocks of Sheep into armed Squadrons, Reeds and Bull-rushes into Pikes and Launces. Friends into Enemies, and the *French White* into the Red Crosses of *Spain*! When Monsieur de *Bourbon* took

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

the City of *Rome*, an Ensign who was upon the Guard at the Bourg *St. Pierre*, was seized with such a Fright upon the first Alarm, that he threw himself out at a Breach with his Colours upon his Shoulder, ran directly upon the Enemy, thinking he had retreated toward the inward Defences of the City, and with much ado, seeing Monsieur *de Bourbon's* People, who thought it had been a Sally upon them, draw up to receive him, at last came to himself, and saw his Error; and then facing about, he retreated full Speed thro' the same Breach by which he had gone out; but not 'till he had first blindly advanced above three hundred Paces into the open Field. It did not however fall out so well with Captain *Julius's* Ensign at the Time when *St. Paul* was taken from us by the Count *de Bures* and Monsieur *du Reu*, for he, being so astonished with Fear, as to throw himself and his Fellows out at a Skýt-Gate, was immediately cut to Pieces by the Enemy; and in the same Siege it was a very memorable Fear, that so seized, contracted, and froze up the Heart of a young Gentleman, that he sunk down stone dead in the Breach, without any Manner of Wound or Hurt at all. The like Madnefs does sometimes push on a whole Multitude; for in one of the Encounters that *Germanicus* had with the *Germans*, two great Parties were so amazed with Fear, that they ran two opposite Ways, the one and the other to the same Place, from which either of them had fled before. Sometimes it adds Wings to the Heels, as in the two first, and sometimes nails them to the Ground, and fetters them from moving; as we read of the Emperor *Theophilus*, who in a Battle he lost against the *Agarens*, was so astonished and stupified, that he had no Power to fly; *adeo pavor etiam auxilia formidat* *, so much does Fear dread even the Means of Safety; 'till such Time as *Manuel*, one of the principal Commanders of his Army, having jogged and shaken him so as to rouse him out of his Trance, said to him, *Sir, if you will not follow me, I will kill you: For it is better you should lose your Life, than, by being taken, to lose your Empire.* But Fear does then manifest it's utmost Power and Effect, when it throws us upon a valiant Despair, having before deprived us of all Sense both of

* *Quint. Curt. l. 3.*

Duty and Honour. In the first pitched Battle the *Romans* lost against *Hannibal*, under the Consul *Sempronius*, a Body of ten thousand Foot, that had taken a Fright, seeing no other Escape for their Cowardice, went, and threw themselves head-long upon the great Battalion of the Enemies, which also with wonderful Force and Fury they charged through and through, and routed with a very great Slaughter of the *Carthaginians*, by that Means purchasing an ignominious Flight at the same Price they might have done a glorious Victory. The Thing in the World I am most afraid of is *Fear*, and with good Reason, that Passion alone, in the Trouble of it, exceeding all other Accidents. What Affliction could be greater or more just than that of *Pompey's* Followers and Friends, who, in his Ship, were Spectators of that horrid and inhuman Murther? Yet so it was, that the Fear of the *Egyptian* Vessels they saw coming to board them, possessed them with so great a Fear, that it is observed they thought of Nothing, but calling upon the Mariners to make Haste, and by Force of Oars to escape away, 'till being arrived at *Tyre*, and delivered from the Apprehension of farther Danger, they then had Leisure to turn their Thoughts to the Loss of their Captain, and to give Vent to those Tears and Lamentations that the other more prevalent Passion had 'till then suspended.

Tum parvor sapientiam omnem mihi ex animo expellor.

My Mind with great and sudden Fear oppress'd,
Was for the Time of Judgment dispossest'd.

Such as have been well banged in some Skirmish, may yet, all wounded and bloody as they are, be brought on again the next Day to charge: But such as have once conceived a good sound Fear of the Enemy, will never be made so much as to look him in the Face. Such as are in immediate Fear of losing their Estates, of Banishment, or of Slavery, live in perpetual Anguish and lose all Appetite and Repose; whereas such as are actually poor, Slaves, and Exiles, oft-times live as merrily as Men in a better Condition: And so many People, who, impatient of the perpetual Alarms of Fear, have hanged and drowned themselves, give us sufficiently to understand, that it is more importunate and insupportable than Death itself. The *Greeks* acknowledge another Kind of Fear exceeding any we have spoken

spoken of yet, a Passion that surprises us without any visible Cause, by an Impulse from Heaven; so that whole Armies and Nations have been struck with it. Such a one was that, which brought so wonderful a Desolation upon *Carthage*, where nothing was to be heard but Voices and Outcries of Fear, where the Inhabitants were seen to fall out of their Houses as to an Alarm, and there to charge, wound, and kill one another, as if they had been Enemies come to surprize their City. All Things were in strange Disorder and Fury, 'till with Prayers and Sacrifices they had appeased their Gods: And this is that they call a Panick Terror.



C H A P. XVIII.

*That Men are not to judge of our Happiness
'till after Death.*

— *scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo supremæque funera debet* *.

Men's last Days still to be expected are,
E'er we of them our Judgments do declare ;
Nor can't of any one be rightly said,
That he is happy, 'till he first be dead.

EVery one is acquainted with the Story of King *Cræsus* to this Purpose, who being taken Prisoner by *Cyrus*, and by him condemned to die, as he was going to Execution, cried out, O *Solon*, *Solon* ! which being presently reported to *Cyrus*, and he sending to enquire of him what it meant, *Cræsus* gave him to understand, that he now found the Advertisement *Solon* had formerly given him true to his Cost, which was, That Men, however Fortune may smile upon them, could never be said to be happy, 'till they had

* *Ovid. Met. l. 3.*

been seen to pass over the last Day of their Lives, by Reason of the Uncertainty and Mutability of human Things, which upon very light and trivial Occasions are subject to be totally changed into a quite contrary Condition. And therefore it was, that *Agésilas* made answer to one that was saying, what a happy young Man the King of *Persia* was, to come so young to so mighty a Kingdom: 'Tis true, (said he) *but neither was Priam unhappy at his Years*. In a short Time, of Kings of *Macedon*, Successors to that mighty *Alexander*, were made Joiners and Scriveners at *Rome*, of a Tyrant of *Sicily* a Pedant at *Corinth*, of a Conqueror of one half of the World, and General of so many Armies, a miserable Suppliant to the rascally Officers of a King of *Agypt*. So much the Prolongation of five or six Months of Life cost the great and noble *Pompey*, and no longer since than our Fathers Days, *Ludovico Sforza*, the tenth Duke of *Milan*, to whom all *Italy* had so long truckled under, was seen to die a wretched Prisoner at *Loches*, but not till he had lived ten Years in Captivity, which was the worst Part of his Fortune. The fairest of all Queens, Widow to the greatest King in *Europe*, did she not come to die by the Hand of an Executioner? Unworthy and barbarous Cruelty! and a thousand more Examples there are of the same Kind; for, it seems, that as Storms and Tempests have a Malice to the proud and overtowering Heights of our lofty Buildings, there are also Spirits above that are envious of the Grandeurs here below.

Mary, Queen
of Scots.

*Usque adeo res humanas vis abditæ quædam
Obterit, & pulchros Fasces, sævasque secures
Proculcare, hac ludibrio sibi habere videtur* *.

By which it does appear, a Power unseen
Rome's awful Fasces, and her Axes keen
Spurns under Foot, and plainly does despise,
Of human Power the vain Formalities.

And it should seem also that Fortune sometimes lyes in wait to surprize the last Hour of our Lives, to shew the Power she has in a Moment to overthrow what she was so

* *Lucret. l. 5.*

many Years in building, making us cry out with *Laberius*, *Nimirum hac die una plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit **, *I have liv'd longer by this one Day than I ought to have done.* And in this Sense, this good Advice of *Solon* may reasonably be taken; but he being a Philosopher, with which Sort of Men the Favours and Disgraces of Fortune stand for nothing, either to the making a Man happy or unhappy, and with whom Grandeurs and Powers, Accidents of Quality, are upon the Matter indifferent, I am apt to think he had some farther Aim, and that his Meaning was, that the very Felicity of Life itself, which depends upon the Tranquillity and Contentment of a well-descended Spirit, and the Resolution and Assurance of a well-ordered Soul, ought never to be attributed to any Man, 'till he has first been seen to play the last, and doubtless the hardest Act of his Part, because there may be Disguise and Dissimulation in all the rest, where these fine Philosophical Discourses are only put on; and where Accidents do not touch us to the Quick, they give us Leisure to maintain the same sober Gravity; but in this last Scene of Death, there is no more counterfeiting, we must speak plain, and must discover what there is of pure and clean in the Bottom.

*Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur persona, manet res †.*

Then that at last Truth issues from the Heart,
The Vizor's gone, we act our own true Part.

Wherefore at this last all the other Actions of our Life ought to be try'd and sifted. 'Tis the Master-day, 'tis the Day that is Judge of all the rest, 'Tis the Day (says one of the Ancients) *that ought to judge of all my foregoing Years.* To Death do I refer the Essay of the Fruit of all my Studies. We shall then see whether my Discourses came only from my Mouth, or from my Heart. I have seen many by their Death give a good or an ill Repute to their whole Life. *Scipio*, the Father-in-law of *Pompey* the Great, in dying well wip'd away the ill Opinion, that 'till then every one had conceived of him. *Epaminondas* being asked

* *Macrob. l. 2. c. 2.*
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† *Lucret. l. 3.*

which

which of the three he had in greatest Esteem, *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or himself; *You must first see us die* (said he) *before that Question can be resolved*: And in Truth, he would infinitely wrong that great Man, who would weigh him without the Honour and Grandeur of his End. God Almighty has ordered all Things as it has best pleased him: But I have in my Time seen three of the most execrable Persons that ever I knew in all Manner of abominable Living, and the most infamous to boot, who all died a very regular Death, and in all Circumstances composed even to Perfection. There are brave and fortunate Deaths. I have seen Death cut the Thread of the Progress of a prodigious Advancement, and in the Height and Flower of it's Encrease of a certain Person, with so glorious an End, that, in my Opinion, his ambitious and generous Designs had nothing in them so high and great as their Interruption; and he arrived, without compleating his Course, at the Place to which his Ambition pretended with greater Glory, than he could himself either hope or desire, and anticipated by his Fall the Name and Power to which he aspired, by perfecting his Career. In the Judgment I make of another Man's Life, I always observe how he carried himself at his Death; and the principal Concern I have for my own, is, that I may die handsomely, that is, patiently, and without Noise.



CHAP. XIX.

That to study Philosophy is to learn to die.

Cicero says, *That to study Philosophy is nothing but to prepare a Man's self to die.* The Reason of which is, because Study and Contemplation do in some sort withdraw from us, and deprive us of our Souls, and employ it separately from the Body, which is a kind of learning to die, and a Resemblance of Death, or else because all the Wisdom and Reasoning in the World does in the End conclude in this Point, to teach us not to fear to die. And to say the Truth, either our Reason does grossly abuse us, or it ought to have no other Aim but our Contentment only, nor to endeavour

deavour any Thing, but in Sum to make us live well, and, as the holy Scripture says, at our Ease. All the Opinions of the World agree in this, That Pleasure is our End, though we make use of divers Means to attain unto it; they would otherwise be rejected at the first Motion; for who would give ear to him that should propose Affliction and Misery for his End? The Controversies and Disputes of the Philosophical Sects upon this Point are merely verbal, *Transcurramus solertissimas nugas* *, Let us skip over those learned and subtle Fooleries and Trifles; there is more in them of Opposition and Obstinacy than is consistent with so sacred a Profession: But what Kind of Person soever Man takes upon him to personate, he over-mixes his own Part with it; and let the Philosophers all say what they will, the main Thing at which we all aim; even in Virtue itself, is Pleasure. It pleases me to rattle in their Ears this Word, which they so nauseate to hear; and if it signify some supreme Pleasure and excessive Delight, it is more due to the Assistance of Virtue than to any other Assistance whatever. This Delight, for being more gay, more sinewy, more robust, and more manly, is only to be more seriously voluptuous, and we ought to give it the Name of Pleasure, as that which is more benign, gentle, and natural, and not that of Vigour, from which we have derived it: The other more mean and sensual Part of Pleasure, if it could deserve this fair Name, it ought to be upon the Account of Concurrence, and not of Privilege; I find it less exempt from Traverses and Inconveniencies, than Virtue itself; and besides that, the Enjoyment is more momentary, fluid, and frail; it has it's Watchings, Fasts, and Labours, even to Sweat and Blood; and moreover, has particular to itself so many several Sorts of sharp and wounding Passions, and so stupid a Satiety attending it, as are equal to the severest Penance. And we mistake to think that Difficulties should serve it for a Spur and a Seasoning to it's Sweetness, as in Nature, one contrary is quickened by another; and to say when we come to Virtue, that like Consequences and Difficulties overwhelm and render it austere and inaccessible; whereas, much more aptly than in Voluptuousness, they

* Seneca Epist.

enable, sharpen and heighten the perfect and divine Pleasure they procure us. He renders himself unworthy of it who will counterpoise his Expence with the Fruit, and does neither understand the Blessing, nor how to use it. Those who preach to us, that the Quest of it is craggy, difficult, and painful, but the Fruition pleasant and grateful, what do they mean by that, but to tell us, that it is always unpleasing? The most Perfect have been forc'd to content themselves to aspire unto it, and to approach it only without ever possessing it. But they are deceived, and do not take Notice, that of all the Pleasures we know, the very Pursuit is pleasant: The Attempt ever relishes of the Quality of the Thing to which it is directed; for it is a good Part of, and consubstantial with the Effect. The Felicity and Beatitude that glitters in Virtue, shines throughout all her Apartments and Avenues, even to the first Entry, and utmost Pale and Limits. Now of all the Benefits that Virtue confers upon us, the Contempt of Death is one of the greatest, as the Means that accommodates human Life with a soft and easy Tranquillity, and gives us a pure and pleasant Taste of living, without which, all other Pleasures would be extinct; which is the Reason why all the Rules by which we are to live centre and concur in this one Article. And although they all in like Manner with one Consent endeavour to teach us also to despise Grief, Poverty, and the other Accidents to which human Life, by it's own Nature and Constitution, is subjected, it is not nevertheless with the same Importunity, as well by Reason the fore-named Accidents are not of so great Necessity, the greater Part of Mankind passing over their whole Lives, without ever knowing what Poverty is; and some without Sorrow or Sickness, as *Xenophilus* the Musician, who lived a hundred and six Years in a perfect and continual Health; as also because at the worst, Death can, whenever we please, cut short, and put an End to all these Inconveniencies. But as to Death, it is inevitable.

*Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versata Urna; serius, ocyus
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura Cymbæ*.*

* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 3.*

To study Philosophy is to learn to die. 77.

We all are to one Voyage bound; by Turn,
Sooner or later, all must to the Urn:
When *Charon* calls abroad, we must not stay,
But to eternal Exile sail away.

And consequently, if it frights us, 'tis a perpetual Torment, and for which there is no Consolation nor Redress. There is no Way by which we can possibly avoid it; it commands all Points of the Compass: We may continually turn our Heads this Way and that, and pry about as in a suspected Country, *quæ quasi saxum Tantalò, semper impendit* *, but it, like Tantalus's Stone, hangs over us. Our Courts of Justice often send back condemn'd Criminals to be executed upon the Place where the Fact was committed, but carry them to all fine Houses by the Way, and prepare for them the best Entertainment they can.

————— *non Siculæ Dapes*

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:

Non avium citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent §.

————the Tastes of such as these

Choicest *Sicilian* Dainties cannot please,
Nor yet of Birds or Harps, the Harmonies
Once charm asleep, or close their watchful Eyes.

Do you think they could relish it? And that the fatal End of their Journey being continually before their Eyes, would not alter and deprave their Palate from tasting these *Regalio's*?

Audit iter numeratque dies spatioque viarum

Metitur vitam, torquetur peste futura ||.

He Time and Space computes, by Length of Ways,
Sums up the Number of his few sad Days;
And his sad Thoughts, full of his fatal Doom,
Can dream of nothing but the Blow to come.

The End of our Race is Death, 'tis the necessary Object of our Aim, which if it frights us, how is it possible to advance a Step, without a Fit of an Ague? The Remedy the Vulgar use, is not to think on't: But from what brutish Stupidity can they derive so gross a Blindness? They must bridle the As's by the Tail.

* *Cicero de finib. l. 1.* § *Hor. l. 3. Ode 1.* || *Claud.*

Qui capite ipse suo instituit vestigia retro *.

He who the Order of his Steps has laid
To Light, and natural Motion retrograde.

Tis no Wonder, if he be often trapp'd in the Pitfall. They use to fright People with the very Mention of Death, and many cross themselves, as if it were the Name of the Devil; and because the making a Man's Will, is in Reference to dying, not a Man will be persuaded to take a Pen in Hand to that Purpose, 'till the Physician has pass'd Sentence upon him, and totally given him over; and then, betwixt Grief and Terror, God knows in how fit a Condition of Understanding he is to do it. The *Romans*, by Reason that this poor Syllable *Death* was observed to be so harsh to the Ears of the People and the Sound so ominous, had found out a Way to soften and spin it out by a *Periphrasis*, and instead of pronouncing bluntly, such a one is dead, to say, *such a one has lived, or, such a one has ceased to live*: For, provided there was any Mention of Life in the Case, tho' past, it carried yet some Sound of Consolation. And from them it is that we have borrowed our Expression of *the late Monsieur such and such a one*. Peradventure (as the Saying is) the Term we have lived is worth our Money. I was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'Clock in the Forenoon, the last of *February*, 1533, according to our Computation, beginning the Year the first of *January*, and it is now but just fifteen Days since I was compleat nine and thirty Years old; I make account to live at least as many more. In the mean Time, to trouble a Man's self with the Thought of a Thing so far off, is a senseless Foolery. But what, Young and Old die after the very same Manner, and no one departs out of Life otherwise, than if he had but just before entered into it; neither is any so old and decrepid, who has heard of *Methusalem*, that does not think he has yet twenty Years of Constitution good at least. Fool that thou art, who has assured unto thee the Term of Life? Thou dependest upon Physicians Tales and Stories, but rather consult Experience, and the Fragility of human Nature: For, according to the common

* *Lucret. l. 4.*

Course of Things, 'tis long since that thou livedst by extraordinary Favour. Thou hast already out-lived the ordinary Term of Life, and that it is so, reckon up thy Acquaintance, how many more have died before they arrived at thy Age; than have attained unto it, and of those who have ennobled their Lives by their Renown; take but an Account, and I dare lay a Wager thou wilt find more who have died before, than after five and thirty Years of Age. It is full both of Reason and Piety too, to take Example by the Humanity of *Jesus Christ* himself, who ended his Life at three and thirty Years. The greatest Man that ever was, was no more than a Man, *Alexander*, died also at the same Age. How many several Ways has Death to surprize us?

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis.
Cautum est in horas*.*

Man fain would shun, but 'tis not in his Power
T' evade the Dangers of each threat'ning Hour.

To omit Fevers and Pleurifies, who would ever have imagined, that a Duke of *Britany* should be pressed to Death in a Crowd, as that Duke was at the Entry of Pope *Clement* into *Lions*? Have we not seen one of our † Kings killed at a Tilting; and did not one of his † Ancestors die by the Juffle of a Hog? *Æschylus* being threatned with the Fall of a House, was to much Purpose so circumspect to avoid that Danger, when he was knock'd o'th' Head by a Tortoise-shell falling out of an Eagle's Talons in the Fields. Another was choaked with a Grape-stone; an Emperor killed with the Scratch of a Comb, in combing his Head. *Æmilius Lepidus*, with a Stumble at his own Threshold; and *Aufidius* with a Juffle against the Door, as he entered the Council-Chamber. And betwixt the very Thighs of Women, *Cornelius Gallus*, the *Prætor*; *Tigillinus*, Captain of the Watch at *Rome*; *Ludovico*, Son of *Guido de Gonzaga*, Marquis of *Mantua*; and (of worse Example) *Spensippus*, a *Platonick* Philosopher, and one of our Popes. The poor Judge *Bibius*, whilst he

† Henry II.
of France, running
against
Montgomery.
† Philip, the
eldest Son of
Lewis the
Great, the 40th
King of France.

* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 13.*

reprieved a Criminal for eight Days only, was himself condemned to Death, and his own Day of Life was expired. Whilst *Caius Julius* the Physician was anointing the Eyes of a Patient, Death closed his own; and if I may bring in an Example of my own Blood, a Brother of mine, Captain *St. Martin*, a young Man of three and twenty Years old, who had already given sufficient Testimony of his Valour, playing a Match at Tennis, received a Blow of a Ball a little above his right Ear, which, though it was without any Manner or Sign of Wound, or Depression of the Skull, and though he took no great Notice of it, nor so much as sat down to repose himself, he nevertheless died within five or six Hours after of an Apoplexy, occasioned by that Blow. Which so frequent and common Examples passing every Day before our Eyes, how is it possible a Man should disengage himself from the Thought of Death; or avoid fancying, that it has us every Moment by the Collar? What Matter is it, you will say, which Way it comes to pass, provided a Man does not terrify himself with the Expectation? For my Part, I am of this Mind, that if a Man could by any Means avoid it, though by creeping under a Calf's Skin, I am one that should not be ashamed of the Shift: All I aim at is, to pass my Time pleasantly, and without any great Reproach, and the Recreations that most contribute to it, I take hold of; as to the rest, as little glorious and exemplary as you would desire.

*prætulerim——delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, & ringi*.*

A Fool, or Coward, let me censur'd be,
Whilst either Vice does please or cozen me,
Rather than be thought wise, and feel the Smart
Of a perpetual aching anxious Heart.

But 'tis Folly to think of doing any thing that Way. They go, they come, they gallop and dance, and not a Word of Death. All this is very fine, but withal, when it comes either to themselves, their Wives, their Children, or Friends, surprising them at unawares, unprepared,

* *Hor. Epist. 2. l. 2.*

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then what Torment, what Outcries, what Madness and Despair! Did you ever see any thing so subdued, so changed and so confounded? A Man must therefore make more early Trial of it; and this brutish Negligence, could it possibly lodge in the Brain of any Man of Sense, (which I think utterly impossible) sells us his Merchandize too dear. Were it an Enemy that could be avoided, I would then advise to borrow Arms even of Cowardice itself to that Effect: But seeing it is not, and that it will catch you as well flying, and playing the Poltron, as standing to it, like a Man of Honour:

*Mors & fugacem persequitur Virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo †.*

No Speed of Foot prevents Death of his Prize,
He cuts the Hamstrings of the Man that flies;
Nor spares the tender Stripling's Back does start
T' out-run the Distance of his mortal Dart.

And seeing that no Temper of Arms is of Proof to secure us,

*Ille licet ferro, cautus se condat, & ære
Mors tamen inclusum protrahet inde caput ‡.*

Shell thee with Steel, or Brass, advis'd by Dread,
Death from the Cask will pull thy cautious Head.

let us learn bravely to stand our Ground and fight him. And to begin to deprive him of the greatest Advantage he has over us, let us take a Way quite contrary to the common Course. Let us disarm him of his Novelty and Strangeness; let us converse and be familiar with him, and have nothing so frequent in our Thoughts as Death: Let us, upon Occasions, represent him in all his most dreadful Shapes to our Imagination: At the Stumbling of a Horse, at the Falling of a Tile, at the least Prick of a Pin, let us presently consider, and say to ourselves, Well, and what if it had been Death itself? And thereupon let us encourage and fortify ourselves. Let us evermore, amidst our Jollity and Feasting, set the Remembrance of our frail Condition before our Eyes, never suffering ourselves

† *Hor. l. 3. Ode 2.* ‡ *Propert. l. 3. Eleg. 17. alias 16.*
to

to be so far transported with our Delight, but that we have some Intervals of reflecting upon, and considering how many several Ways this Jollity of ours tends to Death, and with how many Dangers it threatens us. The *Egyptians* were wont to do after this Manner, who, in the Height of their Feasting and Mirth, caused a dried Skeleton of a Man to be brought into the Room, to serve for a *Memento* to their Guests.

*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum,
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora* *.

Think every Day, soon as the Day is past,
Of thy Life's Date, that thou hast liv'd the last;
The next Day's joyful Light thine Eyes shalt see,
As unexpected, will more welcome be.

Where Death waits for us, is uncertain; let us every where look for him. The Premeditation of Death, is the Premeditation of Liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve. There is nothing of Evil in Life, for him who rightly comprehends, that Death is no Evil; to know how to die, delivers us from all Subjection and Constraint. *Paulus Æmilius* answered him whom the miserable King of *Macedon*, his Prisoner, sent to entreat him that he would not lead him in his Triumph, *Let him make that Request to himself*. In Truth, in all Things, if Nature do not help a little, it is very hard for Art and Industry to perform any thing to Purpose. I am, in my own Nature, not melancholy, but thoughtful; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal, than the Imaginations of Death, even in the gayest and most wanton Time of my Age;

Jucundum cum ætas florida vir agere †.

Of florid Age in the most pleasant Spring.

In the Company of Ladies, and in the Height of Mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed with some Jealousy, or meditating upon the Uncertainty of some imagined Hope, whilst I was entertaining myself with the Remembrance of some one surprized a few Days before with a

* *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 4.*

† *Catullus, Num. 69.*
burning

burning Fever, of which he died, returning from an Entertainment like this, with his Head full of idle Fancies of Love and Jollity, as mine was then, and that, for ought I knew, the same Destiny was attending me.

Iam fuerit, nec post unquam revocare licebit *.

But now he had a Being amongst Men,
Now gone, and ne'er to be recall'd agen.

Yet did not this Thought wrinkle my Forehead any more than any other. It is impossible but we must feel a Sting in such Imaginations as these at first; but with often revolving them in a Man's Mind, and having them frequent in our Thoughts, they at last become so familiar as to be no Trouble at all: Otherwise I, for my Part, should be in a perpetual Fright and Frenzy; for never Man was so distrustful of his Life, never Man so indifferent of it's Duration. Neither Health, which I have hitherto ever enjoy'd very strong and vigorous, and very seldom interrupted, does prolong, nor Sicknefs contract my Hopes. Methinks I escape every Minute, and it eternally runs in my Mind, that what may be done To-morrow, may be done To-day. Hazards and Dangers do, in Truth, little or nothing hasten our End, and if we consider how many more remain, and hang over our Heads, besides the Accident that immediately threatens us, we shall find that the Sound and the Sick, those that are abroad at Sea, and those that sit by the Fire, those that are engaged in Battle, and those that sit idle at Home, are the one as near it as the other: *Nemo altero fragilior est: Nemo in crastinum sui certior* †: *No Man is more frail than another: No more certain of the Morrow.* For any thing I have to do before I die, the longest Leisure would appear too short, were it but an Hour's Business I had to do. A Friend of mine the other Day, turning over my Table-Book, found in it a *Memo-randum* of something I would have done after my Decease; whereupon I told him, as it was really true, that though I was no more than a League's Distance only from my own House, and merry and well, yet when that Thing came into my Head, I made haste to write it down there, because

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

† *Senec. Ep. 19.*

I was

I was not certain to live 'till I came Home. As a Man that am eternally brooding over my own Thoughts, and who confine them to my own particular Concerns; I am upon the Matter at all Hours as well prepared as I am ever like to be, and Death, whenever he shall come, can bring nothing along with him I did not expect long before. We should always (as near as we can) be booted and spurred, and ready to go, and above all Things, to take Care at that Time to have no Business with any one, but a Man's self.

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa *?*

Why cut'st thou out such mighty Work vain Man?

Whose Life's short Date's compriz'd in one poor Span;
For we shall there find Work enough to do, without any need of Addition; one complains more than of Death, that he is thereby prevented of a glorious Victory; another that he must die before he has married his Daughter, or settled and provided for his Children; a third seems only troubled that he must lose the Society of his beloved Wife; a fourth, the Conversation of his Son, as the principal Concerns of his Being. For my Part, I am, thanks be to God, at this Instant, in such a Condition, that I am ready to dislodge, whenever it shall please him, without any Manner of Regret. I disingage myself throughout, from all worldly Relations, my Leave is soon taken of all but myself. Never did any one prepare to bid Adieu to the World more absolutely and purely, and to shake Hands with all Manner of Interest in it, than I expect to do. The deadeſt Deaths are the beſt.

— *miser, O miser (aiunt) omnia ademit
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ †;*

Wretch that I am (they cry) one fatal Day
So many Joys of Life has snatch'd away.

And the Builder,

— *manent (dit il) opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina Cælo ‡.*

Stupendious Piles (says he) neglected lye,
And Tow'rs, whose Pinnacles do pierce the Sky.

* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 16.* † *Lucret. l. 3.* ‡ *Virg. Æneid. l. 4.*
A Man

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A Man must design nothing that will require so much Time to the finishing, or at least with no such passionate Desire to see it brought to Perfection. We are born to Action.

*Cum moriar, medium solvar & inter opus *.*

When Death shall come, he me will doubtless find
Doing of something that I had design'd.

I would always have a Man to be doing, and as much as in him lyes, to extend and spin out the Offices of Life; and then let Death take me planting Cabbages, but without any careful Thought of him, and much less of my Garden's not being finished. I saw one die, who at his last Gasps seem'd to be concerned at nothing so much, as that Destiny was about to cut the Thread of a Chronicle History he was then compiling, when he was gone no farther than the fifteenth or sixteenth of our Kings,

*Illud in his rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum
Jam desiderium rerum, superinfidet una †.*

They tell us not, that dying we've no more
The same Desires and Thoughts that heretofore.

We are to discharge ourselves from these vulgar and hurtful Humours and Concerns. To this Purpose it was, that Men first appointed the Places of Sepulture, and Dormitories of the Dead, near adjoining to the Churches, and in the most frequent Places of the City, to accustom (says *Lycurgus*) the common People, Women, and Children, that they should not be startled at the Sight of a dead Corps; and to the End, that the continual Objects of Bones, Graves, Monuments, and Funeral Obsequies, should put us in Mind of our frail Condition.

*Quinetiam exbilarare viris convivio cæde
Mos olim, & miscere epulis spectacula dira
Certatum ferro, sæpe & super ipsa cadentum
Pocula, resperfis non parco sanguine mensis †.*

'Twas therefore that the Ancients at their Feasts
With tragick Objects us'd to treat their Guests,

* *Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 10.*

† *Lucret. l. 3.*

† *Silius Italicus, l. 11.*

Making their Fencers with their utmost Spite;
 Skill, Force, and Fury, in their Presence fight,
 'Till Streams of Blood of those at last must fall,
 Dash'd o'er their Tables, Dishes, Cups, and all.

And as the *Aegyptians* after their Feasts were wont to present the Company with a great Image of *Death*, by one that cried out to them, *Drink and be merry, for such shalt thou be when thou art dead*; so it is my Custom to have Death not only in my Imagination, but continually in my Mouth; neither is there any Thing of which I am so inquisitive, and delight to inform myself, as the Manner of Men's Deaths; their Words, Looks, and Gestures, nor any Places in History I am so intent upon; and it is manifest enough, by my crowding in Examples of this Kind, that I have a particular Fancy for that Subject. If I were a Writer of Books, I would compile a Register, with the Comment of the various Deaths of Men, and it could not but be useful, for who should teach Men to die, would at the same Time teach them to live. *Dicearchus* made one, to which he gave that Title; but it was designed for another, and less profitable End. Peradventure some one may object, and say, that the Pain and Terror of Dying indeed does so infinitely exceed all Manner of Imagination, that the best Fencer will be quite out of his Play when it comes to the Push: But let them say what they will, to premeditate is doubtless a very great Advantage; and besides, is it nothing to come so far, at least, without any visible Disturbance or Alteration? But moreover, Nature herself does assist and encourage us. If the Death be sudden and violent, we have not Leisure to fear; if otherwise, I find, that as I engage farther in my Disease, I naturally enter into a certain Loathing and Disdain of Life. I find I have much more ado to digest this Resolution of Dying when I am well in Health, than when sick, languishing of a Fever; and by how much I have less to do with the Commodities of Life, by Reason I even begin to lose the Use and Pleasure of them, by so much I look upon Death with less Terror and Amazement; which makes me hope, that the farther I remove from the first, and the nearer I approach to the latter, I shall sooner strike a Bargain, and with less Unwillingness exchange the one for the other. And, as I have experimented in other Occurrences,

Occurrences, that, as *Cæsar* says, Things often appear greater to us at a Distance than near at Hand, I have found, that being well, I have had Diseases in much greater Horror than when really afflicted with them. The Vigour wherein I now am, and the Jollity and Delight wherein I now live, make the contrary Estate appear in so great a Disproportion to my present Condition, that by Imagination I magnify and make those Inconveniencies twice greater than they are, and apprehend them to be much more troublesom than I find them really to be, when they lye the most heavy upon me, and I hope to find Death the same. Let us but observe in the ordinary Changes and Declinations our Constitutions daily suffer; how Nature deprives us of all Sight and Sense of our bodily Decay. What remains to an old Man of the Vigour of his Youth and better Days?

*Hæu senibus vitæ porti' quanta manet * ?*

Alas! To Men of youthful Heat bereft,
How small a Portion of Life is left?

Cæsar, to an old Weather-beaten Soldier of his Guards, who came to ask him Leave that he might kill himself, taking Notice of his wither'd Body and decrepid Motion, pleasantly answered, *Thou fanciest then that thou art yet alive*. Should a Man fall into the Aches and Impotencies of Age, from a sprightly and vigorous Youth on the Sudden, I do not think Humanity capable of enduring such a Change: But Nature leading us by the Hand, an easy, and as it were an insensible Pace, Step by Step, conducts us to that miserable Condition, and by that Means makes it familiar to us, so that we perceive not, nor are sensible of the Stroke then, when our Youth dies in us, though it be really a harder Death, than the final Dissolution of a languishing Body, which is only the Death of old Age, forasmuch as the Fall is not so great from an uneasy Being to none at all, as it is from a spritely and florid Being to one that is unweildy and painful. The Body, when bowed beyond it's natural Spring of Strength, has less Force either to rise with, or support a Burthen; and it is with the Soul the same, and therefore it is that we are to raise her up firm

* *Corn. Gall. vel potius Maximian Eleg. 1.*

and erect against the Power of this Adversary : For, as it is impossible she should ever be at Rest, or at Peace within herself, whilst she stands in Fear of it ; so if she once can assure herself, she may boast (which is a Thing as it were above human Condition) that it is impossible that Disquiet, Anxiety, or Fear, or any other Disturbance, should inhabit, or have any Place in her,

*Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida : neque Ausfer
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus **.

A Soul well settled is not to be shook
With an incensed Tyrant's threatening Look ;
Nor can loud *Ausfer* once that Heart dismay,
The ruffling Prince of stormy *Adria* ;
Nor yet th'uplifted Hand of mighty *Jove*,
Though charg'd with Thunder, such a Temper move.

She is then become Sovereign of all her Lusts and Passions, Mistress of Necessity, Shame, Poverty, and all the other Injuries of Fortune. Let us therefore, as many of us as can, get this Advantage, which is the true and sovereign Liberty here on Earth, and that fortifies us wherewithal to defy Violence and Injustice, and to condemn Prisons and Chains.

————— in *Manicis* &

*Compedibus, sævo te sub custode tenebo.
Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet, opinor ;
Hoc sentit, moriar : Mors ultima linea rerum est †.*

With rugged Chains I'll load thy Hands and Feet,
And to a surly Keeper thee commit.
Why let him show his worst of Cruelty,
God will, I think, for asking, set me free ;
Ay, but he thinks I'll die ; that Comfort brings,
For Death's the utmost Line of human Things.

*The Contempt of
Death, a cer-
tain Foundation
of Religion.*

Our very Religion itself has no surer human Foundation than the Contempt of Death. Not only the Argument of Reason invites us to it ; for why should we fear to lose a Thing, which being lost, can

* *Horat. l. 3. Ode 3.* † *Ibid. l. 1. Epist. 16.*

never be missed or lamented ; but also seeing that we are threatened by so many Sorts of Deaths, is it not infinitely worse eternally to fear them all, than once to undergo one of them ? And what matter is it when it shall happen, since it is once inevitable ? To him that told *Socrates*, *The Thirty Tyrants hath sentenced thee to Death ; and Nature them*, said he, What a ridiculous Thing it is to trouble and afflict ourselves about taking the only Step that is to deliver us from all Misery and Trouble ? As our Birth brought us the Birth of all Things, so, in our Death, is the Death of all Things included. And therefore to lament and take on that we shall not be alive a hundred Years hence, is the same Folly as to be sorry we were not alive a hundred Years ago. Death is the Beginning of another Life. So did we weep, and so much it cost us to enter into this, and so did we put off our former Veil in entering into it. Nothing can be grievous that is but once, and is it reasonable so long to fear a Thing, that will so soon be dispatch'd ? Long Life and short are by Death made all one ; for there is no long nor short to Things that are no more. *Aristotle* tells us, that there are certain little Beasts upon the Banks of the River *Hypanis*, that never live above a Day : They which die at eight of the Clock in the Morning, die in their Youth, and those that die at five in the Evening, in their extreme Age : Which of us would not laugh to see this Moment of Continuance put into the Consideration of Weal or Woe ? The most, and the least of ours, in Comparison of Eternity, or yet to the Duration of Mountains, Rivers, Stars, Trees, and even of some Animals, is no less ridiculous. But Nature compels us to it, *Go out of this World, says she, as you entered into it ; the same Pass you made from Death to Life, without Passion or Fear, the same, after the same Manner, repeat from Life to Death.* Your Death is a Part of the Order of the Universe, 'tis a Part of the Life of the World.

— *Inter se mortales mutua vivunt,
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt* *.

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

Mortals among themselves by Turns do live,
And Life's bright Torch to the next Runner give *.

'Tis the Condition of your Creation; Death is a Part
of you, and whilst you endeavour to evade it, you avoid
yourselves. This very Being of yours, that you now en-
joy, is equally divided betwixt Life and Death. The
Day of your Birth is one Day's Advance towards the
Grave.

Prima, quæ vitam dedit, hora carpsit †.

The Hour that gave of Life the Benefit,
Did also a whole Hour shorten it.

Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet ‡.

As we are born, we die, and our Life's End
Upon our Life's Beginning does depend.

All the whole Time you live, you purloin from Life, and
live at the Expence of Life itself; the perpetual Work of
our whole Life is but to lay the Foundation of Death; you
are in Death whilst you live, because you still are after
Death, when you are no more alive. Or if you had ra-
ther have it so, you are dead after Life, but dying all the
while you live; and Death handles the Dying more rudely
than the Dead. If you have made your Profit of Life,
you have had enough of it, go your Way satisfied.

Cur non ut plenus vitæ conviva recedis ||.

Why should'st thou not go, like a full gorg'd Guest,
Sated with Life, as he is with a Feast?

If you have not known how to make the best Use of it,
and if it was unprofitable to you, what need you care to
lose it; to what End would you desire longer to keep it?

— *cur amplius addere quæris (omne)*

Rursum quod pereat male & ingratum occidat §?

And why renew thy Time, to what Intent,
Live o'er again a Life that was ill spent?

Life in itself is neither good nor evil, it is the Scene of
good or evil, as you make it; and if you have lived a

* Alluding to the Athenian Games, wherein those that run
a Race carried Torches in their Hands; and the Race being done,
delivered them into the Hands of those that were to run next.

† Senec. *Her. fur. chor.* 3.

‡ Manil. *Ast.* 4.

|| *Lucret.* l. 3.

§ *Ibid.*

Day

Day you have seen all; one Day is equal and like to all other Days; there is no other Light, no other Shade, this very Sun, this Moon, these very Stars, this very Order, and Revolution of Things is the same your Ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your Posterity.

*Non alium videre patres, aliumve nepotes
Aspicient **

Your Grandfathers saw no other Things of old,
Nor shall your Nephews other Things behold.

And come the worst that can come, the Distribution and Variety of all the Acts of my Comedy is performed in a Year. If you have observed the Revolution of the four Seasons; they comprehend the Infancy, Youth, Virility, and old Age of the World. The Year has play'd his Part, and knows no other Way, has no new Farce but must begin, and repeat the same again; it will always be the same Thing.

Versamur ibidem, atque infumus usque †.

Where still we plot, and still contrive in vain;
For in the same State still we do remain.

Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur Annus ‡.

By it's own Foot-steps led, the Year doth bring
Both Ends together in an annual Ring.

Time is not resolved to create you any new Recreations.

*Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque
Quod placet nihil est; eadem sunt omnia semper ||.*

More Pleasures than are made Time will not frame,
For to all Times all Things shall be the same.

Give Place to others, as others have given Place to you. Equality is the Soul of Equity. Who can complain of being comprehended in the same Destiny wherein all Things are involved? Besides, live as long as you can, you shall by that nothing shorten the Space you are to lye dead in the Grave; 'tis all to no Purpose; you shall be every Whil as long in the Condition you so much fear, as if you had died at Nurse.

*— licet quot vis vivendo vincere secla,
Mors æterna tamen, nihilominus illa manebit §.*

* *Lucret. vel Manil.* † *Lucret. l. 3.* ‡ *Virg. Georg. l. 2.*
|| *Lucret. l. 3.* § *Ibid.* H 2 And

And live as many Ages as you will,
Death ne'ertheless shall be eternal still.

And yet I will place you in such a Condition as you shall
have no Reason to be displeased ;

*In vera nescis nullum fore morte alium te
Qui possit vivus tibi te lugere peremptum.
Stansque jacentem **.

When dead, a living Self thou canst not have,
Or to lament, or trample on thy Grave.

Nor shall you so much as wish for the Life you are so con-
cerned about.

*Nec sibi enim quisquam tum se vitamque requirit,
Nec desiderium nostri nos afficit ullum †.*

Life, nor ourselves we wish in that Estate,
Nor Thoughts of what we were at first create.

Death were less to be feared than Nothing, if there
could be any Thing less than Nothing.

*— multo mortem minus ad nos esse putandum,
Si minus esse potest quam quod nihil esse videmus ‡.*

If less than Nothing any Thing can show,
Death then would both appear, and would be so.

Neither can it any Way concern you, whether you are liv-
ing or dead : Living, by Reason that you are still in Being ;
Dead because you are no more. Moreover, no one dies
before his Hour ; and the Time you leave behind was no
more yours, than that was lapsed and gone before you came
into the World ; nor does it any more concern you.

*Respice enim quam nil ad nos antea et vetustas
Temporis æterni fuerit ||.*

Look back, and tho' Times past eternal were,
In those before us, yet we had no Share.

Wherever your Life ends, it is all there ; neither does
the Utility of Living consist in the Length of Days, but
in the well husbanding and improving of Time, and such
as one may have been, who has longer continued in the
World, than the ordinary Age of Man ; that has yet

* *Lucret. l. 3.* † *Ibidem.* ‡ *Ibidem.* || *Ibidem.*

lived but a little while. Make Use of Time while it is present with you. It depends upon your Will, and not upon the Number of Days, to have a sufficient Length of Life. Is it possible you can ever imagine to arrive at the Place towards which you are continually going? and yet there is no Journey but hath it's End. But if Company will make it more pleasant, or more easy to you, does not all the World go the self same Way?

————— *omnia te vita perfuncta sequentur**.

When thou art dead, let this thy Comfort be,
That all the World, by turn, must follow thee.

Does not all the World dance the same Brawl that you do?
Is there any Thing that does not grow old as well as you?
A thousand Men, a thousand Animals, and a thousand
other Creatures die at the same Moment that you expire.

*Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem aurora secuta est,
Quæ non audierit mistos vagitibus ægris
Ploratus, mortis comites, & funeris atri*†.

No Night succeeds the Day, nor Morning's Light
Rises, to chase the sullen Shades of Night;
Wherein there is not heard the dismal Groans
Of dying Men mix'd with the woful Moans
Of living Friends, as also with the Cries
And Dirges fitting Fun'ral Obsequies.

To what End should you endeavour to avoid, unless there were a Possibility to evade it? You have seen Examples enough of those who have received so great a Benefit by Dying, as thereby to be manifestly delivered from infallible Miseries; but have you talked with any of those who feared a Disadvantage by it? It must therefore needs be very foolish to condemn a Thing you neither experimented in your own Person, nor by that of any other. Why (says Nature) dost thou complain of me and Destiny? Do we do thee any Wrong? Is it for thee to govern us, or for us to dispose of thee? Though peradventure thy Age may not be accomplished, yet thy Life is. A Man of low Stature is as much a Man as a Giant; neither Men nor their Lives are measured by the Ell. Chiron refused to be immortal, when he was acquainted with the Conditions

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

† *Ibid. l. 2.*

under which he was to enjoy it, by the God of Time itself, and it's Duration, his Father *Saturn*. Do but seriously consider how much more insupportable an immortal and painful Life would be to Man than what I have already designed him. If you had not Death to ease you of your Pains and Cares, you would eternally curse me for having deprived you of the Benefit of Dying. I have, 'tis true, mixt a little Bitterness to it, to the End, that seeing of what Conveniency and Use it is, you might not too greedily and indiscreetly seek and embrace it: And that you might be so established in this Moderation, as neither to nauseate Life, nor have any Antipathy for dying, which I have decreed you shall once do, I have tempered the one and the other betwixt Pleasure and Pain; and 'twas I that first taught *Thales*, the most eminent of all your *Sages*, that to live and to die were indifferent; which made him very wisely answer him who asked him, Why then did he not die? Because (says he) *it is indifferent*. The Elements of Water, Earth, Fire, and Air, and the other Parts of this Creation of thine, are no more the Instruments of thy Life than they are of thy Death. Why dost thou fear thy last Day, it contributes no more to thy Dissolution than every one of the rest? The last Step is not the Cause of Lassitude, it does but confess it. Every Day travels towards Death, the last only arrives at it. These are the good Lessons our Mother Nature teaches. I have often considered with myself whence it should proceed, that in War, the Image of Death, whether we look upon it as to our own particular Danger, or that of another, should without Comparison appear less dreadful than at Home, in our own Houses, (for if it were not so, it would be an Army of whining Milk-sops) and that being still in all Places the same, there should be notwithstanding much more Assurance in Peasants and the meaner Sort of People, than others of better Quality and Education; and I do verily believe, that it is those terrible Ceremonies and Preparations wherewith we set it out, that more terrify us, than the Thing itself; a new quite contrary Way of Living, the Cries of Mothers, Wives, and Children, the Visits of astonished and afflicted Friends, the Attendance of pale and blubbered Servants, a dark Room set round with burning Tapers, our Beds environed with Physicians and

Divines;

Divines; in fine, nothing but Ghostliness and Horror round about us, render it so formidable, that a Man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children are afraid even of those they love best, and are best acquainted with, when disguised in a Vizard, and so are we; the Vizard must be removed as well from Things as Persons; which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same Death that a mean Servant, or a poor Chamber-maid died a Day or two ago, without any manner of Apprehension or Concern. Happy therefore is the Death that deprives us of the Leisure to prepare Things requisite for this unnecessary Pomp, a Pomp that only renders that more terrible, which ought not to be feared, and that no Man upon Earth can possibly avoid.



CHAP. XX.

Of the Force of Imagination.

Fortis Imaginatio generat casum, A strong Imagination begets Accident, say the Schoolmen. I am one of those who are most sensible of the Power of Imagination: Every one is jostled, but some are overthrown by it. It has a very great Impression upon me; and I make it my Business to avoid wanting Force to resist it. I could live by the sole Help of healthful and jolly Company. The very Sight of another's Pain does materially work upon me, and I naturally usurp the Sense of a third Person to share with him in his Torment. A perpetual Cough in another tickles my Lungs and Throat. I more unwillingly visit the Sick I love, and am by Duty interested to look after, than those I care not for, and from whom I have no Expectation. I take Possession of the Disease I am concerned at, and lay it too much to Heart, and do not at all wonder that Fancy should distribute Fevers, and sometimes kill such as allow too much Scope, and are too willing to entertain it. *Simon Thomas* was a great Physician of his Time: I remember, that hap-
Axiom.
Scholast.

pening one Day at *Thoulouze*, to meet him at a rich old Fellow's House, who was troubled with bad Lungs, and discoursing with his Patient about the Method of his Cure, he told him, that one Thing which would be very conducing to it, was, to give me such Occasion, to be pleased with his Company, that I might come often to see him, by which Means, and by fixing his Eyes upon the Freshness of my Complexion, and his Imagination upon the Sprightliness and Vigour that glowed in my Youth, and possessing all his Senses with the flourishing Age wherein I then was, his Habit of Body might, peradventure, be amended, but he forgot to say, that mine at the same Time might be made worse. *Gallus Vibus* so long cudgelled his Brains to find out the Essence and Motions of Folly, 'till by Inquisition, in the End, he went directly out of his Wits, and to such a Degree, that he could never after recover his Judgment; and he might brag, that he was become a Fool by too much Wisdom. Some there are, who through Fear, prevent the Hangman; like him, whose Eyes being unbound, to have his Pardon read to him, was found stark dead upon the Scaffold, by the Stroke of Imagination.

Imagination occasions Diseases and Death.

We start, tremble, turn pale, and blush, as we are variously moved by Imagination; and being a-bed, feel our Bodies agitated with it's Power, to that Degree, as even sometimes to expire. And boiling Youth when fast asleep, grows so warm with Fancy, as in a Dream to satisfy amorous Desires.

*Ut quasi transactis sæpe omnibus rebus, profundant
Fluminis ingentes fluctus vestemque cruentent*.*

Who fancies gulling Lies, his inflam'd Mind
Lays his Love's Tribute there, where not design'd.

Although it be no new Thing to see Horns grown in a Night on the Forehead of one that had none when he went to Bed; notwithstanding what befel *Cyprus*, a noble *Roman*, is very memorable; who having one Day been a very delighted Spectator of a Bull-baiting, and having all the Night dreamt that he had Horns on his Head, did, by the Force of

* *Lucret. l. 4.*

Imagination, really cause them to grow there. Passion made the Son of *Cræsus* to speak who was born dumb, by that Means supplying him with so necessary a Faculty, which Nature had denied him. And *Antiochus* fell into a Fever, inflam'd with the Beauty of *Stratonissa*, too deeply imprinted in his Soul. *Pliny* pretends to have seen *Lucius Crostitius*, who from a Woman was turned into a Man upon her very Wedding-Day. *Pontanus* and others report the like Metamorphoses that in these later Days have happened in *Italy*, and through the vehement Desire of him and his Mother.

Vota puer solvit, quæ fœmina voverat Iphis *.

Iphis, a Boy, the Vow defray'd
That he had promis'd when a Maid.

Myself passing by *Vitryle Francois*, a Town in *Champagne*, saw a Man, the Bishop of *Soissons* had in Confirmation, call'd *German*, whom all the Inhabitants of the Place had known to be a Girl 'till two and twenty Years of Age, call'd *Mary*. He was at the Time of my being there very full of Beard, old and not married, who told us, that by straining himself in a Leap, his Male Instruments came out; and the Maids of that Place have to this Day a Song, wherein they advise one another not to take too great Strides, for fear of being turned into Men, as *Mary German* was. It is no Wonder if this Sort of Accident frequently happen; for if Imagination have any Power in such Things, it is so continually and vigorously bent upon this Subject, that to the End it may not so often relapse into the same Thought and Violence of Desire, it were better once for all to give these young Wenches the Things they long for. Some stick not to attribute the Scars of King *Dagobert* and *St. Francis*, to the Force of Imagination; and it is said, that by it Bodies will sometimes be removed from their Places; and *Celjus* tells us of a Priest whose Soul would be ravished into such an Ecstasy, that the Body would, for a long Time, remain without Sense or Respiration. *St. Augustine* makes Mention of another, who, upon the hearing of any lamentable or doleful Cries, would presently fall into a Swoon, and

* *Ovid.*

be so far out of himself, that it was in vain to call, hollow in his Ears, pinch, or burn him, 'till he voluntarily came to himself; and then he would say, that he had heard Voices as it were afar off, and did feel when they pinch'd and burn'd him: And to prove that this was no obstinate Diffimulation in Defiance of his Sense of Feeling, it was manifest, that all the while he had neither Pulse nor Breathing. 'Tis very probable, that Visions, Enchantments, that all extraordinary Effects of that Nature, derive their Credit principally from the Power of Imagination, working and making it's chiefest Impression upon vulgar and more easy Souls, whose Belief is so strangely imposed upon, as to think they see what they do not. I am not satisfied, and make a very great Question, whether those pleasant Ligatures with which this Age of ours is so fetter'd, and there is almost no other Talk, are not mere voluntary Impressions of Apprehension and Fear; for I know by Experience, in the Case of a particular Friend of mine, one for whom I can be as responsible as for myself, and a Man that cannot possibly fall under any Manner of Suspicion of Insufficiency, and as little of being enchanted, who having heard a Companion of his make a Relation of unusual Frigidity that surpriz'd him at a very unseasonable Time, being afterwards himself engag'd upon the same Account, the Horror of the former Story on a sudden so strangely possess'd his Imagination that he ran the same Fortune the other had done; and from that Time forward (the scurvy Remembrance of his Disaster running in his Mind, and tyrannizing over him) was extremely subject to relapse into the same Misfortune. He found some Remedy, however, for this Inconvenience, by himself frankly confessing, and declaring before-hand to the Party with whom he was to have to do, the Subjection he lay under, and the Infirmary he was subject to, by which Means the Contention of his Soul was in some sort appeas'd; and knowing that now some such Misbehaviour was expected from him, the Restraint upon those Faculties grew less, and he less suffer'd by it, and afterwards, at such Times as he could be in no such Apprehension, as not being about any such Act (his Thoughts being then disengag'd and free, and his Body being in it's true and natural Estate) by causing those Parts to be handled and communicated to the Knowledge of others, he was at last totally freed from that vexation

tious Infirmity. After a Man has once done a Woman right, he is never after in Danger of misbehaving himself with that Person, unless upon the Account of a manifest and inexcusable Weakness. Neither is this Disaster to be fear'd, but in Adventures where the Soul is over-extended with Desire or Respect, and especially where we meet with an unexpected Opportunity that requires a sudden and quick Dispatch; and in those Cases, there is no possible Means for a Man always to defend himself from such a Surprise as shall put him damnably out of Countenance. And yet I have known some, who have secured themselves from this Misfortune by coming half fated elsewhere, purposely to abate the Ardour of their Fury; and others, who by being grown old, find themselves less impotent by being less able; and particularly one, who found an Advantage by being assured by a Friend of his, that had a Countercharm against certain Enchantments that would defend him from this Disgrace. The Story itself is not much amiss, and therefore you shall have it. A Count of a very great Family, and with whom I had the Honour to be very familiarly intimate, being married to a very fair Lady, who had formerly been pretended to, and importunately courted by one who was invited to and present at the Wedding: All his Friends were in very great Fear, but especially an old Lady his Kinswoman, who had the ordering of the Solemnity, and in whose House it was kept, suspecting his Rival would, in Revenge, offer foul Play, and procure some of these kind of Sorceries to put a Trick upon him; which Fear she also communicated to me, who, to comfort her, had her not trouble herself, but rely upon my Care to prevent or frustrate any such Designs. Now I had by Chance about me a certain flat Plate of Gold, whereon were graven some Cœlestial Figures, good to prevent Frenzy occasioned by the Heat of the Sun, or for any Pains of the Head, being applied to the Suture; where, that it might the better remain firm, it was sowed to a Ribbon, to be ty'd under the Chin. A Popery Cousin-German to this of which I am speaking, was by *Jaques Pelletier*, who lived in my House, presented to me for a singular Rarity, and a Thing of sovereign Virtue. I had a Fancy to make some Use of this Knack, and therefore privately told the Count, that he might possibly run the same Fortune other Bridegrooms had sometimes done;

done ; especially some Persons being in the House, who no doubt would be glad to do him such a Courtesy, but let him boldly go to Bed, for I would do him the Office of a Friend, and if Need were, would not spare a Miracle that it was in my Power to do, provided he would engage to me, upon his Honour, to keep it to himself, and only when they came to bring him his Caudle, if Matters had

A Custom in France to bring the Bridegroom a Caudle in the Middle of the Night, on his Wedding-Night.

not gone well with him, to give me such a Sign, and leave the rest to me. Now he had his Ears so batter'd, and his Mind so prepossess'd with the eternal Tattle of this Business, that when he came to't he did really find himself tired with the Trouble of his Imagination, and accordingly at the Time appointed gave me the Sign : Whereupon I whisper'd him in the Ear, That he should rise under Pretence of putting us out of the Room, and after a jesting Manner pull my Night-gown from my Shoulders, throw it over his own, and there keep it 'till he had performed what I had appointed him to do, which was, that when we were all gone out of the Chamber he should withdraw to make Water, should three Times repeat such and such Words, and as often do such and such Actions : That at every of the three Times he should tie the Ribband I put into his Hand about his Middle, and be sure to place the Medal that was fastned to it (the Figures in such a Posture) exactly upon his Reins, which being done, and having the last of the three Times so well girt and fast tied the Ribband that it could neither untie nor slip from it's Place, let him confidently return to his Business, and withal not to forget to spread my Gown upon the Bed, so that it might be sure to cover them both. These ridiculous Circumstances are the main of the Effect, our Fancy being so far seduced, as to believe, that so strange and uncouth Formalities must of Necessity proceed from some abstruse Science. There Inanity gives them Reverence and Weight. However, certain it is, that my Figures approved themselves more *Venerean* than *Solar*, and the fair Bride had no Reason to complain. Now I cannot forbear to tell you, it was a sudden Whimsey, mixed with a little Curiosity, that made me do a Thing so contrary to my Nature ; for I am an Enemy to all subtle and counterfeit Actions, and abominate

nate all Manner of Fraud, though it be but for Sport ; for though the Action may not be wicked in itself, yet 'tis done after a wicked Manner. *Amasis*, King of *Ægypt*, married *Laodicea*, a marvelous beautiful *Greek* Virgin, who, though famous for his Abilities elsewhere, found himself quite another Man with his Wife, and could by no Means enjoy her ; at which he was so enrag'd, that he threatened to kill her, suspecting her to be a Witch. As 'tis usually in Things that consist in Fancy, she put him upon Devotion, who having accordingly made his Vows to *Venus*, he found himself divinely restored the very first Night after his Oblations and Sacrifices. Now in plain Truth, Women are to blame, to entertain us with that disdainful, coy, and angry Countenance they commonly do, which extinguishes our Vigour, as it kindles our Desire ; which made the Daughter-in-law of *Pythagoras* to say, That *the Woman who goes to Bed to a Man, must put off her Modesty with her Petticoat, and put it on again with the same.* The Soul of the Assailant being disturb'd with many several Alarms, is easily astonish'd, and soon loses the Power of Performance ; and whoever the Imagination has once put this Trick upon, and confounded with the Shame of it, (and she never does it but at the first Acquaintance, by Reason Men are then more ardent and eager, and as so at this first Account a Man gives of himself he is much more timorous of miscarrying) having made an ill Beginning, he enters into such Indignations and Despair at the Accident, as will in following Opportunities be apt to remain, and continue him in the same Condition. As to what concerns married People, having the Year before them (as we say) they ought never to compel, or so much as to offer at the Feat, if they do not find themselves very ready : And it is better indecently to fail of hand-felling the Nuptial Sheets, and of paying the Ceremony due to the Wedding-Night, when a Man perceives himself full of Agitation and Trembling, expecting another Opportunity at a better and more private Leisure, when his Fancy shall be better compos'd, than to make himself perpetually miserable, for having misbehav'd himself, and being baffled at the first Assault. 'Till Possession be taken, a Man that knows himself subject to this Infirmary, should leisurely and by Degrees make several little Trials and light Offers, without obstinately attempting at once to force an absolute Conquest

quest over his own mutinous and indispos'd Faculties ; such as know their Members to be naturally obedient to their Desires, need to take no other Care but only to counterplot their Fancy. The indocile and rude Liberty of this scurvy Member is sufficiently remarkable, by it's importunate, unruly, and unseasonable Tumidity and Impatience, at such Times as we have nothing for it to do, and by it's more unseasonable Stupidity and Disobedience, when we stand most in Need of his Vigour, so imperiously contesting the Authority of the Will, and with so much Obstinacy denying all Solicitation both of Hand and Fancy. And yet though his Rebellion is so universally complained of, and that Proofs are not wanting to condemn him, if he had nevertheless see'd me to plead his Cause, I should peradventure bring the rest of his Fellow-Members into Suspicion of plotting this Mischief against him, out of pure Envy at the Importance, and ravishing Pleasure particular to his Employment, so as to have by Confederacy armed the whole World against him, by malevolently charging him alone with their common Offence. For let any one consider whether there is any one Part of our Bodies that does not often refuse to perform it's Office at the Precept of the Will, and that does not often exercise it's Function in Defiance of her Command. They have every one of them proper Passions of their own, that rouse and awake, stupify and benumb them, without our Leave or Consent. How often do the involuntary Motions of the Countenance discover our inward Thoughts, and betray our most private Secrets to the Knowledge of the Standers by ? The same Cause that animates this Member, does also, without our Knowledge, animate the Lungs, Pulse, and Heart, the Sight of a pleasing Object imperceptibly diffusing a Flame through all our Parts with a febrile Motion. Is there nothing but these Veins and Muscles that swell, and flag without the Consent, not only of the Will, but even of our Knowledge also ; We do not command our Hairs to stand an End, nor our Skin to shiver either with Fear or Desire. The Hands often convey themselves to Parts to which we do not direct them. The Tongue will be interdicted, and the Voice sometimes suffocated when we know not how to help it. When we have nothing to eat, and would willingly forbid it, the Appetite of Eating and Drinking does
not

not for all that forbear to stir up the Parts that are subjected to it, no more nor less than the other Appetite we were speaking of, and in like Manner does as unseasonably leave us. The Vessels that serve to discharge the Belly have their proper Dilatations and Compressions, without and beyond our Intelligence, as well as those which are destined to purge the Reins. And that which, to justify the Prerogative of the Will, St. *Augustine* urges, of having seen a Man who could command his Back-side to discharge as often together as he pleased, and that *Pives* does yet fortify with another Example in his Time of one that could fart in Tune, does nothing suppose any more pure Obedience of that Part; for is any thing commonly more tumultuary or indiscreet. To which let me add, that I myself knew one so rude and ungoverned, as for forty Years together made his Master-vent with one continued and unintermitted Hurricane, and 'tis like will do till he expire that Way, and vanish in his own Smoke. And I could heartily wish, that I only knew by Reading, how oft a Man's Belly, by the Denial of one single Puff, brings him to the very Door of an exceeding painful Death; and that the Emperor, who gave Liberty to let fly in all Places, had at the same Time given us Power to do it. But for our Will, in whose behalf we prefer this Accusation, with how much greater Similitude of Truth may we reproach even her herself with Mutiny and Sedition for her Irregularity and Disobedience? Does she always will what we would have her to do? Does she not often will what we forbid her to will, and that to our manifest Prejudice? Does she suffer herself any more than any of the other, to be governed and directed by the Results of our Reason. To conclude, I should move in the Behalf of the Gentleman, my Client, it might be considered, *Canzo.* that in this Fact, his Cause being inseparably conjoined with an Accessary, yet he is only called in Question, and that by Arguments and Accusations, that cannot be charged, nor reflect upon the other: Whose Business indeed is sometimes inopportunately to invite, but never to refuse, and to allure after a tacit and clandestine Manner: And therefore is the Malice and Injustice of his Accusers most manifestly apparent. But be it how it will, protesting against the Proceedings of the Advocates and Judges, Nature will, in the mean time, proceed after her own Way, who had
done

done but well, if she had endowed this Member with some particular Privilege. The Author of the sole immortal Work of Mortals, a divine Work according to *Socrates*, and of Love, Desire of Immortality, and himself an immortal *Dæmon*. Some one perhaps by such an Effect of
 * Videlicet Imagination may have had the good luck to
the Pox. leave * that behind him here in *France*, which his Companion who has come after, and behaved himself better, has carried back with him into *Spain*. And that you may see why Men in such Cases require a Mind prepared for the thing they are to do, why do the Physicians tamper with, and prepossess beforehand their Patients Credulity with many false Promises of Cure, if not to the End, that the Effect of Imagination may supply the Imposture and Defect of their Apozem? They know very well, that a great Master of their Trade has given it under his Hand, that he has known some with whom the very Sight of a Potion would work: Which Examples of Fancy and Conceit come now into my Head, by the Remembrance of a Story was told me by a domestick Apothecary of my Father's, a blunt *Swisse* (a Nation not much addicted to Vanity and Lying) of a Merchant he had long known at *Tholouse*, who being a valetudinary, and much afflicted with Fits of the Stone, had often occasion to take Clysters, of which he caused several Sorts to be prescribed him by the Physicians, according to the Accidents of his Disease; one of which being one time brought in, and none of the usual Forms, as feeling if it were not too hot, and the like, being omitted, he was laid down on his Belly, the Syringe put up, and all Ceremonies performed, Injection excepted; after which, the Apothecary being gone, and the Patient accommodated as if he had really received a Clyster, he found the same Operation and Effect that those do who have taken one indeed; and if at any time the Physician did not find the Operation sufficient, he would usually give him two or three more after the same Manner. And the Fellow moreover swore to me, that to save Charges (for he pay'd as if he had really taken them) this sick Man's Wife having sometimes made Trial of warm Water only, the Effect discovered the Cheat, and finding these would do no good, was fain to return to the old Way. A Woman fancying she
 had

had swallowed a Pin in a Piece of Bread, cry'd out of an intolerable Pain in her Throat, where she thought she felt it stick : But an ingenious Fellow that was brought to her, seeing no outward Tumour nor Alteration, supposing it only to be Conceit taken at some Crust of Bread that had hurt her as it went down, caused her to vomit, and cunningly unseen, threw a crooked Pin into the Bason, which the Woman no sooner saw, but believing she had cast it up, she presently found herself eased of her Pain. I myself knew a Gentleman, who having treated a great deal of good Company at his House, three or four Days after bragged in jest (for there was no such thing) that he had made them eat of a baked Cat ; at which, a young Gentlewoman, who had been at the Feast, took such a Horror, that falling into a violent Vomiting and a Fever, there was no possible Means to save her. Even brute Beasts are also subject to the Force of Imagination as well as we ; as is seen by Dogs who die of Grief for the Loss of their Masters, and are seen to quess, tremble, and start, as Horses will kick and whinny in their Sleep. Now all this may be attributed to the Affinity and Relation betwixt the Souls and Bodies of Brutes, but 'tis quite another thing when the Imagination works upon the Souls of rational Men, and not only to the Prejudice of their own particular Bodies, but of others also. And as an infected Body communicates it's Malady to those that approach, or live near it, as we see in the Plague, the Small-pox, and sore Eyes, that run through whole Families and Cities :

*Dum spectant oculi læsos, læduntur & ipsi :
Multaque corporibus transitione nocent *.*

Viewing sore Eyes, Eyes to be sore are brought,
And many Ills are by Transition caught.

So the Imagination, being vehemently agitated, darts out Infection capable of offending the stranger Object. The Ancients had an Opinion of certain Women of *Scythia*, that being animated and enraged against any one, they killed them only with their Looks : Tortoises and Ostriches hatch their Eggs with only looking on them, which infers, that their Eyes have in them some ejaculative Virtue. And the Eyes of Witches are said to be dangerous and hurtful.

* *Ovid. Amor. l. 2.*

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos *.

What Eye it is I do not know,
My tender Lambs bewitches so.

Magicians are no very good Authority for me, but we experimentally see, that Women impart the Marks of their Fancy to the Children they carry in their Wombs; witness her that was brought to Bed of a Moor: And there was presented to *Charles* the Emperor, and King of *Bohemia*, a Girl from about *Pisa*, all over rough, and covered with Hair, whom her Mother said to be conceived by reason of a Picture of *St. John Baptist*, that hung within the Curtains of her Bed. It is the same with Beasts, witness *Jacob's* ring-streaked and spotted Goats, and Sheep, and the Hares, and Partridges, that the Snow turns white upon the Mountains. There was at my House a little while ago, a Cat seen watching a Bird upon the Top of a Tree, who, for some Time mutually fixing their Eyes upon one another, the Bird at last let herself fall as dead into the Cat's Claws either dazzled and astonished by the Force of her own Imagination, or drawn by some attractive Power of the Cat. Such as are addicted to the Pleasures of the Field, have, I make no Question, heard the Story of the Falconer, who having earnestly fixed his Eyes upon a Kite in the Air, lay'd a Wager, that he would bring her down with the sole Power of his Sight, and did so, as it was said; for the Tales I borrow, I charge upon the Consciences of those from whom I have them. The Discourses are my own, and found themselves upon the Proofs of Reason, not of Experience; to which, every one has Liberty to add his own Examples; and who has none, (the Numbers and Varieties of Accident considered) let him not forbear to believe that these I set down are enough; and if I do not apply them well, let some other do it for me. And also in the Subjects of which I treat, *viz.* of our Manners and Motions, the Testimonies and Instances I produce, how fabulous soever, provided they are possible, serve as well as the true; whether it has really happened or no, at *Rome*, or at *Paris*; to *Peter* or *John*; 'tis still within the Verge of Possibility, and human Capacity, which serves me to

* *Virg. Eclog. 3.*

good Use, and supplies me with Variety in the Things I write. I see, and make my Advantage of it as well in Shadow as in Substance; and amongst the various Examples I every where meet with in History, I cull out the most rare and memorable to fit my own Turn. There are some other Authors, whose only End and Design it is, to give an Account of Things that have happened; mine, if I could arrive unto it should be to deliver what may come to pass. There is a just Liberty allowed in the Schools of supposing and contriving *Similes*, when they are at a Loss for them in their own Reading: I do not, however, make any Use of that Privilege, and as to that Affair in superstitious Religion, surpass all historical Authority. In the Examples which I here bring in of what I have heard, read, done, or said, I have forbid myself to dare to alter even the most light and indifferent Circumstances; my Conscience does not falsify one Tittle, what my Ignorance may do I cannot say. And this it is that makes me sometimes enter into Dispute with my own Thoughts, whether or no, a Divine, or a Philosopher, Men of so exact and tender Wisdom and Conscience, are fit to write History; for how can they stake their Reputation upon the publick Faith? How be responsible for the Opinions of Men they do not know? And with what Assurance deliver their Conjectures for current Pay? Of Actions performed before their own Eyes, wherein several Persons were Actors, they would be unwilling to give Evidence upon Oath before a Judge; and cannot be so familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with any for whose Intentions they would become absolute Surety. For my Part, I think it less hazardous to write Things past than present, by how much the Writer is only to give an Account of Things every one knows he must of Necessity borrow upon Trust. I am solicited to write the Affairs of my own Time, by some, who fancy I look upon them with an Eye less blinded with Prejudice or Partiality than another, and have a clearer Insight into them by Reason of the free Access Fortune has given me to the Heads of both Factions; but they do not consider, that to purchase the Glory of *Sallust*, I would not give myself the Trouble, being a sworn Enemy, as I am to all Obligation, Assiduity, and Perseverance: Besides that, there is nothing so contrary to my Stile, as a continued and extended Narrative, I so often interrupt, and

cut myself short in my Writing only for want of Breath. I have neither Fancy nor Expression worth any thing, and am ignorant beyond a Child, of the Phrases, and even the very Words proper to express the most common Things, and for that Reason it is, that I have undertaken to say only what I can say, and have accommodated my Subjects to my Force. Should I take one to be my Guide, peradventure, I should not be able to keep Pace with him, and in the Precipitancy of my Career might deliver Things, which, upon better Thoughts, in my own Judgment, and according to Reason, would be criminal and punishable in the highest Degree. *Plutarch* would tell us of what he has delivered to the Light, that it is the Work of others, that his Examples are all, and every where exactly true, that they are useful to Posterity, and are presented with a Lustre that will light us the Way to Virtue, which was his Design; but it is not of so dangerous Consequence as in a medicinal Drug, whether an old Story be so, or so.



CHAP. XXI.

That the Profit of one Man is the Inconvenience of another.

D*Emades* the Athenian condemned one of his City, whose Trade it was to sell the Necessaries for Funeral Ceremonies, upon Pretence that he demanded unreasonable Profit, and that that Profit could not accrue to him, but by the Death of a great Number of People. A Judgment that appears to be ill grounded, forasmuch as no Profit whatever could possibly be made but at the Expence of another, and that by the same Rule he should condemn all Manner of Gain of what Kind soever. The Merchant only thrives and grows rich by the Pride, Wantonness and Debauchery of Youth; the Husbandman by the Price and Scarcity of Grain; the Architect by the Ruin of Buildings; the Lawyers, and Officers of Justice, by Suits and Contentions of Men; nay, even the Honour and Office of Divines are derived

derived from our Death and Vices; a Physician takes no Pleasure in the Health even of his Friends, says the ancient comical *Greek*; nor a Soldier in the Peace of his Country; and so of the rest. And, which is yet worse, let every one but dive into his own Bosom, and he will find his private Wishes spring, and his secret Hopes grow up at another's Expence. Upon which Consideration it comes into my Head, that Nature does not in this swerve from her general Polity; for Physicians hold, that the Birth, Nourishment, and Encrease of every Thing is the Corruption and Dissolution of another.

*Nam quodcumque suis mutatum finibus exit,
Continuo hoc mors est illius, quod fuit ante *.*

For what from it's own Confines chang'd doth pass,
Is straight the Death of what before it was.



C H A P. XXII.

*Of Custom, and that we should not easily change
a Law received.*

HE seems to me to have had a right and true Apprehension of the Power of Custom, who first invented the Story of a Country-woman; who having accustomed herself to play with, and carry a young Calf in her Arms, and daily continuing to do so as it grew up, obtained this by Custom, that when grown to be a great Ox, she was still able to bear it. For, in Truth, Custom is a violent and treacherous School-Mistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the Foot of her Authority, but having by this gentle and humble Beginning, with the Benefit of Time, fixed and established it, she then unmaskes a furious and tyrannick Countenance, against which we have no more the Courage, or the Power so much as to lift up

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

our Eyes. We see it at every Turn forcing and violating the Rules of Nature: *Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister* *; Custom is the greatest Master of all Things: I believe *Plato's* Care in his Republick, and the Physicians, who so often submit the Reasons of their Art to the Authority of Habit; as also the Story of that King, who by Custom brought his Stomach to that pass, as to live by Poison; and the Maid that *Albertus* reports to have lived upon Spiders; and in that new World of the *Indies*, there were found great Nations, and in very differing Climates, who were of the same Diet, made Provision of them, and fed them for their Tables; as also they did Grasshoppers, Mice, Bats, and Lizards; and in a Time of a Scarcity of such Rarities, a Toad was sold for six Crowns, all which they cook, and dish up with several Sauces. There were also others found, to whom our Diet and the Flesh we eat, were venomous and mortal. *Consuetudinis magna vis est: Pernoctant venatores in nive: In montibus uri se patiuntur: Pugiles Cæstibus contusi, ne ingemiscunt quidem* †. The Power of Custom is very great: Huntsmen will one while lie out all Night in the Snow, and another suffer themselves to be parched in the Mountains; and Fencers, inured to Beating, when banged almost to pulp with Clubs and Whirl bats, disdain so much as to groan. These are strange Examples, but yet they will not appear so strange, if we consider what we have ordinary Experience of, how much Custom stupifies our Senses; neither need we go to be satisfied of what is reported of the Cataracts of *Nile*; and of what Philosophers believe of the Musick of the Spheres, that the Bodies of those Circles being solid and smooth, and coming to touch, and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful Harmony, the Changes and Cadencies of which, cause the Revolutions and Dances of the Stars; but that the Hearing Sense of all Creatures here below, being universally, like that of the *Ægyptians*, deaf'd, and stupified with the continual Noise, cannot, how great soever, perceive it. Smiths, Millers, Pewterers, Forge-men, and Armorers, could never be able to live in the perpetual Noise of their own Trade, did it strike their Ears with the same

* *Plin. l. 6.*† *Cicero Tusc. l. 2.*

Violence that it does ours. My perfum'd Doublet gratifies my own Smelling at first, as well as that of others, but after I have worn it three or four Days together, I no more perceive it; but it is yet more strange, that Custom, notwithstanding the long Intermissions and Intervals, should yet have the Power to unite, and establish the Effect of it's Impressions upon our Senses, as is manifest in such as live near unto Steeples, and the frequent Noise of the Bells. I myself lie at home in a Tower, where every Morning and Evening a very great Bell rings out the *Ave Maria*, the Noise of which shakes my very Tower, and at first seem'd insupportable to me; but having now a good while kept that Lodging, I am so used to it, that I hear it without any Manner of Offence, and often without awaking at it. *Plato* reprehending a Boy for playing at some childish Game; Thou reprov'st me (says the Boy) for a very little Thing: *Custom* (reply'd *Plato*) *is no little Thing*. And he was in the Right; for I find that our greatest Vices derive their first Propensity from our most tender Infancy, and that our principal Education depends upon the Nurse; Mothers are mightily pleas'd to see a Child writhe off the Neck of a Chicken, or to please itself with the hurting a Dog, or a Cat; and such wise Fathers there are in the World, who look upon it as a notable Mark of a martial Spirit, when he hears his Son mis-call, or sees him domineer over a poor Peasant, or a Lacquey, that dares not reply nor turn again; and a great Sign of Wit when he sees him cheat and over-reach his Play-fellow by some malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit; but for all that, these are the true Seeds and Roots of Cruelty, Tyranny and Treason. They bud and put out there, and afterwards shoot up vigorously, and grow to a prodigious Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improved by Custom: And it is a very dangerous Mistake to excuse these vile Inclinations upon the Tenderness of their Age, and the Trivialty of the Subject; first, it is Nature that speaks, whose Declaration is then more sincere, and inward Thoughts more undisguis'd as it is more weak and young: Secondly, The Deformity of Cozenage does not consist, nor depend upon the Difference betwixt Crowns and Pins; but merely upon itself, for a Cheat is a Cheat be it more or less; which makes me think it

Deceit ought to be corrected in the greenest Years.

more just to conclude thus, Why should he not cozen in Crowns, since he does it in Pins, than as they do, who say, They only play for Pins, he would not do it if it were for Money. Children should carefully be instructed to abhor even Vices of their own contriving; and the natural Deformity of those Vices ought so to be represented to them, that they may not only avoid them in their Actions, but especially so abominate them in their Hearts, that the very Thought should be hateful to them, with what Mask soever they may be palliated or disguis'd. I know very well for what concerns myself, that for having been brought up in my Childhood to a plain and sincere Way of Dealing, and for having then had an Aversion to all Manner of Juggling and foul Play in my childish Sports and Recreations, (and indeed it is to be noted, that the Plays of Children are not performed in Play, but are to be judg'd in them as their most serious Actions) there is no Game so small wherein from my own Bosom naturally, and without Study or Endeavour, I have not an extreme Aversion for Deceit. I shuffle and cut, and make as much Clatter with the Cards, and keep as strict Account for Farthings, as it were for double Pistoles; when winning or losing against my Wife and Daughter is indifferent to me, as when I play in good Earnest with others for the roundest Sums. At all Times and in all Places, my own Eyes are sufficient to look to my Fingers; I am not so narrowly watch'd by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be discover'd by, or to offend.

I saw the other Day, at my own House, a little Fellow who came to shew himself for Money, a Native of *Nants*, born without Arms, who has so well taught his Feet to perform the Services his Hands should have done him, that indeed they have half forgot their natural Office, and the Use for which they were design'd; the Fellow too calls them his Hands, and we may allow him so to do, for with them he cuts any Thing, charges and discharges a Pistol, threads a Needle, sows, writes, and puts off his Hat, combs his Head, plays at Cards and Dice, and all this with as much Dexterity as any other could do who had more, and more proper Limbs to assist him; and the Money I gave him he carried away in his Foot, as we do in our Hand. I have seen another, who being yet a Boy, flourished a two-handed
Sword,

Sword, and (if I may so say) handled a Halbert with the mere Motions and Writhing of his Neck and Shoulders for want of Hands, tost them into the Air, and catch'd them again, darted a Dagger, and crack'd a Whip as well as any Coachman in *France*. But the Effects of Custom are much more manifest in the strange Impressions she imprints in our Minds, where she meets with less Resistance, and has nothing so hard a Game to play. What has she not the Power to impose upon our Judgments and Belief? Is there any so fantastick Opinion (omitting the gross Impostures of Religions, with which we see so many populous Nations, and so many understanding Men, so strangely besotted; for this being beyond the Reach of human Reason, any Error is more excusable in such, as thro' the divine Bounty, are not endued with an extraordinary Illumination from above) but of other Opinions, are there any so senseless and extravagant that she has not planted and establish'd for Laws in those Parts of the World upon which she has been pleas'd to exercise her Power? And therefore that ancient Exclamation was exceeding just, *Non pudet Physicum, id est, speculatorem, venatoremque Naturæ ab animis consuetudine imbutis quærere testimonium veritatis* *? Is it not a Shame for a Philosopher, that is, for an Observer and Hunter of Nature, to derive Testimony from Minds pre-possess'd with Custom? I do believe, that no so absurd or ridiculous Fancy can enter into human Imagination, that does not meet with some Example of publick Practice, and that consequently our Reason does not ground, and support itself upon. There are People amongst whom it is the Fashion to turn their Backs upon him they salute, and never look upon the Man they intend to honour. There is a Place, where, whenever the King spits, the greatest Ladies of his Court put out their Hands to receive it; and another Nation, where the most eminent Persons about him, stoop to take up his Ordure in a Linnen Cloth. Let us here steal Room to insert a Story. A *French* Gentleman of my Acquaintance, was always wont to blow his Nose with his Fingers (a Thing very much against our Fashion) would justify himself for so doing, and was a Man very famous for pleasant Repartees, who, upon

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor.*

that Occasion asked me, What Privilege this filthy Excrement had, that we must carry about us a fine Handkerchief to receive it, and which was more, afterwards to lap it carefully up, and carry it all Day about in our Pockets, which, he said, could not but be much more nauseous and offensive, than to see it thrown away, as we did all other Evacuations. I found that what he said was not altogether without Reason, and by being frequently in his Company, that slovenly Action of his was at last grown familiar to me; which nevertheless we make a Face at, when we hear it reported of another Country. Miracles appear to be so, according to our Ignorance of Nature, and not according to the Essence of Nature. The continually being accusom'd to any Thing, blinds the Eye of our Judgement. *Barbarians* are no more a Wonder to us, than we are to them; nor with any more Reason, as every one would confess, if after having travell'd over those remote Examples, Men could settle themselves to reflect upon, and rightly to confer them. Human Reason is a Tincture equally infus'd almost into all our Opinions and Customs, of what Form soever they are, infinite in Matter, infinite in Diversity. But I return to my Subject.

There are People, where (his Wife and Children excepted) no one speaks to the King but through a Trunk. In one and the same Nation the Virgins discover those Parts that Modesty should persuade them to hide, and the married Women carefully cover and conceal. To which, this Custom in another Place has some Relation, where Chastity, but in Marriage, is of no Esteem, for unmarried Women may prostitute themselves to as many as they please, and being got with Child, may lawfully take Physick in the Sight of every one to destroy their Fruit. And in another Place, if a Tradesman marry, all of the same Condition, who are invited to the Wedding, lie with the Bride before him; and the greater Number of them there is, the greater is her Honour, and the Opinion of her Ability and Strength: If an Officer marry, 'tis the same, the same with a Nobleman, and so of the rest, except it be a Labourer, or one of mean Condition, for them it belongs to the Lord of the Place to perform that Office; and yet a severe Loyalty during Marriage is afterward strictly enjoind. There is a Place where Bawdy-houses
of

of Young-men are kept for the Pleasure of Women, as we know there are of Women for the Necessities of Men; and also Marriages, where the Wives go to War as well as the Husbands, and not only share in the Dangers of Battle, but moreover in the Honours of Command. Others, where they wear Rings not only through their Noses, Lips, Cheeks, and on their Toes, but also weighty Gymmalls of Gold thrust through their Paps and Buttocks; Where in eating they wipe their Fingers upon their Thighs, Genitories, and the Soles of their Feet: Where Children are excluded and Brothers and Nephews only inherit; and elsewhere, Nephews only, saving in the Royal Family, and the Succession of the Crown: Where, for the Regulation of Community in Goods and Estates observ'd in the Country, certain Sovereign Magistrates have committed to them the universal Charge and overseeing of the Agriculture, and Distribution of the Fruits according to the Necessity of every one: Where they lament the Death of Children, and Feast at the Decease of old Men: Where they lie ten or twelve in a Bed, Men and their Wives together: Where Women whose Husbands come to violent Ends, may marry again, and others not: Where the servile Condition of Women is look'd upon with such Contempt, that they kill all the native Females, and buy Wives of their Neighbours to supply their Use: Where Husbands may repudiate their Wives, without shewing any Cause, but Wives cannot part from their Husbands, for what Cause soever: Where Husbands may sell their Wives in case of Sterility: Where they boil the Bodies of their Dead, and afterwards pound them to a Pulp, which they mix with their Wine, and drink it: Where the most coveted Sepulture is to be eaten with Dogs; and elsewhere by Birds: Where they believe the Souls of the happy live in all Manner of Liberty, in delightful Fields, furnish'd with all Sorts of Delicacies, and that it is those Souls repeating the Words we utter, which we call *Echo*: Where they fight in the Water, and shoot their Arrows with the most mortal Aim, swimming: Where, for a Sign of Subjection, they lift up their Shoulders, and hang down their Heads, and put off their Shoes when they enter the King's Palace: Where the Eunuchs who take Charge of the Religious Women, have moreover their Lips and Noses cut away,

and

and disguis'd, that they may not be lov'd; and the Priests put out their own Eyes, to be better acquainted with their *Dæmons*, and the better to receive and retain their Oracles: Where every one creates to himself a Deity of what he likes best, according to his own Fancy; the Hunter, a Lion or a Fox; the Fisher, some certain Fish, and Idols of every human Action or Passion; in which Place the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth, are the principal Deities, and the Form of taking an Oath is to touch the Earth, looking up to Heaven; and there both Flesh and Fish is eaten raw: Where the greatest Oath they take is, to swear by the Name of some dead Person of Reputation, laying their Hand upon his Tomb: Where the New-year's Gift the King sends every Year to the Princes, his Subjects, is Fire, which being brought, all the old Fire is put out, and the neighbouring People are bound to fetch of the new, every one for themselves upon Pain of Treason: Where, when the King, to betake himself wholly to Devotion, retires from his Administration, (which often falls out) his next Successor is oblig'd to do the same; by which Means the Right of the Kingdom devolves to the third in Succession: Where they vary the Form of Government, according to the seeming Necessity of Affairs; depose the King when they think good, substituting ancient Men to govern in his Stead, and sometimes transferring it into the Hands of the common People: Where Men and Women are both circumcis'd, and also baptiz'd: Where the Soldier, who in one, or several Engagements, has been so fortunate, as to present seven of the Enemies Heads to the King, is made noble: Where they live in that rare and singular Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul: Where the Women are deliver'd without Pain or Fear: Where the Women wear Copper Fetters upon both their Legs, and if a Louse bite them, are bound in Magnanimity to bite them again, and dare not marry 'till first they have made their King a Tender of their Virginity, if he pleases to accept of it: Where the ordinary Way of Salutation is, by putting a Finger down to the Earth, and then pointing up towards Heaven: Where Men carry Burthens upon their Heads, and Women on their Shoulders, the Women pissing standing, and the Men cowering down: Where they send their Blood in Token of Friendship, and cense the Men they would honour, like Gods:

Gods: Where not only to the Fourth, but in any other remote Degrees, Kindred are not permitted to marry: Where the Children are four Years at Nurse, and sometimes twelve; in which Place also it is accounted mortal to give the Child suck the first Day after it is born: Where the Correction of the Male Children is peculiarly designed to the Fathers, and to the Mothers of the Females; the Punishment being to hang them by the Heels in the Smoke: Where they eat all Sorts of Herbs, without other Scruple, than of the Illness of the Smell: Where all Things are open, as the finest Houses, which are furnished with the richest Furniture, without Doors, Windows, Trunks, or Chests to lock, a Thief being there punished double to what they are in other Places: Where they crack Lice with their Teeth like Monkeys, and abhor to see them kill'd with one's Nails, Where in all their Lives they neither cut their Hair, nor pare their Nails; and in another Place, pare those of the Right-hand only, letting the left grow for Ornament and Bravery: Where they suffer the Hair on the Right-side to grow as long as it will, and shave the other; and in the neighbouring Provinces, some let their Hair grow long before, and some behind, shaving close the rest: Where Parents let out their Children, and Husbands their Wives, to their Guests to hire: Where a Man may get his own Mother with Child, and Fathers make use of their own Daughters, or their Sons, without Scandal or Offence: Where, at their solemn Feasts, they interchangeably lend their Children to one another, without any Consideration of Nearness of Blood. In one Place Men feed upon human Flesh, in another, 'tis reputed a charitable Office for a Man to kill his Father at a certain Age; and elsewhere, the Fathers dispose of their Children whilst yet in their Mothers Wombs, some to be preserved and carefully brought up, and others they proscribe either to be thrown off, or made away. Elsewhere the old Husbands lend their Wives to young Men; and in another Place they are in common, without Offence; in one Place particularly, the Women take it for a Mark of Honour to have as many gay fringed Tassels at the Bottom of their Garment, as they have lain with several Men. Moreover has not Custom made a Republick of Women separately by themselves? Has it not put Arms into their Hands, made them to raise Armies, and fight

fight Battles? And does she not by her own Precept instruct the most ignorant Vulgar, and make them perfect in Things which all the Philosophy in the World could never beat into the Heads of the wisest Men? For we know entire Nations, where Death was not only despised, but entertained with the greatest Triumph; where Children of seven Years old offered themselves to be whipped to Death, without changing their Countenance; where Riches were in such Contempt, that the poorest and most wretched Citizen would not have deigned to stoop to take up a Purse of Crowns, and we know Regions very fruitful in all Manner of Provisions, where, notwithstanding the most ordinary Diet, and that they are most pleased with, is only Bread, Cresses, and Water. Did not Custom moreover work that Miracle in *Chios*, that of seven hundred Years it was never known that ever Maid or Wife committed any Act to the Prejudice of her Honour? To conclude, there is nothing in my Opinion, that she does not, or may not do; and therefore with very good Reason it is, that *Pindar* calls her the Queen and Empress of the World. He that was seen to beat his Father, and reproved for so doing, made answer, that it was the Custom of their Family; that in like Manner his Father had beaten his Grand-father, his Grand-father his great Grand-father, and this, says he, pointing to his Son, when he comes to my Age, shall beat me. And the Father, whom the Son dragged and hauled along the Streets, commanded him to stop at a certain Door, for he himself, he said, had dragged his Father no farther, that being the utmost Limit of the hereditary Insolence the Sons used to practise upon the Fathers in their Family. It is as much by Custom as Infirmary, (says *Aristotle*) that Women tear their Hair, bite their Nails, and eat Coals, Chalk, and such Trash, and more by Custom than Nature, that Men abuse themselves with one another. The Laws of Conscience, which we pretend to be derived from Nature, proceed from Custom; every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners, approved and received amongst his own People, cannot without very great Reluctancy depart from them, nor apply himself to them without Applause. In Times past, when those of *Crete* would curse any one, they pray'd the Gods to engage them in some ill Custom. But the principal Effect of the Power of Custom

tom is, so to seize and ensnare us, that it is hardly in our Power to disengage ourselves from its Gripe; or so to come to ourselves, as to consider of, and to weigh the Things it enjoins. To say the Truth, by Reason that we suck it in with our Milk, and that the Face of the World presents itself in this Posture to our first Sight, it seems as if we were born upon Condition to pursue this Practice; and the common Fancies that we find in Repute every where about us, and infused into our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be most universal and genuine. From whence it comes to pass, that whatever is off the Hinge of Custom, is believed to be also off the Hinges of Reason; and how unseasonably for the most Part, God knows. If, as we who study ourselves, have learned to do, every one who hears a good Sentence, would immediately consider how it does any Way touch his own private Concern, every one would find, that it was not so much a good Saying, as a severe Lash to the ordinary Bestiality of his own Judgment: But Men receive the Precepts and Admonitions of Truth, as generally directed to the Common Sort, and never particularly to themselves: And instead of applying them to their own Manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to Memory, without suffering themselves to be at all instructed, or converted by them: But let us return to the Empire of Custom. Such People as have been bred up to Liberty, and subject to no other Dominion but the Authority of their own Will, every one being a Sovereign to himself, or at least governed by no wiser Heads than their own, do look upon all other Forms of Government as monstrous, and contrary to Nature. Those who are inured to Monarchy do the same; and what Opportunity soever Fortune presents them with to change, even then, when with the greatest Difficulties they have disengaged themselves from one Master, that was troublesome and grievous to them, they presently run with the same Difficulties to create another; being not able, how roughly dealt with soever, to hate the Government they were born under, and the Obedience they have so long been accustom'd to. 'Tis by the Mediation and Persuasion of Custom, that every one is content with the Place where he is planted by Nature; and the *Highlanders* of *Scotland* no more pant after the better Air of *Tourain*, than the starved *Scythian* after the

the delightful Fields of *Thessaly*. *Darius* asking certain *Greeks* what they would take to assume the Custom of the *Indians*, of eating the dead Corps of their Fathers, (for that was their Use, believing they could not give them a better or more noble Sepulture, than to bury them in their own Bodies) they made answer, That nothing in the World should hire them to do it; but having also tried to persuade the *Indians* to leave their barbarous Custom, and after the *Greek* Manner, to burn the Bodies of their Fathers, they conceived a much greater Horror at the Motion. Every one does the same, forasmuch as Use veils from us the true Aspect of Things.

*Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam
Principio, quod non minuant mirarier omnes
Paulatim* *.

Nothing at first so great, so strange appears,
Which by Degrees, Use in succeeding Years
Renders not more familiar.

Taking upon me once to justify something in use amongst us, and that was received with absolute Authority for a great many Leagues round about us, and not content to establish it, as Men commonly do, only by Force of Law, and Example, but enquiring still farther into it's Original, I found the Foundation so weak, that I who made it my Business to confirm others, was very near being dissatisfied myself. 'Tis by this Receipt that *Plato* undertakes to cure this unnatural and preposterous Love of his Time, which he esteems of sovereign Virtue; namely, That the publick Opinion condemns them; That the Poets, and all other Sorts of Writers, relate horrible Stories of them. A *Recipe*, by Virtue of which the most beautiful Daughters no more allure their Fathers Lust; nor Brothers of the finest Shape and Fashion their Sisters Desire. The very Fables of *Thyestes*, *OEdipus*, and *Macareus*, having with the Harmony of their Song infused this wholesom Opinion and Belief into the tender Brains of Infants. Chastity is in truth a great and shining Virtue, and of which the Utility is sufficiently known; but to govern, and prevail with it

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

according

according to Nature, is as hard, as 'tis easy to do it according to Custom, and the Laws and Precepts of sober Practice. The original and fundamental Reasons are of very obscure and difficult Search, and our Matters either lightly pass them over, or not daring so much as to touch them, precipitate themselves into the Liberty and Protection of Custom; such as will not suffer themselves to be withdrawn from this Original Source, do yet commit a greater Error, and submit themselves to wild and beastly Opinions; witness *Chrysippus*, who in so many of his Writings has strew'd the little Account he made of incestuous Conjunctions committed with how near Relations soever. Whoever would disengage himself from this violent Prejudice of Custom, would find several Things receiv'd with absolute and undoubting Opinion, that have no other Support than the hoary Head and rivell'd Face of ancient Use; and Things being referr'd to the Decision of Truth and Reason, he will find his Judgment convinced and overthrown, and yet restor'd to a much more sure Estate. For Example, I shall ask him, what can be more strange than to see a People oblig'd to obey and pay a Reverence to Laws they never understood, and to be bound in all their Affairs, both of private and publick Concern, as Marriages, Donations, Wills, Sales, and Purchases, to Rules they cannot possibly know, being neither writ nor publish'd in their own Language, and of which they are of Necessity to purchase both the Interpretation and the Use? Not according to the ingenious Opinion of *Socrates*, who counsell'd his King to make the Trafficks and Negotiations of his Subjects, free, frank, and of Profit to them, and their Quarrels and Debates burdensom, and tart, and loaden with heavy Impositions and Penalties; but by a prodigious Opinion to make Sale of Reason itself, and to allow the Law a Course of Traffick. I think myself oblig'd to Fortune that (as our Historians report) it was a *Gascon* Gentleman, a Countryman of mine, who first oppos'd *Charlemain*, when he attempted to impose upon us Latin and imperial Laws. What can be more severe or unjust, than to see a Nation, where, by lawful Custom, the Office of a Judge is to be bought and sold, where Judgments are paid for with ready Money, and where Justice may legally be denied to him that has not wherewithal to pay; a Mer-

chandise in so great Repute, as in a Government to serve a fourth Estate of wrangling Lawyers, to add to the three ancient ones of the Church, Nobility and People; which fourth Estate, having the Laws in their Hands, and sovereign Power over Men's Lives and Fortunes, make another separate Body of Nobility: From whence it comes to pass, that there are double Laws, those of Honour, and those of Justice, in many things positively opposite to one another; the Nobles as rigorously condemning a *Lie* taken, as the other do a *Lie* reveng'd: By the Law of Arms, he shall be degraded from all Nobility and Honour who puts up an Affront; and by the Civil Law, he who vindicates his Reputation by Revenge incurs a capital Punishment: Who applies himself to the Law for Reparation of an Offence done to his Honour, disgraces himself; and who does not is censur'd and punish'd by the Law. Yet of these two so different Things, both of them referring to one Head, the one has the Charge of Peace, the other of War; those have the Profit, these the Honour; those the Wisdom, these the Virtue; those the Word, these the Action; those Justice, these Valour; those Reason, these Force; those the *long Robe*, these the short divided betwixt them.

For what concerns indifferent Things, as Clothes, who would debauch them from their true and real Use, which is the Body's Service and Convenience, and upon which their original Grace and Decency depend, for the most fantastick, in my Opinion, that can be imagin'd: I will instance amongst others, our flat Caps, that long Tail of Velvet that hangs down from our Womens Heads, and that lascivious and abominable Model of a Member we cannot in Modesty so much as name, which nevertheless we shamefully strut withal in Publick. These Considerations notwithstanding will not prevail upon any understanding Man to decline the common Mode; but on the contrary, methinks all singular and particular Fashions are rather Marks of Folly and vain Affectation, than of sound Reason, and that a wise Man ought within to withdraw and retire his Soul from the Crowd, and there keep it at Liberty, and in Power to judge freely of Things; but as to this outward Garb and Appearance, absolutely to follow and conform himself to the Fashion of the Time. Publick Society has nothing to do with our Thoughts, but the rest, as our Actions, our Labours,

Labours, our Fortunes, and our Lives, we are to lend and abandon them to the common Opinion and publick Service, as did that good and great *Socrates*, who refus'd to preserve his Life by a Disobedience to the Magistrate, though a very wicked and unjust one : For it is the Rule of Rules, and the general Law of Laws, that every one observe those of the Place wherein he lives.

Νόμοις ἑπείσθαι τοῖσιν ἐγχωρίοις καλόν.

The Country's Custom to observe,
Is decent, and does Praise deserve.

Besides it is a very great doubt, whether any so manifest Benefit and Advantage can accrue from the Alteration of a Law or Custom receiv'd, let it be what it will, as there is Danger and Inconvenience in doing it ; forasmuch as Government is a Structure compos'd of several Parts and Members join'd and united together, with so strict Affinity and Union, that it is almost impossible to stir so much as one Brick or Stone, but the whole Body will settle and be sensible of it. The Legislator of the *Thurians* ordain'd, That whosoever would go about either to abolish old Laws, or to establish new, should present himself with a Halter about his Neck to the People ; to the End, that if the Innovation he would introduce should not be approv'd by every one, he might immediately be hang'd ; and that of the *Lacedæmonians* made it the Business of his whole Life, to obtain from his Citizens a faithful Promise, that none of his Laws should be violated. The *Ephorus*, who so rudely cut the two Strings that *Phrynis* had added to Musick, never stood to examine whether that Addition made better Harmony, or that by that Means the Instrument was more full and complete ; it was enough for him to condemn the Innovation, that it was a Novelty, and an Alteration of the old Fashion. Which also is the Meaning of the old rusty Sword, carried before the Magistracy of *Marseilles*. For my own Part, I have myself a very great Aversion for Novelty, what Face, or what Pretence soever it may carry along with it, and have Reason, having been an Eye-witness of the great Inconveniencies it has produc'd. A Man cannot, I confess, truly say, that the Miseries, which for so many Years have lain so heavy upon the Kingdom of *France*, are wholly occasion'd by it ; but a Man may say, and

with Colour enough, that it was accidentally produc'd, and begot both the Mischiefs and Ruins that are since continued both without and against it, and it is principally That we are accuse for these Disorders.

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis.*

Alas! The Wounds I now endure
Which my own Weapons did procure.

They who give the first Shock to a State are voluntarily the first over-whelm'd in it's Ruin; the Fruits of publick Commotion are seldom enjoy'd by him who was the first Motor; he only troubles the Water for another's Net, and beats the Bush whilst another gets the Hare. The Unity and Contexture of this Monarchy having been manifestly in her old Age ripp'd and torn by this Thing call'd Innovation, has since laid open a Rent, and given sufficient Admittance to the like Injuries in these latter Times. The Royal Majesty does with greater Difficulty stoop and debase itself from the Height to the Middle, than it falls and tumbles headlong from the Middle to the Foundation. But if the Inventors did the greater Mischief, the Imitators are more vicious, to follow Examples, of which they have felt and punish both the Horror and the Offence. And if there can be any Degree of Horror in ill doing, these last are indebted to the other for the Glory of contriving, and the Courage of making the first Attempt. All Sorts of new Disorders easily draw, from this primitive and over-flowing Fountain, Examples and Precedents to trouble and discompose our Government. We read in our very Laws made for the Remedy of this first Evil, the Beginning and Pretences of all Sorts of naughty Enterprises; and in Favour of publick Vices, give them new and more plausible Names for their Excuse, sweetning and disguising their true Titles, which must be done to win forsooth, and reclaim us; *Honesta oratio est*, but the best Pretence for Innovation is of very dangerous Consequence; and freely to speak my Thoughts, it argues, methinks, a strange Self-love, and a great Presumption of a Man's self, to be so fond of his own Opinions, that a publick Peace must be overthrown to esta-

* *Ovid in Ep.*

blish them, and to introduce so many inevitable Mischiefs, and so dreadful a Corruption of Manners, as a Civil War, and the Mutations of State consequent to it, always brings in it's Train ; and to introduce them in a Thing of so high Concern, into the Bowels of a Man's own Country. Can there be worse Husbandry than to set up so many certain and detested Vices, against Errors that are only contested, and disputable whether they be such or no ? And are there any worse Sort of Vices than those committed against a Man's own Conscience, and the natural Light of his own Reason ? The Senate, upon the Dispute betwixt it and the People about the Administration of their Religion, was bold enough to return this Evasion for current Pay : *Ad Deos id magis quam ad se pertinere ; ipsos visuros, ne sacra sua polluantur* : That those Things more belonged to the Gods to determine, than to them ; let them therefore have a Care their sacred Mysteries were not profan'd : According to that the Oracle answered to those of Delphos, who, fearing to be invaded by the Persians, in the Median War, enquir'd of Apollo, how they should dispose of the holy Treasure of his Temple, whether they should hide, or remove it to some other Place ? He return'd them Answer, that they should stir nothing from thence, and only take Care of themselves, for he was sufficient to look to what belong'd to him. Christian Religion has all the Marks of the utmost Utility and Justice : But none more manifest than the severe Injunction it lays indifferently upon all to yield absolute Obedience to the Civil Magistrate, and to maintain and defend the Laws : Of which, what a wonderful Example has the divine Wisdom left us, who to work and establish the Salvation of Mankind, and to conduct this his glorious Victory over Death and Sin, would do it after no other Way, but at the Mercy of our ordinary Forms of Justice, submitting the Progress and Issue of so high, and so salutiferous an Effect, to the Blindness and Injustice of our Customs and Observations, suffering the innocent Blood of so many of his Elect, and so long a Loss of so many Years to the maturing of this inestimable Fruit ? There is a vast Difference betwixt the Cases of one that follows the Forms and Laws of his Country, and another that will undertake to regulate and change them ; of which the First pleads Simplicity, Obedience and Example for his Excuse, who, whatever

he shall do, it cannot be imputed to Malice, 'tis at the worst but Misfortune. *Quis est enim, quem non moveat clarissimis monumentis testata, consignataque antiquitas* * ? For who is it that Antiquity, sealed, and attested with so many glorious Monuments, cannot move ? Besides what *Isocrates* says, that Defect is nearer ally'd to Moderation than Excess. The other is a much more ruffling Gamester : For whosoever shall take upon him to chuse, to alter, and to usurp the Authority of Judging, ought to look well about him, and make it his Business to discover the Defect of what he would abolish, and the Virtue of what he is about to introduce. This so easy, and so vulgar Consideration, is that which settled me in my Station, and kept even my most extravagant and ungovern'd Youth under the Rein, so as not to burthen my Shoulders with so great a Weight, as to render myself responsible for a Science of that Importance ; and in this to dare, what in my better and more mature Judgment, I durst not do in the most easy, and indifferent Things I had been instructed, and wherein the Temerity of Judging is of no Consequence at all. It seeming to me very unjust to go about to subject publick and establish'd Customs and Institutions, to the Weakness and Instability of a private and particular Fancy, (for private Reason is but a private Jurisdiction) and to attempt that upon the Divine, which no Government will endure a Man should do upon the Civil Laws. With which, though human Reason has much more Commerce than with the other, yet are they sovereignly judg'd by their own proper Judges, and the utmost Sufficiency serves only to expound and set forth the Law and Custom receiv'd, and neither to wrest it, nor to introduce any Thing of Innovation. And if sometimes the Divine Providence hath gone beyond the Rules, to which it has necessarily bound and oblig'd us Men, it is not to give us any Dispensation to do the same ; those are only Master-strokes of the Divine Hand, which we are not to imitate, but admire ; and extraordinary Examples, Marks of purpos'd and particular Testimonies of Power, of the Nature of Miracles presented before us for Manifestations of it's Almighty Operation, equally above both our Rules and

* *Cicero de Divin.*

Forces, which it would be Folly and Impiety to attempt to represent and imitate; and that we ought not to follow, but to contemplate with the greatest Reverence and Astonishment: Arts proper for his Person who has Power to do them, and not for us. *Cotta* very opportunely declares, that when Matter of Religion is in Question, he will be governed by *T. Coruncanus*, *P. Scipio*, *P. Scævola*, who were the High-Priests, and not by *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, or *Crysippus*, who were Philosophers. God knows in the present Quarrel of our Civil War, where there are a hundred Articles to dash out and to put in, and those great and very considerable ones too, how many there are who can truly boast, they have exactly and perfectly weighed and understood the Grounds and Reasons of the one and the other Party. 'Tis a Number (if it make any Number) that would be able to procure us very little Disturbance: But what becomes of all the rest? Under what Ensigns do they march? In what Quarter do they lye? Theirs have the same Effect with other weak and ill applied Medicines, they have only set the Humours they would purge more violently in working, stirred and exasperated them by the Conflict, and left them still behind. The Apozem was too weak to purge, but strong enough to weaken us; so that it does not work, but we keep it still in our Bodies, and reap nothing from the Operation but intestine Gripes and Dolours; so it is nevertheless, that Fortune still reserving her Authority in Defiance of whatever we are able to do or say, does sometimes present us with a Necessity so urgent, that 'tis requisite the Laws should a little yield and give way; and when one opposes the Encrease of an Innovation that thus intrudes itself by Violence, to keep a Man's self in so doing in all Places, and in all Things, within the Bounds and Rules prescribed, against those who have the Power, and to whom all Things are lawful, that may any Way serve to advance their Design, who have no other Law nor Rule but what serves best to their own Purpose, is a dangerous Obligation, and an intolerable Inequality.

Auditum nocendi perfido præstat fides.*

So simple Truth does her fair Breast disarm,
And gives to Treachery a Power to harm.

* *Seneca in Oedip. Act 3. Scene 1.*

Forasmuch as the ordinary Discipline of a healthful State does not provide against these extraordinary Accidents, she pre-supposes a Body that supports itself in it's principal Members and Offices, and a common Consent to it's Obedience and Observation. A legal Proceeding is cold, heavy, and constrained, and not fit to make Head against a headstrong and unbridled Proceeding. 'Tis known to be to this Day cast in the Dish of those two great Men, *Octavius* and *Cato*, in the two Civil Wars of *Scylla* and *Cæsar*, that they would rather suffer their Country to undergo the last Extremities, than to relieve their Fellow Citizens at the Expence of it's Laws, or to be guilty of any Innovation; for, in Truth, in these last Necessities, where there is no other Remedy, it would peradventure be more discreetly done, to stoop, and yield a little to receive the Blow, than by opposing without Possibility of doing any good, to give Occasion to Violence to trample all under Foot; and better to make the Laws do what they can, when they cannot do what they would. After this Manner did he who suspended them for four and twenty Hours, and he who for once shifted a Day in the Calendar, and that other who in the Month of *June* made a Second of *May*. The *Lacedæmonians* themselves, who were so religious Observers of the Laws of their Country, being straitned by one of their own Edicts, by which it was expressly forbidden to chuse the same Man to be Admiral; and on the other Side, their Affairs necessarily requiring, that *Lyfander* should again take upon him that Command, they made one *Aratas* Admiral, 'tis true, but withal, *Lyfander* went Superintendant of the Navy. And by the same Subtilty and Equivocation, one of their Embassadors being sent to the *Athenians* to obtain the Revocation of some Decree, and *Pericles* remonstrating to him, that it was forbid to take away the Tablet, wherein a Law had once been engrossed, he advised him to turn it only, that being not forbidden at all; and *Plutarch* commends *Philopæmen*, that being born to Command, he knew how to do it, not only according to the Laws, but also to over-rule even the Laws themselves, when the publick Necessity so required.



C H A P. XXIII.

Various Events from the same Counsel.

J*Aques Amiot, great Almoner of France, one Day related to me this Story, much to the Honour of a Prince of ours (and ours he is upon several very good Accounts, though originally of foreign Extraction) that in the time of our first Commotions at the Siege of Rouen, this Prince, having been advertised by the Queen-Mother of a Conspiracy against his Life, and in her Letters particular Notice being given him of the Person who was to execute the Business (who was a Gentleman of Anjou, or else of Mayne, and who to this Effect did frequently haunt this Prince's House) discovered not the least Syllable of this Intelligence to any one whatever, but going the next Day to St. Katharine's Mount, from whence our Battery play'd against the Town (for it was during the Time of a Siege) and having in Company with him the said Lord Almoner, and another Bishop, he was presently aware of this Gentleman, who had been denoted to him, and presently caused him to be called into his Presence ; to whom being come before him, seeing him pale, and trembling with the Conscience of his Guilt, he thus said, Monsieur such a one, You already guess what I have to say to you, your Countenance discovers it, and therefore 'tis in vain to disguise your Practice ; for I am so well informed in your Business, that it will but make worse for you, to go about to conceal or to deny it ; you know very well such and such Passages, (which was the most secret Circumstances of his Conspiracy) and therefore be sure, as you tender your own Life, to confess to me the whole Truth of your Design. The poor Man seeing himself thus trapped, and convinced (for the whole Business had been discovered to the Queen by one of the Complices) was in so great a Confusion, he knew not what to do ; but joining his Hands to sue and beg for Mercy, he meant to throw himself at this Prince's Feet, who taking him up proceeded to say, Come on, Sir, and tell me,*
have

have I at any time heretofore done you any Injury? or have I, through my particular Hatred or private Malice, offended any Kinsman or Friend of yours? It is not above three Weeks that I have known you; What Inducement then could move you, to attempt my Death? To which the Gentleman, with a trembling Voice, replied, That it was no particular Grudge he had to his Person, but the general Interest and Concern of his Party, and that he had been put upon it by some who had persuaded him it would be a meritorious Act, by any Means to extirpate so great and so powerful an Enemy of their Religion. Well, said the Prince, I will now let you see, how much more charitable the Religion is that I maintain, than that which you profess; Yours persuaded you to kill me, without hearing me to speak, and without ever having given you any Cause of Offence; and mine commands me to forgive you, convict as you are, by your own Confession, of a Design to murder me without Reason. Get you gone, that I see you no more; and if you are wise, choose henceforward honest Men for your Counsellors in your Designs. The Emperor Augustus, being in Gaul, had certain Information of a Conspiracy L. Cinna was contriving against him, who thereupon resolved to make him an Example; and to that End sent to summon his Friends to meet the next Morning in Council; but the Night between he passed over with Unquietness of Mind, considering that he was to put to Death a young Man, of an illustrious Family, and Nephew to the great Pompey, which made him break out into several Ejaculations of Passion: What then, said he, shall it be said that I live in perpetual Anxiety, and continual Alarm, and suffer my Assassins in the mean Time to walk Abroad at Liberty? Shall he go unpunished after having conspired against my Life, a Life I have hitherto defended in so many civil Wars, and so many Battles both by Land and Sea? And after having settled an universal Peace of the whole World, shall this Man be pardoned, who has conspired not only to murder, but to sacrifice me? For the Conspiracy was to kill him at Sacrifice. After which, remaining for some Time silent, he begun again louder, and straining his Voice more than before to exclaim against himself, and say, Why livest thou? If it be for the good of many that thou shouldst die? Must there be no End of thy Revenges and Cruelties? Is thy Life of so great Value, that

that so many Mischiefs must be done to preserve it? His Wife *Livia*, seeing him in this Perplexity; Will you take a Woman's Counsel, said she? Do as the Physicians do, who, when the ordinary *Recipe's* will do no good, make Trial of the contrary. By Severity you have hitherto prevailed nothing; *Lepidus* has followed *Savidienus*, *Murena*, *Lepidus*, *Cæpio* *Murena*, and *Ignatius Cæpio*. Begin now and try how Sweetness and Clemency will succeed. *Cinna* is convict, forgive him, he will never henceforth have the Heart to hurt thee, and it will be an Act of Glory. *Augustus* was glad that he had met with an Advocate of his own Humour; wherefore having thanked his Wife, and in the Morning countermanded his Friends he had before summoned to Council, he commanded *Cinna* all alone to be brought to him; who being come, and a Chair by his Appointment set him, having commanded every one out of the Room, he spake to him after this Manner: In the first Place, *Cinna*, I demand of thee patient Audience; do not interrupt me in what I am about to say, and I will afterwards give thee Time and Leisure to answer. Thou knowest, *Cinna*, that having taken thee Prisoner in the Enemies Camp, and that an Enemy not only made, but born so, I gave thee thy Life, restored thee all thy Goods, and finally put thee in so good a Posture, by my Bounty, of living well and at thy Ease, that the Victorious envy'd the Conquer'd. The Sacerdotal Office which thou madest Suit to me for, I conferred upon thee, after having deny'd it to others, whose Fathers have ever born Arms in my Service: And after so many Obligations thou hast undertaken to kill me. At which *Cinna* crying out, that he was very far from entertaining any so wicked a Thought: Thou dost not keep thy Promise, *Cinna*, (continued *Augustus*) that thou wouldst not interrupt me. Yes thou hast undertaken to murder me in such a Place, such a Day, in such and such Company, and in such a Manner. At which Words seeing *Cinna* astonished and silent, not upon the Account of his Promise so to be, but interdicted with the Conscience of his Crime; Why, proceeded *Augustus*, to what End would'st thou do it? Is it to be Emperor? Believe me, the Republick is in a very bad Condition, if I am the only Man betwixt thee and the Empire. Thou art not able so much as to defend thy own House, and but
t'other

'other Day wast baffled in a Suit, by the opposed Interest of a mean manumitted Slave. What, hast thou neither Means nor Power in any other Thing, but only to attempt against *Cæsar*? I quit Claim to the Empire, if there is no other but I to obstruct thy Hopes: Can'st thou believe, that *Paulus*, that *Fabius*, that the *Cassians* and *Servilians*, and so many noble *Romans*, not only so in Title, but who by their Virtue honour their Nobility, would suffer or endure thee? After this, and a great deal more that he said to him, (for he was two long Hours in speaking) Well, *Cinna*, go thy Way, said he, I again give thee that Life in the Quality of a Traitor and a Parricide, which I once before gave thee in the Quality of an Enemy. Let Friendship from this Time forward begin betwixt us, and let us try to make it appear whether I have given, or thou hast received thy Life with the better Faith; and so departed from him. Some Time after, he preferred him to the consular Dignity, complaining, that he had not the Confidence to demand it; had him ever after for his very great Friend, and was at last made by him sole Heir to all his Estate. Now from the Time of this Accident, which befel *Augustus* in the fortieth Year of his Age, he never had any Conspiracy or Attempt against him, and therein reaped the due Reward of this his so generous and exemplary Clemency. But it did not so well succeed with our Prince in the former Story; his Moderation and Mercy not being sufficient so to secure him, that he did not afterwards fall into the Toils of the like Treason: So vain and frivolous a Thing is human Prudence; and in Spite of all our Projects, Counsels and Precautions, Fortune will still be Mistress of Events. We repute Physicians fortunate when they hit upon a lucky Cure, as if there was no other Art but theirs that could not stand upon it's own Legs, and whose Foundations are too weak to support itself upon it's Basis, and as if no other Art stood in Need of Fortune's Hand to assist in it's Operations. For my Part, I think of Physick as much Good or Ill as any one would have me: For, Thanks be to God, we have no great Traffick together. I am of a quite contrary Humour to other Men, for I always despise it; but when I am sick, instead of recanting, or entring into Composition with it, I begin yet more to hate, nauseate, and fear it, telling them who importune me to enter into a Course

Course of Physick, that they must give me Time to recover my Strength and Health, that I may be the better able to support and encounter the Violence and Danger of the Position: So that I still let Nature work, supposing her to be sufficiently armed with Teeth and Claws to defend herself from the Assaults of Infirmity, and to uphold that Contexture, the Dissolution of which she flies and abhors: For I am afraid, lest instead of assisting her when grappled, and struggling with the Disease, I should assist her Adversary, and procure new Work, and new Accidents to encounter. Now I say, that not in Physick only, but in other more certain Arts, Fortune has a very great Interest and Share. The poetick Raptures, and those prodigious Flights of Fancy, that ravish and transport the Author out of himself, why should we not attribute them to his good Fortune, since the Poet himself confesses they exceed his Sufficiency and Force, and acknowledges them to proceed from something else than himself, and has them no more in his Power than the Orators say they have those extraordinary Motions and Agitations that sometimes push them beyond their Design. It is the same in Painting, where Touches shall sometimes slip from the Hand of the Painter, so surpassing both his Fancy and his Art, as to beget his own Admiration. But Fortune does yet more accidentally manifest the Share she has in all Things of this Kind, by the Graces and Elegancies are found out in them, not only beyond the Intention, but even without the Knowledge of the Artist. A judicious Reader does often find out in other Men's Writings, other Kind of Perfections, and finds in them a better Sense and more quaint Expression than the Author himself either intended or perceived. And, as to military Enterprizes and Executions, every one sees how great a Hand Fortune has in all those Affairs; even in our very Counsels and Deliberations there must certainly be something of Chance and good Luck mixed with human Prudence, for all that our Wisdom can do alone is no great Matter; the more piercing, quick, and apprehensive it is, the weaker it finds itself, and is by so much more apt to mistrust it's own Virtue. I am of *Sylla's* Opinion, and when I most strictly and nearer Hand examine the most glorious Exploits of War, I perceive, methinks, that those who carry them on, make Use of Counsel and Debate only for Custom's Sake, and leave the best Part of the

the Enterprize to Fortune, and relying upon her Favour and Assistance, transgress at every Turn the Bounds of Military Conduct, and the Rules of War. There happen sometimes accidental Alacrities and strange Furies in their Deliberations, that for the most Part prompt them to follow the worst, and worst grounded Counsels, and that swell their Courages beyond the Limits of Reason: From whence it falls out, that many great Captains, to justify those temerarious Deliberations, have been forced to tell their Soldiers, that they were by some Inspiration and good Omen encouraged and invited to such Attempts*. Wherefore, in this Doubt and Uncertainty that the Short-sightedness of human Wisdom to see and chuse the best, (by Reason of the Difficulties that the various Accidents and Circumstances of Things bring along with them) does perplex us withal, the surest Way, in my Opinion, did no other Consideration invite us to it, were to pitch upon that wherein is the greatest Appearance of Honesty and Justice, and not being certain of the shortest, to go the straightest and most direct Way; as in these two Examples I have before laid down, there is no Question to be made but it was more noble and generous in him who had received the Offence, to pardon it, as they both did, than to do otherwise; and if the former miscarried in it, he is not nevertheless to be blamed for his good Intention: Neither does any one know if he had proceeded otherwise, whether by that Means he had avoided the End his Destiny had appointed for him; and he had however lost the Glory of so generous an Act. You will find in History many who have been in this Apprehension, that the most Part have taken the Course to meet, and prevent Conspiracies by Punishment and Revenge: But I find but very few who have reap'd any Advantage by this Proceeding, witness so many *Roman* Emperors: And whoever finds himself in this Danger ought not to expect much, either from his Vigilancy or Power; for how hard a Thing is it for a Man to secure himself from an Enemy, who lyes concealed under the Countenance of the most officious Friend we have, and to discover and know the Wills and inward Thoughts of those who are continually doing us Service?

* *Monluc* in his *Commentarisse*.

'Tis to much Purpose to have a Guard of Strangers about a Man's Person, and to be always fenced about with a Pale of armed Men; whosoever despises his own Life, is always Master of that of another Man's. And moreover, this continual Suspicion, that makes a Prince jealous of all the World, must of Necessity be a strange Torment to him, and therefore it was, that *Dion*, being advertis'd that *Callipus* watch'd all Opportunities to take away his Life, had never the Heart to enquire more particularly into it, saying, That he had rather die, than live in that Misery that he must continually stand upon his Guard, not only against his Enemies, but his Friends also; which *Alexander* much more lively manifested in Effect, when having Notice by a Letter from *Parmenio*, that *Philip*, his most belov'd Physician, was by *Darius's* Money corrupted to poison him, at the same Time that he gave the Letter to *Philip* to read, supp'd off the Potion he had brought him. Was not this by such a Resolution to express, that if his Friends had a Mind to dispatch him out of the World, he was willing to give them Opportunity to do it? This Prince is indeed the sovereign Precedent of all hazardous Actions; but I do not know whether there be another Passage in his Life wherein there is so much Steadiness and Constancy as in this, nor so illustrious an Image of the Greatness of his Mind. Those who preach to Princes so circumspect, and vigilant a Jealousy and Distrust under Colour of Security, preach to them Ruin and Dishonour. Nothing noble can ever be perform'd without Danger. I know a Person, naturally of a very great, daring and enterprizing Courage, whose good Fortune is continually prevented, and forestall'd by such Persuasions, that he must retire into the Grofs of his own Body, and keep those he knows are his Friends continually about him, that he must not hearken to any Reconciliation with his ancient Enemies, that he must stand off, and not trust his Person in Hands stronger than his own, what Promises or Offers soever they make him, or what Advantages soever he may see before him. And I know another, who has unexpectedly made his Fortune by following a contrary Advice. Courage, the Reputation and Glory of which Men seek with so greedy an Appetite, represents and sets itself out when Need requires, as magnificently in Querpo, as in the neatest Arms; in a Closet, as well as a Camp;

Camp; and this over-circumspect and wary Prudence is a mortal Enemy to all high and generous Exploits. *Scipio*, to found the Intentions of *Syphax*, leaving his Army, and abandoning *Spain*, not yet secure nor well settled in his new Conquest, could pass over into *Africk* with only two contemptible Vessels, to commit himself, in an Enemy's Country, to the Power of a *Barbarian King*, to a Faith untry'd and unknown, without Precaution, without Hostage, under the sole Security of the Greatness of his Courage, his good Fortune, and the Promise of his elevated Hopes. *Habita fides ipsam plerumque fidem obligat* *. *Trust oftentimes obliges Fidelity*. On the contrary, Fear and Diffidence invite and draw on Injury and Offence. The most mistrustful of all our Kings settled his Affairs principally by voluntarily giving up his Life and Liberty into his Enemies Hands, by that Action manifesting that he had an absolute Confidence in them, to the End they might repose as great an Assurance in him. *Cæsar* did only oppose the Authority of his Countenance, and the Sharpness of his Rebukes to his mutinous Legions, and rebellious Army.

——— *stetit agere fulti,*

*Cespites, intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri
Nil metuens* †.

Upon a Parapet of Turf he stood,
His manly Face with Resolution shone,
And froze the Mutineers rebellious Blood,
Challenging Fear from all by fearing none.

But it is true withal, that this undaunted Assurance is not to be represented in it's true and lively Form, but by such whom the Apprehension of Death, and the worst that can happen, does no Way terrify and affright; for to represent a pretended Resolution with a pale and doubtful Countenance, and trembling Limbs for the forc'd Service of an important Reconciliation, will effect nothing to purpose. 'Tis an excellent Way to gain the Heart, and conquer the Will of another, to submit, and intrust a Man's Person to him, provided it appear to be frankly done, and without the Constraint of Necessity, and in such a Condition, that a Man manifestly does it out of a pure and intire Confidence

* *Livius*.

† *Lucan. l. 5.*

in the Party, at least with a Countenance clear from any Cloud of Suspicion. When I was a Boy I saw a Gentleman, who was Governor of a great City, upon Occasion of a popular Commotion and Fury, not knowing what other Course to take, go out of a Place of very great Strength and Security, and commit himself to the Mercy of a seditious Rabble, in Hopes by that Means to appease the Tumult before it grew to a more formidable Head: But it was ill for him that he did so, for he was there miserably slain. But nevertheless I am not of Opinion that he committed so great an Error in going out, as Men commonly reproach his Memory with, as he did in choosing a gentle and submissive Way for the effecting his Purpose, and in endeavouring to quiet this Storm, rather by obeying than commanding, and by Entreaty rather than Remonstrance: I am rather inclined to believe, that a gracious Severity, with a Soldier-like way of commanding, full of Security, and Confidence suitable to the Quality of his Person, and the Dignity of his Command, would have succeeded better with him; at least, he had perish'd with greater Decency and Reputation. There is nothing so little to be expected, or hop'd for from that many-headed Monster the Mob, when incens'd, as Humanity and Good-nature; it is much more capable of Reverence and Fear. I should also reproach him, that, having taken a Resolution (which in my Judgment was rather brave than rash) to expose himself weak and naked in this tempestuous Sea of enraged Franticks, he ought boldly to have stemm'd the Torrent, and to have borne himself bravely aloft; whereas coming to discover his Danger nearer Hand, and his Nose thereupon happening to bleed, he again chang'd that submissive and fawning Countenance he had at first put on, into another of Fear and Amazement, filling both his Mouth and Eyes with Entreaties and Tears, and in that Posture endeavouring to withdraw and secure his Person; that Carriage more enflam'd their Fury, and soon brought the Effects of it upon him. Upon a certain Occasion and in a certain Place, some, who had no honest Meaning, order'd that there should be a general Muster of several Troops in Arms (for that is the most proper Scene of secret Revenges, and there is no Place where they can be executed with greater Safety) and there were publick and manifest

Appearances, that there was no safe coming for some, whose principal and necessary Office it was to view them : Whereupon a Consultation was call'd and several Counsels were propos'd, as in a Case that was not only very nice, of great Difficulty, but of important Consequence. Mine, amongst the rest, was, that they should by all Means avoid giving any Sign of Suspicion, but that the Officers who were most in Danger should boldly go, and with cheerful and erect Countenances ride boldly and confidently through the Files and Divisions, and that instead of sparing Fire (which the Advice of the major Part tended to) they should desire the Captains to command the Soldiers to give round and full Volleys in Honour of the Spectators, and not to save their Powder : Which was accordingly done, and had so good an Effect as not only to please and gratify the suspected Troops, but from thenceforth to beget a mutual and salutary Confidence and Intelligence amongst them. I look upon *Julius Cæsar's* Way of gaining Mens Affections to him, as the best, and most plausible, that can possibly be put in Practice. First, he try'd by Clemency to make himself belov'd even by his very Enemies, contenting himself in detected Conspiracies, only publickly to declare, that he was pre-acquainted with them ; which being done, he took a noble Resolution to expect, without Solicitude or Fear, whatever might be the Event, wholly resigning himself up to the Protection of the Gods and Fortune : For questionless in this very Estate he was at the Time when he was kill'd. A Stranger having publickly said, that he could teach *Dionysius*, the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, an infallible way to find out and discover all the Conspiracies his Subjects should contrive against him, if he would give him a good Sum of Money for his Pains ; *Dionysius*, hearing of it, caus'd the Man to be brought to him, that he might learn an Art so necessary to his Preservation ; and having asked him by what Art he might make such Discoveries, the Fellow made Answer, That all the Art he knew, was, That he should give him a Talent, and afterwards boast, that he had obtain'd a singular Secret from him. *Dionysius* lik'd the Invention, and accordingly caus'd six hundred Crowns to be counted out to him. It was not likely he should give so great a Sum to a Person unknown, but upon the Account of some extraordinary

dinary Discovery, the Belief of which serv'd to keep his Enemies in Awe. Princes however do very wisely, to publish the Informations they receive of all the Practices against their Lives, to possess Men with an Opinion that they have such good Intelligence, and so many Spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted against them, but they have immediate Notice of it. The Duke of *Athens* did a great many ridiculous Things to establish his new Tyranny over *Florence*: But this especially was most remarkable, that having receiv'd the first Intimation of the Conspiracies the People were hatching against him, from *Mattheo di Morofo*, one of the Conspirators, he presently put him to Death, to stifle that Rumour, that it might not be thought any of the City dislik'd his Government. I remember to have formerly read a Story of some *Roman* of great Quality, who, flying the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, had a thousand Times, by the Subtilty of as many Inventions, escap'd from falling into the Hands of those that pursu'd him. It happened one Day, that a Troop of Horse which was sent out to take him pass'd close by a Brake where he was squat, and miss'd very narrowly of spying him: But he considering, upon the Instant, the Pains and Difficulties wherein he had so long continued, to evade the strict and continual Searches every Day made for him, the little Pleasure he could hope for in such a Kind of Life, and how much better it was for him to die once for all, than to be perpetually at this Pass, he started from his Seat himself, call'd them back, shew'd them his Hiding-Place, and voluntarily deliver'd himself up to their Cruelty, by that Means to free both himself and them from farther Trouble. To invite a Man's Enemies to come and cut his Throat was a Resolution that appears a little extravagant and odd; and yet I think he did better to take that Course, than to live in a *Quotidian* Ague, for which there was no Cure. But seeing all the Remedies a Man can apply to such a Disease are full of Unquietness and uncertain, 'tis better with a manly Courage to prepare one's self for the worst that can happen, and to extract some Consolation from this, that we are not certain the Thing we fear will ever come to pass.



C H A P. XXIV.

Of Pedantry.

I Was often, when a Boy, wonderfully concern'd to see in the *Italian* Farces a *Pedant* always brought in for the Fool of the Play, and that the Title of *Magister* was in no greater Reverence amongst us; for being deliver'd up to their Tuition, what could I do less than to be jealous of their Honour and Reputation? I fought, I confess, to excuse them by the natural Incompatibility betwixt the vulgar Sort, and Men of a finer Thread, both in Judgment and Knowledge, forasmuch as they go a quite contrary Way to one another: But in this, the Thing I most stumbled at was, that the bravest Men were those who most despis'd them; witness our famous Poet *Du Bellay*,

Mais je bay par sur tout un sçavoir pedantesque *.

But of all Sorts of Learning, that
Of the Pedant I most do hate.

And they us'd to do so in former Times; for *Plutarch* says, that *Græcian* and *Scholar* were Names of Reproach and Contempt amongst the *Romans*: But since, with the better Experience of Age, I find they had very great Reason to do so, and that *magis magnos Clericos non sunt magis magnos sapientes* †. *The greatest Clerks are not the wisest Men*. But whence it should come to pass, that a Mind enrich'd with the Knowledge of so many Things should not become more quick and spritely, and that a gross and vulgar Understanding should yet inhabit there, without correcting and improving itself, where all the Discourses and Judgments of the greatest Wits the World ever had are collected and stor'd up, I am yet to seek. To admit so many strange Conceptions, so great and so high Fancies, it is necessary,

* *Du Bellay*.

† *Rabelais*.

(as a young Lady, and one of the greatest Princesses of the Kingdom, said once to me) that a Man's own be crowded, and squeez'd together into a less Compass, to make Room for the other. I should be apt to conclude, that as Plants are suffocated and drown'd with too much Nourishment, and Lamps with too much Oil, so is the active Part of the Understanding with too much Study and Matter, which being embarrass'd and confounded with the Diversity of Things, is depriv'd of the Force and Power to disengage itself; and that by the Pressure of this Weight, it is bow'd, subjected, and rendred of no Use. But it is quite otherwise, for a Soul stretches and dilates itself proportionably as it fills. And in the Examples of elder Times we see, quite contrary, Men very proper for publick Business, great Captains, and great Statesmen, very learned withal; whereas the Philosophers, a Sort of Men retir'd from all publick Affairs, have been sometimes also despis'd, and render'd contemptible by the comical Liberty of their own Times; their Opinions and Singularity of Manners making them appear, to Men of another Method of Living, ridiculous and absurd. Would you make them Judges of a Controversy of common Right, or of the Actions of Men? They are ready to take it upon them, and straight begin to examine, if he has Life, if he has Motion, if Man be any other than an Ox? What it is to do, and to suffer? And what Animals, Law, and Justice are? Do they speak of the Magistrates? 'Tis with a rude, irreverent, and indecent Liberty. Do they hear a Prince, or a King commended for his Virtue? They make no more of him than of a Shepherd, Goatherd, or Neatherd; a lazy *Corydon*, that busies himself only about milking and shearing his Herds and Flocks, and that after the rudest Manner. Do you repute any Man the greater for being Lord of two thousand Acres of Land? They laugh at such a pitiful Pittance, as laying Claim themselves to the whole World for their Possession. Do you boast of your Nobility and Blood, being descended from seven rich successive Ancestors? They will look upon you with an Eye of Contempt, as Men who have not a right Idea of the universal Image of Nature, and that do not consider how many Predecessors every one of us has had, Rich, Poor, Kings, Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*. And though you were the fiftieth Descent from *Hercules*, they

look upon it as a great Vanity, so highly to value this, which is only a Gift of Fortune. And even thus did the vulgar Sort of Men nauseate them, as Men ignorant of the Beginning of Things, where all Things were common, accusing them of Presumption and Insolence. But this *Platonick* Picture is far different from that these Pedants are presented by: For those were envied for raising themselves above the common Sort of Men, for despising the ordinary Actions and Offices of Life, for having assumed a particular and inimitable Way of living, and for using a certain Method of Bombast and obsolete Language, quite different from the ordinary Way of Speaking: But these are contemn'd for being as much below the usual Form, as incapable of publick Employment, for leading a Life, and conforming themselves to the mean and vile Manners of the Vulgar. *Odi homines, ignava opera, Philosophica Sententia* *. *I hate Men who talk like Philosophers, but do worse than the most slothful of Men.* For what concerns those true Philosophers, I must needs say, that if they were great in Science, they were yet much greater in Action. And, as it is said of the Geometrician of *Syracuse* †, who having been disturb'd from his Contemplation, to put some of his Skill in Practice for the Defence of his Country, that he suddenly set on Foot dreadful and prodigious Engines, and that wrought Effects beyond all human Expectation; himself notwithstanding disdain'd his own handy-work, thinking in this he had play'd the Mechanick, and violated the Dignity of his Art, of which these Performances of his, (though so highly cry'd up by the publick Voice) he accounted but trivial Experiments, and inferior Models: So they, whenever they have been put upon the Proof of Action, have been seen to fly to so high a Pitch, as made it very well appear, their Souls were strangely elevated, and enrich'd with the Knowledge of Things. But some of them seeing the Reins of Government in the Hands of ignorant and unskilful Men, have avoided all Places and Interest in the Management of Affairs; and he who demanded of *Crates*, How long it was necessary to philosophize, receiv'd this Answer, 'Till our Armies (said he) are no more commanded by Fools and

* *Pa.avin.*† *Archimedes.*

Coxcombs. *Heracitus* resign'd the Royalty to his Brother; and to the *Ephesians*, who reproach'd him that he spent his Time in playing with Boys before the Temple; *Is it not better*, said he, *to do so than to sit at the Helm of Affairs in your Company?* Others having their Imagination advanc'd above the Thoughts of the World and Fortune, have look'd upon the Tribunals of Justice, and even the Thrones of Kings, with an Eye of Contempt and Scorn; insomuch that *Empedocles* refus'd the Royalty that the *Agrigentines* offer'd to him. *Thales*, once inveighing in Discourse against the Pains and Care Men put themselves to to become rich, was answer'd by one in the Company, that he did like the Fox, who found Fault with what he could not obtain. Whereupon he had a Mind, for the Jest's Sake, to shew them the contrary; and having upon this Occasion for once made a Muster of all his Wits, wholly to employ them in the Service of Profit, he set a Traffick on Foot, which in one Year brought him in greater Riches than the most experienced in that Trade could, with all their Industry, have raked together in the whole Course of their Lives. That which *Aristotle* reports of some who said of him, *Anaxagoras*, and others of their Profession, that they were wise but not prudent, in not applying their Study to more profitable Things (though I do not well digest this nice Distinction) will not however serve to excuse my pedantick Sort of Men; for to see the low and necessitous Fortune wherewith they are content, we have rather Reason to pronounce that they are neither wise nor prudent. But letting this first Reason alone, I think it better to say, that this Inconvenience proceeds from their applying themselves the wrong Way to the Study of Sciences; and that after the Manner we are instructed, it is no Wonder if neither the Scholars nor the Masters become, though more learned, ever the wiser, or more fit for Business. In plain Truth, the Cares and Expence our Parents are at in our Education point at nothing, but to furnish our Heads with Knowledge; but not a Word of Judgment and Virtue. Cry out of one that passes by, to the People, O! what a learned; and of another, O! what a good Man goes there! They will not fail to turn their Eyes, and address their Respect to the former. There should then be a third Crier, O the Puppies and Coxcombs! Men are apt presently to enquire,

Does such a one understand *Greek*? Is he a Critick in *Latin*? Is he a Poet? Or does he only pretend to Prose? But whether he be grown better or more discreet, which are Qualities of greater Value and Concern, those are never enquir'd into; whereas, we should rather examine who is *better learned, than who is more learned*. We only toil and labour to stuff the Memory, and in the mean time leave the Conscience and the Understanding unfurnish'd and void. And, like Birds who fly Abroad, to forage for Grain, bring it home in their Beak, without tasting it themselves, to feed their Young; so our Pedants go picking Knowledge here and there, out of several Authors, and hold it at the Tongue's End, only to spit out, and distribute it amongst their Pupils. And here I cannot but smile to think how I have paid myself in shewing the Foppery of this kind of Learning, who myself am so manifest an Example; for, do I not the same Thing throughout almost this whole Treatise? I go here and there, culling out of several Books the Sentences that best please me, not to keep them (for I have no Memory to retain them in) but to transplant them into this; where, to say the Truth, they are no more mine, than in their first Places. We are, I conceive, knowing only in present Knowledge, and not at all in what is past, no more than in that which is to come. But the worst of it is, their Scholars and Pupils are no better nourish'd by this kind of Inspiration; it makes no deeper Impression upon them, than the other, but passes from Hand to Hand, only to make a Shew, to be tolerable Company, and to tell pretty Stories, like a Counterfeit Coin in Counters, of no other Use nor Value, but to reckon with, or to set up at Cards. *Apud alios loqui didicerunt, non ipsi secum. Non est loquendum, sed gubernandum**; they have learn'd to speak from others, not from themselves. Speaking is not so necessary as Governing. Nature, to shew that there is nothing barbarous where she has the sole Command, does oftentimes, in Nations where Art has the least to do, cause Productions of Wit, such as may rival the greatest Effects of Art whatever. As in Relation to what I am now speaking of, the *Gas-*

* *Senec. Epist. 105,*

con Proverb, derived from a Corn-pipe, is very quaint and subtle, *Bouba prou bouba, mas a remuda lous dits qu'em.* You may blow till your Eyes start out; but if once you offer to stir your Fingers, you will be at the End of your Lesson. We can say, *Cicero* says thus: that these were the Manners of *Plato*; and that these are the very Words of *Aristotle*: But what do we say ourselves that is our own? What do we do? What do we judge? A Parrot would say as much as that. And this kind of Talking puts me in Mind of that rich Gentleman of *Rome*, who had been solicitous, with very great Expence, to procure Men that were excellent in all Sorts of Science, whom he had always attending his Person, to the End, that when amongst his Friends, any Occasion fell out of speaking of any Subject whatsoever, they might supply his Place, and be ready to prompt him, one with a Sentence of *Seneca*, another with a Verse of *Homer*, and so forth, every one according to his Talent; and he fancied this Knowledge to be his own, because in the Heads of those who lived upon his Bounty: As they also do, whose Learning consists in having noble Libraries. I know one, who, when I question him about his Reading, he presently calls for a Book to shew me, and dare not venture to tell me so much, as that he has Piles in his Posteriors, till first he has consulted his Dictionary, what Piles and Posteriors are. We take other Men's Knowledge and Opinions upon Truth, which is an idle and superficial Learning: We must make it our own. We are in this very like him, who having Need of Fire, went to a Neighbour's House to fetch it; and finding a very good one there, sat down to warm himself, without remembering to carry any with him Home. What Good does it do us to have the Stomach full of Meat, if it does not digest and be incorporated with us, if it does not nourish and support us? Can we imagine that *Lucullus*, whom Letters, without any Manner of Experience, made so great and so exact a Leader, learn'd to be so after this perfunctory Manner? We suffer ourselves to lean and rely so very strongly upon the Arm of another, that by so doing we prejudice our own Strength and Vigour. Would I fortify myself against the Fear of Death? It must be at the Expence of *Seneca*: Would I extract Consolation for myself, or my Friend?

Friend? I borrow it from him, or *Cicero*; whereas I might have found it in myself, had I been trained up to make Use of my own Reason. I have no Taste for this relative, mendicant, and precarious Understanding; for though we could become learned by other Men's Reading, I am sure a Man can never be wise, but by his own Wisdom.

Μισῶ σοφιστὴν ὅστις ἐχ' αὐτῷ σοφός*.

Who in his own Concern's not wise,
I that Man's Wisdom do despise:

From whence *Ennius*, *Nequidquam sapere sapientem, qui ipsi sibi prodesse non quiret*†; That wise Man knows nothing, who cannot profit himself by his Wisdom. *Non enim paranda nobis solum, sed fruenda sapientia est*‡; For Wisdom is not only to be acquired, but enjoyed. *Dionysius* laughed at the *Grammarians*, who cudgelled their Brains to enquire into the Miseries of *Ulysses*, and were ignorant of their own; at *Musicians*, who were so exact in tuning their Instruments, and never tuned their Manners; and at *Orators*, who studied to declare what was Justice, but never took Care to do it. If the Mind be not better disposed, if the Judgment be no better settled, I had much rather my Scholar had spent his Time at Tennis, for at least his Body would by that Means be in better Exercise and Breath. Do but observe him when he comes back from School, after fifteen or sixteen Years that he has been there, there is nothing so awkward and maladroit, so unfit for Company or Employment; and all that you shall find he has got, is, that his *Latin* and *Greek* have only made him a greater and more conceited Coxcomb than when he went from home. He should bring his Soul replete with good Literature, and he brings it only swelled and puffed up with vain and empty Shreds and Snatches of Learning: He has really nothing more in him than he had before. These Pedants of ours, as *Plato* says of the *Sophists*, their Cousin-Germans are, of all Men living, they who most pretend to be useful to Mankind, and who, alone, of all Men, not only do not better, and improve what is committed to them, as a Car-

* *Proverb. Iamb.*

† *Cicero Epist. 6. l. 7. ex Ennio.*

‡ *Cicero de Finib. l. 1.*

penter or a Mason would do, but make them much worse, and make them pay for being made so to boot. If the Rule which *Protagoras* proposed to his Pupils were followed, either that they should give him his own Demand, or declare upon Oath in the Temple how much they valued the Profit they had received under his Tuition, and accordingly satisfy him; our Pedagogues would find themselves basely gravelled, especially if they were to be judged by the Testimony of my Experience. Our vulgar *Perigordin Patois* does pleasantly call them, Pretenders to Learning, *Lettres ferits*, as a Man should say, Letter-marked; a Man on whom Letters have been stamped by the Blow of a Mallet; and, in Truth, for the most Part, they appear to have a soft Place in their Skulls, and to be deprived even of common Sense. For you see the Husband-man and the Cöbler go simply and honestly about their Business, speaking only of what they know and understand; whereas these Fellows, to make Parade and to get Opinion, mustering this ridiculous Knowledge of theirs, that swims and floats in the Superficies of the Brain, are perpetually perplexing and entangling themselves in their own Nonsense. They speak fine Words sometimes, 'tis true, but let some body that is wiser apply them. They are wonderfully well acquainted with *Galen*, but not at all with the Disease of the Patient; they have already stunn'd you with a long ribble-row of Laws, but understand nothing of the Case in Hand; they have the Theories of all Things, let who will put them in Practice. I have sat by, when a Friend of mine, in my own House, for Sport Sake, has with one of these Fellows counterfeited a canting Galimatias, patched up of several Expressions without Head or Tail, saving, that he now and then interlard'd here and there some Terms that had Relation to their Dispute, and held the Coxcomb in Play a whole Afternoon together, who, all the while, thought he had answered pertinently and learnedly to all his Objections. And yet this was a Man of Letters and Reputation, and no worse than one of the long Robe.

*Vos O patricius sanguis quos vivere par est
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrere sannæ*.*

* *Perfius, Sat. 1.*

O you

O you Patrician Bloods, whose Laws commend
To have your Heads from Retrospection blind,
Take this poor Counsel of a faithful Friend,
Beware of having a *Caldeſe* behind.

Whoſoever ſhall narrowly pry into, and thoroughly ſift this Sort of People, wherewith the World is ſo peſtered, will, as I have done, find that, for the moſt Part, they neither underſtand others, nor themſelves; and that their Memories are full enough, 'tis true, but the Judgment totally void and empty; ſome excepted, whoſe own Nature has of itſelf formed them into better Faſhion. As I have obſerved for Example in *Adrianus Turnebus*, who having never made other Profeſſion, than that of mere Learning only, and in that, in my Opinion, the greateſt Man that has been theſe thouſand Years, had nothing at all in him of the Pedant, but the Wearing of his Gown, and a little exterior Behaviour, that could not be civilized to the Garb, which are nothing: I hate our People, who can worſe endure a pedantick Model than an ill-contrived Mind, and by the Leg a Man makes, by his Behaviour, and even by the very Shape of his Boots, will pretend to tell what Sort of Man he is. For within all this, there was not a more illuſtrious and polite Soul living upon Earth. I have often purpoſely put him upon Arguments quite wide of his Profeſſion, wherein I found he had ſo clear an Inſight, ſo quick an Apprehenſion, and ſo ſolid a Judgment, that a Man would have thought he had never practiſed any other Thing but Arms, and been all his Life employ'd in Affairs of State. And theſe are great and vigorous Natures;

————— *Queis arte benigna,
Et melior luto finxit præcordia Titan* *.

————— With greater Art whoſe Mind
The Sun has made of Clay much more refin'd;

that can keep themſelves upright in Deſiance of a pedantick Education. But it is not enough that our Education does not ſpoil us; it muſt moreover alter us for the better. Some

* *Juven. Sat. 14.*

of our Parliaments when they are to admit Officers, examine only their Talent of Learning; to which some of the others also add, the Trial of Understanding, by asking their Judgment of some Case in Law, of which the latter, methinks, proceeds with the better Method: For, although both are necessary, and that it is very requisite they should be defective in neither; yet, in Truth, Knowledge is not so absolutely necessary as Judgment, and the last may make Shift without the other, but the other never without this. For as the *Greek Verse* says,

Ὡς εἰδὲν ἢ μάθης ἢ μὴ πῶς παρῇ*.

Learning is nothing worth, if Wit

And Understanding be not join'd with it.

To what Use serves Learning, if the Understanding be away? Would to God, that, for the Good of our Judicature, those Societies were as well furnished with Understanding and Conscience, as they are with Knowledge. *Non Vitæ, sed Scholæ dicimus*†; we do not study for the Service of our future Life, but only for the present Use of the School. Whereas we are not to tie Learning to the Soul, but to work and incorporate them together; not to tincture it only, but to give it a thorough and perfect Dye; but, if it will not take Colour, and meliorate it's imperfect State, we should, without Doubt, do much better in letting it alone. Learning is a dangerous Weapon, and very likely to wound it's Master, if put into an aukward and unskilful Hand: *Ut fuerit melius non didicisse*, so that it were better never to have learned at all. And this, perhaps, is the Reason why neither we, nor indeed Christian Religion, require much Learning in Women; and that *Francis*, Duke of *Britany*, Son of *John* the Fifth (one being talking with him about his Marriage with *Isabella*, the Daughter of *Scotland*, and adding that she was homely bred, and without any Manner of Learning) made Answer, That he liked her the better, and that a Woman was wise enough, if she could distinguish her Husband's Shirt and his Doublet. So that it is not so great a Wonder as some People make of it, that our Ancestors had Letters in no greater Esteem, and that

* *Menander in Gnom.*

† *Sen. Epist.* 106.

even to this Day, they are but rarely met with in the Privy-Councils of Princes: If this End and Design of acquiring Riches (which is the only Thing we propose to ourselves, by the Means of Law, Physick, Pedantry, and even Divinity itself) did not uphold and keep them in Credit, you would, without Doubt, see them as poor and unregarded as ever. And what Loss would it be if they neither instruct us to think well, nor to do well. *Postquam docti prodierunt, boni desinunt*; after once they become learned, they cease to be good. All other Knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the Science of Honesty and Good-nature. But the Reason I glanced upon but now, may it not also proceed from hence, that our Study, having almost no other Aim but Profit, fewer of those, who by Nature are born to Offices and Employments, rather of Glory than Gain, addict themselves to Letters; or for so little a while (being taken from their Studies before they can come to have any Taste of them, to a Profession that has nothing to do with Books) that there commonly remain no other to apply themselves wholly to learning, but People of mean Condition, who in that only study to live, and have Preferment only in their Prospect; and by such People, whose Souls are both by Nature and Education, and domestick Example, of the basest Metal and Alloy, the Fruits of Knowledge are not only immaturely gathered, but ill digested, and delivered to their Pupils quite another Thing from what they should be. For it is not the proper Business of Knowledge to enlighten a Soul that is dark of itself; nor to make a blind Man to see. Her Business is not to find a Man Eyes, but to guide, govern, and direct his Steps, provided he has sound Feet and straight Legs to go upon. Knowledge is an excellent Drug, but no Drug has Virtue enough to preserve itself from Corruption and Decay, if the Vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep. Such a one may have a Sight clear and good enough, who looks asquint, and consequently sees what is good, but does not follow it, and sees Knowledge, but makes no Use of it. *Plato's* principal Institution in his Republick, is to fit his Citizens with Employments suitable to their Nature. Nature can do all, and does all. Cripples are very unfit for Exercises of the Body, and lame Souls for Exercises of the Mind. Degenerate and vulgar Souls are unworthy

worthy of Philosophy. If we see a Shoe-maker with his Shoes out at the Toes, we say, 'tis no Wonder; for, commonly, none go worse shod than their Wives and they. In like Manner, Experience does often present us a Physician worse physicked, a Divine worse reformed, and frequently a Scholar of less Sufficiency than another. *Aristo of Chios* had anciently Reason to say, that Philosophers did their Auditories harm, forasmuch as most of the Souls of those that heard them were not capable of making any Benefit of their Instructions, and if they did not apply them to good, would certainly apply them to ill: *ἀσώτως ex Aristippi, acerbos ex Zenonis Schola exire* *. They grew effeminate Prodigals from the School of *Aristippus*, and Churls and Cynicks from that of *Zeno*. In that excellent Institution that *Xenophon* attributes to the *Persians*, we find, that they taught their Children Virtue, as other Nations do Letters. *Plato* tells us, that the eldest Son in their Royal Succession was thus brought up; as soon as he was born he was delivered, not to Women, but to Eunuchs of the greatest Authority about their Kings for their Virtue, whose Charge it was to keep his Body healthful and in good Plight; and after he came to seven Years of Age, to teach him to ride, and to go a hunting; when he arrived at fourteen, he was transferred into the Hands of four Men, the most noted of the Kingdom for Wisdom, Justice, Temperance and Valour; of which Number the first was to instruct him in Religion, the second to be always upright and sincere, the third to subdue his Appetites and Desires, and the fourth to despise all Danger. 'Tis a Thing worthy of very great Consideration, that in that excellent, and, in Truth, for it's Perfection, prodigious Form of civil Government set down by *Lycurgus*, though solicitous of the Education of Children, as a thing of the greatest Concern, and even in the very Seat of the Muses, he should make so little Mention of Learning; as if their generous Youths disdaining all other Subjection, but that of Virtue only, ought to be supplied, instead of Tutors to read to them Arts and Sciences, with such Masters, as should only instruct them in Valour, Prudence and Justice. An

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.*

Example that *Plato* has followed in his Laws; the Manner of whose Discipline was to propound to them Questions upon the Judgment of Men, and of their Actions; and if they commended or condemned this or that Person, or Fact, they were to give a Reason for so doing: By which Means, they at once sharpened their Understanding, and became skillful in the Laws. *Mandane*, in *Xenophon*, asking her Son *Cyrus* how he would do to learn Justice, and the other Virtues amongst the *Medes*, having left all his Masters behind him in *Persia*? He made Answer, that he had learned those Things long since; that his Master had often made him a Judge of the Differences among his School-Fellows, and had one Day whip'd him for giving a wrong Sentence; and thus it was: A great Boy in the School, having a little short Cassock, by Force took a longer from another that was not so tall as he, and gave him his own in Exchange; whereupon I being appointed Judge of the Controversy, gave Judgment, that I thought it best either of them should keep the Coat he had, for that they were both better fitted with that of one another, than with their own: Upon which, my Master told me I had done ill, in that I had only considered the Fitness and Decency of the Garments, whereas I ought to have considered the Justice of the Thing, which requires, that no one should have any Thing forcibly taken from him that is his own. But it seems, poor *Cyrus* was whip'd for his Pains, as we are in our Villages for forgetting the first Aorist of *τυπῶ*. My Pedant must make me a very learned Oration, in *genere demonstrativo*, before he can persuade me, that his School is like unto that. They knew how to go the readiest Way to Work: And seeing that Science, when most rightly applied and best understood, can do no more but teach us Prudence, moral Honesty, and Resolution; they thought fit to initiate their Children with the Knowledge of Effects, and to instruct them, not by Hear-say and by Rote, but by the Experiment of Action, in lively forming and moulding them; not only by Words and Precepts, but chiefly Works and Examples; to the End, it might not be a Knowledge of the Mind only, but a Complexion and a Habit; and not an Acquisition, but a natural Possession. One asking, to this Purpose, *Agésilas*, what he thought most proper for Boys to learn? What they ought to do

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when they come to be Men, said he. It is therefore no Wonder, if such an Institution has produc'd such admirable Effects. They us'd to go, 'tis said, in the other Cities of *Greece*, to enquire out Rhetoricians, Painters, and Musick-masters; but in *Lacedæmon*, Legislators, Magistrates, and Generals of Armies, at *Athens* they learn'd to speak well, and here to do well; there to disingage themselves from a sophistical Argument, and to unravel Syllogisms; here to evade the Baits and Allurements of Pleasure, and with a noble Courage and Resolution to confute and conquer the Menaces of Fortune and Death; those cudgell'd their Brains about Words, these made it their Business to enquire into Things; there was an eternal Babble of the Tongue, here a continual Exercise of the Soul. And therefore it is nothing strange, if, when *Antipater* demanded of them fifty Children for Hostages, they made Answer, quite contrary to what we should do, That they would rather give him twice as many full grown Men, so much did they value the Loss of their Country's Education. When *Agésilas* courted *Xenophon* to send his Children to *Sparta* to be bred, It is not, said he, there to learn Logick or Rhetorick, but to be instructed in the noblest of all Sciences, namely, the Science to obey and to command. It is very pleasant to see *Socrates*, after his Manner, rallying *Hippias*, who recounts to him what a World of Money he has got, especially in certain little Villages of *Sicily*, by teaching School, and that he got never a Penny at *Sparta*. What a sottish and stupid People (says *Socrates*) are they, without Sense or Understanding, that make no Account either of Grammar, or Poetry, and only busy themselves in studying the Genealogies and Successions of their Kings, the Foundations, Rises, and Declensions of States, and such Tales of a Tub! After which, having made *Hippias* particularly to acknowledge the Excellency of their Form of publick Administration, and the Felicity and Virtue of their private Life, he leaves him to guess at the Conclusion he makes of the Inutilities of his pedantick Arts. Examples have demonstrated unto us, that in military Affairs, and all others of the like active Nature, the Study of Sciences does more soften and enervate the Courages of Men, than any way fortify and incite them. The most potent Empire that at this Day appears to be in the whole World, is that of

the *Turks*, a People equally inclin'd to the Estimation of Arms, and the Contempt of Letters. I find *Rome* was more valiant before she grew so learned; and the most warlike Nations at this Time in Being, are the most ignorant; of which the *Scythians*, *Parthians*, and the great *Tamerlane*, may serve for sufficient Proof. When the *Goths* over-ran *Greece*, the only Thing that preserv'd all the Libraries from the Fire, was, that some one possess'd them with an Opinion, that they were to leave this kind of Furniture entire to the Enemy, as being most proper to divert them from the Exercise of Arms, and to fix them to a lazy and sedentary Life. When our King *Charles* the Eighth, almost without striking a Blow, saw himself possess'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and a considerable Part of *Tuscany*, the Nobility about him attributed this unexpected Facility of Conquest to this, that the Princes and Nobles of *Italy* more studied to render themselves ingenious and learned, than vigorous and warlike.



C H A P. XXV.

Of the Education of Children. To Madam Diana of Foix, Countess of Gursen.

I Never yet saw that Father, but, let his Son be never so decrepid or deform'd, would notwithstanding own him: Nevertheless, if he were not totally besotted, and blinded with his paternal Affection, that he did not well enough discern his Defects: Notwithstanding all Defaults, he is still his. Just so do I, I see better than any other, that all I write are but the idle Whimfies of a Man that has only nibbled upon the outward Crust of Science in his Nonage, and only retain'd a general and formless Image of them, who has got a little Snatch of every Thing, and nothing of the whole *a la mode de France*; For I know in general, that there is such a Thing as Physick, a Knowledge in the Laws, four Parts in Mathematicks, and, in Part, what all these
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aim and point at ; and peradventure I yet know farther, what Sciences in general pretend unto, in order to the Services of human Life ; but to dive farther than that, and to have cudgell'd my Brains in the Study of *Aristotle*, the Monarch of all modern Learning ; or particularly addicted myself to any one Science, I have never done it ; neither is there any one Art of which I am able to draw the first Lineaments and dead Colour ; infomuch that there is not a Boy of the lowest Form in a School, that may not pretend to be wiser than I, who am not able to pose him in his first Lesson, which, if I am at any Time forc'd upon, I am necessitated in my own Defence to ask him some universal Questions, such as may serve to try his natural Understanding ; a Lesson as strange and unknown to him, as his is to me. I never seriously settled myself to the Reading of any Book of solid Learning, but *Plutarch* and *Seneca* ; and there, like the *Danaides*, I eternally fill, and it as constantly runs out ; something of which drops upon this Paper, but very little or nothing stays behind. History is my Delight, as to Matter of Reading, or else Poetry, for which I have, I confess, a particular Kindness and Esteem : For, as *Cleantes* said, as the Voice, forc'd through the narrow Passage of a Trumpet, comes out more forceable and shrill ; so, methinks, a Sentence, couch'd in the Harmony of Verse, darts more briskly upon the Understanding, and strikes both my Ear and Apprehension with a smarter and more pleasing Power. As to the natural Parts I have, of which this is the Essay, I find them to bow under the Burthen ; my Fancy and Judgment do but grope in the Dark, trip and stumble in their Way, and when I have gone as far as I can, I discover still a new and greater Extent of Land before me, but with troubled and imperfect Sight, and wrapt up in Clouds, that I am not able to penetrate. And taking upon me to write indifferently of whatever comes into my Head, and therein making Use of nothing but my own proper and natural Force and Ammunition, if I happen'd, as I often do, accidentally to meet in any good Author, the same Heads and common-Places upon which I have attempted to write, (as I did but a little before in *Plutarch's* Discourse of the Force of Imagination) to see myself so weak and so forlorn, so heavy and so flat, in Comparison of those better Writers, I at once pity and despise myself. Yet do I flatter and please myself

myself with this, that my Opinions have often the Honour and good Fortune to jump with theirs, and that I follow in the same Paths, though at a very great Distance; I am farther satisfied to find, that I have a Quality, which every one is not blest withal, which is, to discern the vast Difference betwixt them and me; and notwithstanding all that, suffer my own Inventions, low and contemptible as they are, to run on in their Career, without mending or plaistering up the Defects that this Comparison has laid open to my own View; and in plain Truth, a Man had need of a good strong Back to keep Pace with these People. The indiscreet Scribblers of our Times, who amongst their laborious Nothings, insert whole Sections, Paragraphs, and Pages, out of ancient Authors, with a Design by that Means to illustrate their own Writings, do quite contrary; for this infinite Dissimilitude of Ornaments renders the Complexions of their own Compositions so pale, fallow, and deform'd, that they lose much more than they get. The Philosophers, *Chrysippus* and *Epicurus*, were, in this, of two quite contrary Humours; for the first did not only in his Books mix the Passages and Sayings of other Authors, but entire Pieces, and in one the whole *Medea* of *Euripides*; which gave *Apolodorus* Occasion to say, That should a Man pick out of his Writings all that was none of his, he would leave him nothing but blank Paper: Whereas the latter, quite contrary, in three hundred Volumes that he left behind him, has not so much as one Quotation. I happened the other Day upon this Piece of Fortune; I was reading a *French* Book, where after I had a long Time run dreaming over a great many Words, so dull, so insipid, so void of all Wit, or common Sense, that indeed they were only Words; after a long and tedious Travel, I came at last to meet with a Piece that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very Clouds; of which, had I found either the Declivity easy, or the Ascent accessible, there had been some Excuse; but it was so perpendicular a Precipice, and so wholly cut off from the rest of the Work, that by the first Words I found myself flying into the other World, and from thence discover'd the Vale from whence I came so deep and low, that I had never since the Heart to descend into it any more. If I should set out my Discourses with such rich Spoils as these, the Plagiarism would be too manifest in his own Defects, and
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I should too much discover the Imperfection of my own Writing. To reprehend the Fault in others, that I am guilty of myself, appears to me no more unreasonable, than to condemn, as I often do, those of others in myself. They are to be every where reprov'd, and ought to have no Sanctuary allow'd them. I know very well how imprudently I myself at every Turn attempt to equal myself to my Thefts, and to make my Stile go Hand in Hand with them, not without a temerarious Hope of deceiving the Eyes of my Reader from discerning the Difference; but withal, it is as much by the Benefit of my Application, that I hope to do it, as by that of my Invention, or any Force of my own. Besides, I do not offer to contend with the whole Body of these Champions, nor Hand to Hand with any one of them, 'tis only by Sights and little light Skirmishes that I engage them; I do not grapple with them, but try their Strength only, and never engage so far as I make a Shew to do; and if I could hold them in Play, I were a brave Fellow; for I never attack them, but where they are most sinewy and strong. To cover a Man's self (as I have seen some do) with another Man's Arms, so as not to discover so much as their Fingers Ends; to carry on a Design (as it is not hard for a Man that has any Thing of a Scholar in him, in an ordinary Subject to do) under old Inventions, patcht up here and there with his own Trumpery: And then to endeavour to conceal the Theft, and to make it pass for his own, is first Injustice, and Meanness of Spirit in whoever does it, who having nothing in them of their own fit to procure them a Reputation, endeavour to do it by attempting to impose Things upon the World in their own Name, which they have really no Manner of Title to; and then a ridiculous Folly to content themselves with acquiring the ignorant Approbation of the Vulgar by such a pitiful Cheat, at the Price, at the same Time, of discovering their Insufficiency to Men of Understanding, who will soon smell out, and trace them in those borrow'd Allegories, and from whom alone they are to expect a legitimate Applause. For my own Part, there is nothing I would not sooner do than that, neither have I said so much of others, but to get a better Opportunity to excuse myself: Neither in this do I in the least Glance at the Composers of Canto's, who declare themselves for such; of which Sort of Writers,

I have in my Time known many very ingenious, and have their Rhapsodies in very great Esteem, and particularly one, under the Name of *Capilulus*, besides the Ancients. These are really Men of Wit, and that make it appear they are so, both by that and other Ways of Writing; as for Example, *Lipfius*, in that learned and laborious Contexture of his Politicks. But, be it how it will, and how inconsiderable soever these Essays of mine may be, I will ingenuously confess, I never intended to conceal them, no more than my old bald grissled Picture before them, where the Graver has not presented you with a perfect Face, but the Resemblance of mine. And these also are but my own particular Opinions and Fancies, and I deliver them for no other, but only what I myself believe, and not for what is really to be believ'd. Neither have I any other End in this Writing, but only to discover myself, who also shall peradventure be another Thing To-morrow, if I chance to meet any Book or Friend, to convince me in the mean Time. I have no Authority to be believ'd, neither do I desire it, being too conscious of my own Inerudition to be able to instruct others.

A Friend of mine then, having read the precedent Chapter the other Day, told me, that I should have insisted a little longer upon the Education of Children; and have extended my Discourse upon so necessary a Point: Which, how fit I am to do, let my Friends flatter me if they please, I have in the mean Time no such Opinion of my own Talent, as to promise myself any very good Success from my Endeavour; but (Madam) were my Abilities equal to the Subject, I could not possibly employ them better than in presenting my best Instructions to the little Gentleman, whose happy Birth you shortly expect, and your Friends are in daily Hopes of; for, Madam, you are too generous to begin otherwise than with a Male: Having had so great a Hand in your Marriage, I have a Sort of particular Right and Interest in the Greatness and Prosperity of the Issue that shall proceed from it; besides, as you have been so long in Possession of the best of my Wishes and Services, I am oblig'd to desire and contribute to the Honour and Advantage of every Thing that concerns you. But, in Truth, all I understand as to that Particular, is only this, that the greatest and most important Difficulty of human Science is the Education of Children. For as in Agriculture, the
Husbandry

Husbandry that is to precede Planting, as also planting itself, is certain, plain, easy, and very well known; but after that which is planted comes to take Root, to spread, and shoot up, there is a great deal more to be done, more Art to be us'd, more Care to be taken, and much more Difficulty to cultivate and bring it to Perfection: So it is with Men; it is no hard Matter to get Children; but after they are born, then begins the Trouble, Solitude and Care, virtuously to train, principle, and bring them up. The Symptoms of their Inclinations in that young and tender Age are so obscure, and the Promises so uncertain and fallacious, that it is very hard to establish any solid Judgment or Conjecture upon them. As *Simon*, for Example, and *Themistocles*, and a thousand others, who have very much deceiv'd the little Expectation the World had of them; Bears Cubs, and Bitches Puppies, do truly, and indeed discover their natural Inclination; but Men, so soon as ever grown up, immediately applying themselves to certain Habits, engaging themselves in certain Opinions, and conforming themselves to particular Laws and Customs, do easily change, or at least disguise their true and real Disposition. And yet it is hard to force the Propensity of Nature; whence it comes to pass, that for not having chosen the right Course, a Man often takes very great Pains, and consumes great Part of his Age in training up Children to Things, for which, by their natural Aversion, they are totally unfit. In this Difficulty, nevertheless, I am clearly of Opinion, that they ought to be elemented in the best and most advantageous Studies, without taking too much Notice of, or being too superstitious in those light Prognosticks they give of themselves in their tender Years; to which *Plato*, in his Republick, gives, methinks, too much Authority. But, *Madam*, Science is doubtless a very great Ornament, and a Thing of marvellous Use, especially in Persons rais'd to that Degree of Fortune in what you are placed; and in Truth, in Persons of mean and low Condition, cannot perform it's true and genuine Office, being naturally more prompt to assist in the Conduct of War, in the Government of Armies and Provinces, and in negotiating the Leagues and Friendships of Princes and foreign Nations, than in forming a Syllogism in Logick, in pleading a Process in Law or in prescribing a Dose of Pills in Physick. Wherefore,

Madam, believing you will not omit this so necessary Embellishment in the Education of your Posterity, yourself having tasted the Fruits of it, and being of a learned Extraction (for we yet have the Writings of the ancient Counts of *Foix*, from whom my Lord your Husband, and yourself are both of you descended, and *Monsieur de Candale*, your Uncle, does every Day oblige the World with others, which will extend the Knowledge of this Quality in your Family to many succeeding Ages) I will, upon this Occasion, presume to acquaint your Ladyship with one particular Fancy of my own, contrary to the common Method, which likewise is all I am able to contribute to your Service in this Affair. The Charge of the Tutor or Governor you shall provide for your Son, upon the Choice of whom depends the whole Success of his Education, has several other great and considerable Parts and Duties requir'd in so important a Trust, besides that of which I am about to speak, which however I shall not mention, as being unable to add any Thing of Moment to the common Rules, that every one who is qualified for a Governor is perfect in: And also in this, wherein I take upon me to advise, he may follow it so far only as it shall appear rational and conducing to the End, at which he aims and intends.

For a Boy of Quality then, who pretends to Letters not upon the Account of Profit, (for so mean an Object as that is unworthy of the Grace and Favour of the Muses; and moreover, in that a Man directs his Service to, and professes to depend upon others) nor so much for outward Ornament, as for his own proper and peculiar Use, and to furnish and enrich himself within, having rather a Desire to go out an accomplished Cavalier, and a fine Gentleman, than a mere Scholar and a learned Man; for such a one, I say, I would also have his Friends solicitous to find him out a Tutor, who has rather an elegant than a learned Head, and both, if such a Person can be found; but however, to prefer his Manners and his Judgment before his Reading, and that this Man should pursue the Exercise of his Charge after a new Method. 'Tis the Custom of School-Masters, to be eternally thundring in their Pupils Ears, as they were pouring into a Funnel, whilst their Business is only to repeat what the other have said before: Now, I would have a Tutor to correct this Error, and that at the very
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first, he should according to the Capacity he has to deal with, put it to the Test, permitting his Pupil himself to taste and relish Things, and of himself to choose and discern them, sometimes opening the Way to him, and sometimes making him to break the Ice himself; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and speak, but that he should also hear his Pupil speak in Turn. *Socrates*, and since him *Arcefilaus*, made first their Scholars speak, and then spoke to them. *Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent* *; *The Authority of those who teach, is very oft an Impediment to those who desire to learn.* It is good to make him like a young Horse trot before him, that he may judge of his going, and how much he is to abate of his own Speed, to accommodate himself to the Vigour and Capacity of the other. For Want of which due Proportion, we spoil all; which also to know how to adjust, and to keep within an exact and due Measure, is one of the hardest Things I know in the educating Youth, and an Effect of a judicious and well tempered Soul, to know how to condescend to his Puerile Motions, and to govern and direct them. I walk firmer and more secure up Hill than down, and such as according to our common Way of Teaching undertake, with one and the same Lesson, and the same Measure of Direction, to instruct several Boys of so differing and unequal Capacities, are infinitely mistaken in their Method; and at this Rate, 'tis no Wonder, if in a Multitude of Scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good Account of their Time and Discipline. Let the Master not only examine him about the grammatical Construction of the bare Words of his Lesson, but of the Sense and Meaning of them, and let him judge of the Profit he has made, not by the Testimony of his Memory, but by that of his Understanding. Let him make him put what he hath learned into an hundred several Forms, and accommodate it to so many several Subjects, to see if he yet rightly comprehend it, and had made it his own; taking Instruction by his Progress from the Institutions of *Plato*. 'Tis a Sign of Crudity and Indigestion to vomit up what we eat in the

* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 1.*

same Condition it was swallowed down, and the Stomach has not performed it's Office, unless it hath altered the Form and Condition of what was committed to it to concoct: So our Minds work only upon Trust, being bound and compelled to follow the Appetite of another's Fancy, enslaved and captivated under the Authority of another's Instruction, we have been so subjected to the Tramel, that we have no free nor natural Pace of our own, our own Vigour and Liberty is extinct and gone. *Nunquam tutelæ suæ fiunt**; *They are newer in Wardship, and never left to their own Tuition.* I was privately at Pisa carried to see a very honest Man, but so great an *Aristotelian*, that his most usual Thesis was, *That the Touch-stone and Square of all solid Imagination, and of the Truth, was an absolute Conformity to Aristotle's Doctrine; and that all besides was nothing but Inanity and Chimæra; for that he had seen all, and said all.* A Position, that for having been a little too injuriously and maliciously interpreted, brought him first into, and afterwards long kept him in great Trouble in the Inquisition at Rome. Let him, make him examine, and thoroughly sift every thing reads, and lodge nothing in his Fancy upon simple Authority, and upon Trust. *Aristotle's Principles* will then be no more Principles to him, than those of *Epicurus* and the *Stoicks*: Only let this Diversity of Opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himself choose, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

Che non menche saper dubiar m' aggrada†.

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know.

For if he embrace the Opinions of *Xenophon* and *Plato*, by maintaining them, they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay is inquisitive after nothing. *Non sumus sub Rege, sibi quisque se vindicet*; Let him at least know, that he knows. It will be necessary that he imbibe their Knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their Precepts; and no matter if he forgets where he had his Learning provided he knows how to apply it to his own Use; Truth and Reason are common to every one, and are no

* *Sen. Ep. 33.*

† *Dante inferno, Canto 12.*

more

more his who spoke them first, than his who spake them after. 'Tis no more according to *Plato*, than according to me, since both he and I equally see and understand them. Bees cull their several Sweets from this Flower, and that Blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves after make the Honey, which is all, and purely their own, and no more Thyme and Marjoram: So the several Fragments he borrows from others, he will transform and shuffle together to compile a Work that shall be absolutely his own; that is to say, his Judgment, his Instruction, Labour, and Study, tend to nothing else but to incline, and make him capable so to do. He is not obliged to discover whence he had his Ammunition, but only to produce what he has himself composed. Men that live upon Rapine, and borrowing, expose their Purchases and Buildings to every one's Knowledge and View; but do not proclaim how they came by the Money. We do not see the Fees and Perquisites belonging to the Function and Offices of a Gentleman of the long Robe; but we see the noble Alliances wherewith he fortifies himself and his Family, and the Titles and Honours he has obtained for him and his. No Man divulges his Revenue; or at least which Way it comes in; but every one publishes his Purchases, and is content the World should know his good Condition. The Advantages of our Study are to become better and wiser. 'Tis (says *Epicarmus*) the Understanding that sees and hears, 'tis the Understanding that improves every thing, that orders every thing, and that acts, rules, and reins: All other Faculties are blind and deaf, and without Soul; and certainly, we render it timorous and servile, in not allowing it the Liberty and Privilege to do any thing of itself. Who ever asked his Pupil what he thought of Grammar and Rhetorick, or of such and such a Sentence of *Cicero*? Our Masters dart and stick them full feathered in our Memories, and there establish them like Oracles, of which the very Letters and Syllables are of the Substance of the Thing. To know by rote, is no Knowledge, and signifies no more but only to retain what one has intrusted to his Memory. That which a Man rightly knows and understands, he is the free Disposer of at his own full Liberty, without any Regard to the Author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the Leaves of his Book.

A mere

A mere bookish Learning is both troublesom and ungrateful; and though it may serve for some Kind of Ornament,

What true Philosophy is, according to Plato.

there is yet no Foundation for any Superstructure to be built upon it, according to the Opinion of *Plato*, who says, that Constancy, Faith, and Sincerity, are the true Philosophy, and the other Sciences, that are directed to other Ends, to be adulterate and false. I could wish, that *Paluel* or *Pompey*, the two famous Dancing-Masters of my Time, could have taught us to cut Capers, by only seeing them do it, without stirring from our Places, as these Men pretend to inform the Understandings, without ever setting them to work; or that we could learn to ride, handle a Pike, touch a Lute, or sing, without the Trouble of Practice, as these attempt to make us judge, and speak well, without exercising us in Judging and Speaking. Now in this Initiation of our Studies, and in the Progress of them, whatsoever presents itself before us, is Book sufficient: An arch or waggish Trick of a Page, a sottish Mistake of a Servant, or a Jest at the Table, are so many new Subjects. And for this very Reason, Conversation with Men is of very great Use, and Travel into foreign Countries of singular Advantage; not to bring back (as most of our young *Monseurs* do) an Account only of how many Paces *Santa Rotonda* is in Circuit; or of the Richness of *Signiora Livias* Attire; or, as some others, how much *Neros* Face, in a Statue in such an old Ruin, is longer and broader than that made for him at such another Place: But to be able chiefly to give an Account of the Humours, Manners, Customs and Laws of those Nations where he has been. And, that we may whet and sharpen our Wits, by rubbing them upon those of others, I would that a Boy should be sent abroad very young (and principally to kill two Birds with one Stone) into those neighbouring Nations whose Language is most differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the Tongue will be grown too stiff to bend. And also 'tis the general Opinion of all, that a Child should not be brought up in his Mother's Lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural Affection is apt to make the most discreet of them all so over-fond, that they can neither find in their Hearts to give them due Correction for the Faults they commit, nor suffer them to be brought up

up in those Hardships and Hazards they ought to be. They would not endure to see them return all Dust and Sweat from their Exercise, to drink cold Drink when they are hot, nor see them mount an unruly Horse, nor take a File in Hand against a rude Fencer, or so much as to discharge a Carbine : And yet there is no Remedy ; whoever will breed a Boy to be good for any Thing when he comes to be a Man, must by no Means spare him, even when so young, and must very often transgress the Rules of Physick :

Fondness of Mothers pernicious to Education.

*Vitamque sub dio, & trepides agat
In rebus *.*

He must sharp Cold and scorching Heat despise,
And most tempt Danger, where most Danger lyes.

It is not enough to fortify his Soul, you are also to make his Sinews strong ; for the Soul will be oppress'd, if not assisted by the Members, and would have too hard a Task to discharge two Offices alone. I know very well, to my Cost, how much mine groans under the Burthen, for being accommodated with a Body so tender and indisposed, as eternally leans and presses upon her ; and often in my Reading perceive, that our Masters, in their Writings, make Examples pass for Magnanimity and Fortitude of Mind, which really is rather Toughness of Skin and Hardness of Bones ; for I have seen Men, Women, and Children, naturally born of so hard and insensible a Constitution of Body, that a sound Cudgelling has been less to them, than a Flirt with a Finger would have been to me, and that would neither cry out, wince, nor quitch for a good swinging Beating ; and when Wrestlers counterfeit the Philosophers in Patience, 'tis rather Strength of Nerves than Stoutness of Heart. Now to be inured to undergo Labour, is to be accustomed to endure Grief. *Labor callum obducit dolori* † : *Labour supplies Grief with a certain Callus, that defends it from the Blow.* A Boy is to be inured to the Toil and Vehemency of Exercise, to train him up to the Pain and Suffering of Dislocations, Colicks, Cauteries, and even Imprisonment, and the Rack

* Horat. l. 1. Ode 2.

† Cicero Insc. l. 2.

itself,

itself, for he may come, by Misfortune, to be reduced to the worst of these, which (as this World goes) is sometimes inflicted on the Good, as well as the Bad. As for Proof, in our present Civil War, whoever draws his Sword against the Laws, threatens all honest Men with the Whip and the Halter. And moreover, by living at home, the Authority of this Governor, which ought to be sovereign over the Boy he has received into his Charge, is often check'd, interrupted, and hindred by the Presence of Parents; to which may also be added, that the Respect the whole Family pay him, as their Master's Son, and the Knowledge he has of the Estate and Greatness he is heir to, are, in my Opinion, no small Inconveniencies in these tender Years. And yet even in this conversing with Men I spoke of but now, I have observed this Vice, That instead of gathering Observations from others, we make it our whole Business to lay ourselves open to them, and are more concerned how to expose and set out our own Commodities, than how to encrease our Stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore and Modesty are very advantageous Qualities in Conversation: And one should therefore train up this Boy to be sparing, and a good Husband of his Talent of Understanding, when once acquired; and to forbear taking Exceptions at, or reproving every idle Saying, or ridiculous Story, spoke or told in his Presence; for it is a Rudeness to controvert every Thing that is not agreeable to our own Palate. Let him be satisfied with correcting himself, and not seem to condemn every Thing in another he would not do himself, nor dispute against common Customs. Let him be wise without Arrogancy, without Envy. Let him avoid these vain and uncivil Images of Authority, this childish Ambition of Coveting to appear better bred and more accomplished than he really will by such Carriage discover himself to be, and as if Opportunities of interrupting and reprehending were not to be omitted, to desire from thence to derive the Reputation of something more than ordinary; for, as it becomes none but great Poets to make Use of the poetical Licence, allowed only to those of celebrated Art; it is also intolerable, that any but Men of great and illustrious Souls should be privileged above the Authority of Custom; *Sed quid Socrates, & Aristippus contra morem, & consuetudinem fecerunt, idem sibi ne arbitratur licere: magis enim illi, & divinis*

*divinis bonis hanc licentiam assequebantur **, If Socrates and Aristippus have transgressed the Rules of Custom, let him not imagine that he is licensed to do the same; for it was by great and sovereign Virtues that they obtained this Privilege. Let him be instructed not to engage in Discourse, or dispute but with a Champion worthy of him, and even there, not to make Use of all the little Fallacies and Subtleties that are pat for his Purpose; but only such as may best serve him upon that Occasion. Let him be taught to be curious in the Election and Choice of his Reasons, to abominate Impertinence, and consequently, to affect Brevity; but above all, let him be lessened to acquiesce and submit to Truth as soon as ever he shall discover it, whether in his Opponent's Argument, or upon better Consideration of his own; for he shall never be preferred to the Chair for a mere Clatter of Words and Syllogisms, and is no farther engaged to any Argument whatever, than as he shall in his own Judgment approve it: Nor yet is Arguing a Trade, where the Liberty of Recantation, and getting off upon better Thoughts are to be sold for ready Money. *Neque ut omnia, quæ præscripta & imperata sint, defendat, necessitate ulla cogitur †*: Neither is there any Necessity or Obligation upon him at all, that he should defend all Things that are recommended to and enjoined him. If his Governor be of my Humour, he will form his Will to be a very good and loyal Subject to his Prince, very affectionate to his Person, and very stout in his Quarrel; but withal, he will cool in him the Desire of having any other Tie to his Service, than merely a publick Duty; because, besides several other Inconveniencies, that are very inconsistent with the honest Liberty every honest Man ought to have, a Man's Judgment being bribed and pre-possessed by these particular Obligations and Favours, is either blinded and less free to exercise it's Function, or shall be blemished either with Ingratitude or Indiscretion. A Man that is purely a Courtier, can neither have Power nor Wit to speak or think otherwise than favourably and well of a Master, who, amongst so many Millions of other Subjects has pick'd out him with his own Hand to

Dependance upon Princes.

* Cic. de Offic. l. 1.

† Cic. Acad. l. 4.

nourish and advance him. This Favour, and the Profit flowing from it, must needs, and not without some Shew of Reason, corrupt his Understanding, and deprive him of the Freedom of Speaking: And also we commonly see these People speak in another Kind of Phrase than is ordinarily spoken by others of the same Nation, though what they say in that courtly Language, is not much to be believed in such Cases. Let his Conscience and Virtue be eminently manifest in his Speaking, and have only Reason for their Guide. Make him understand, that to acknowledge the Error he should discover in his own Argument, though only found out by himself, is an Effect of Judgment and Sincerity, which are the principal Things he is to seek after. That Obstinacy and Contention are common Qualities, most appearing in and best becoming a mean and illiterate Soul. That to recollect, and to correct himself, and to forsake an unjust Argument in the Height and Heat of Dispute, are great and philosophical Qualities. Let him be advised, being in Company, to have his Eye and Ear in every Corner of the Room; for I find that the Places of greatest Honour are commonly possessed by Men that have least in them, and that the greatest Fortunes are not always accompanied with the ablest Parts. I have been present, when, whilst they at the upper End of the Chamber have been only commending the Beauty of the *Arras*, or the Flavour of the Wine, many Things that have been very finely said, have been lost and thrown away at the lower End of the Table. Let him examine every Man's Talent, a Peasant, a Bricklayer, or a Passenger; a Man may learn something from every one of these in their several Capacities, and something will be picked out of their Discourse, whereof some Use may be made at one time or another; nay, even the Folly and Impertinence of others will contribute to his Instruction. By observing the Graces and Fashions of all he sees, he will create to himself an Emulation of the Good, and a Contempt of the Bad. Let an honest Curiosity be suggested to his Fancy of being inquisitive after every thing, and whatever there is of singular and rare near the Place where he shall reside, let him go and see it; a fine House, a delicate Fountain, an eminent Man, the Place where a Battle has been anciently fought, and the Passages of *Cæsar* and *Charlemain*.

*Quæ Tellus fit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æstu,
Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat *.*

What Countries to the Bear objected lye,
What with the Dog-star Heats are parch'd and dry,
And what Wind fairest serves for *Italy*.

Let him enquire into the Manners, Revenues, and Alliances of Princes, Things in themselves very pleasant to learn, and very useful to know. In thus conversing with Men, I mean, and principally, those who only live in the Records of History; he shall, by Reading those Books, converse with those great and heroick Souls of former and better Ages. 'Tis an idle and vain Study, I confess, to those who make it so, by doing it after a negligent Manner, but to those who do it with Care and Observation, 'tis a Study of inestimable Fruit and Value; and the only one, as *Plato* reports, the *Lacedæmonians* reserved to themselves. What Profit shall he not reap as to the Business of Men, by Reading the Lives of *Plutarch*? But withal, let my Governor remember to what End his Instructions are principally directed, and that he do not so much imprint in his Pupil's Memory the Date of the Ruin of *Carthage*, as the Manners of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*; nor so much where *Marcellus* died, as why it was unworthy of his Duty that he died there. That he do not teach him so much the narrative Part, as the Business of History. The Reading of which, in my Opinion, is a Thing which of all others we apply ourselves unto with the most differing and uncertain Measures. I have read an hundred Things in *Livy*, that another has not, or not taken Notice of at least; and *Plutarch* has read an hundred more than ever I could find, or than peradventure that Author ever writ. To some it is merely a Grammar-Study; to others, the very Anatomy of Philosophy; by which the most secret and abstruse Parts of our human Nature are penetrated into. There are in *Plutarch* many long Discourses † very worthy to be carefully read and observed, for he is, in my Opinion, of all other, the greatest Master in that Kind of Writing; but withal, there are a thousand others which he has only

* *Propert. l. 4. Eleg. 39.*

† *Elegy of Plutarch.*

touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his Finger to direct us which Way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk Hit in the nicest Article of the Question, from whence we are to grope out the rest; as for Example, where he says, *That the Inhabitants of Asia came to be Vassals to one only, for not having been able to pronounce one Syllable, which is No.* Which Saying of his gave perhaps Matter and Occasion to *Boëtius* to write his *Voluntary Servitude*. Even this, but to see him pick out a light Action in a Man's Life, or a Word, that does not seem to be of any such Importance, is itself a whole Discourse. 'Tis to our Prejudice that Men of Understanding should so immoderately affect Brevity; no Doubt but their Reputation is the better by it: But in the mean Time we are the worse. *Plutarch* had rather we should applaud his Judgment, than commend his Knowledge, and had rather leave us with an Appetite to read more, than glutted with that we have already read. He knew very well, that a Man may say too much even upon the best Subjects, and that *Alexandrides* did justly reproach him who made very elegant, but too long Speeches to the *Ephori*, when he said, *O Stranger! thou speakest the Things thou oughtest to speak, but not after the Manner thou shouldest speak them.* Such as have lean and spare Bodies, stuff themselves out with Clothes; so they who are defective in Matter, endeavour to make amends with Words. Human Understanding is marvellously enlightened by daily Conversation with Men, for we are otherwise of ourselves so stupid as to have our Sight limited to the Length of our own Noses. One asking *Socrates* of what Country he was, he did not make Answer, *Of Athens*, but, *Of the World*; thus he whose Imagination was better levelled could carry farther; he embraced the whole World for his Country, and extended his Society and Friendship to all Mankind; not as we do, who look no farther than our Feet. When the Vines of our Village are nipped with the Frost, the Parish-Priest presently concludes, that the Indignation of God is gone out against all the human Race, and that the *Cannibals* have already got the Pip. Who is it, that seeing the bloody Havock of these Civil Wars of ours, does not cry out, That the Machine of the World is near Dissolution, and that the Day of Judgment

Judgment is at Hand; without considering, that many worse Revolutions have been seen, and that, in the mean Time, People are very merry in a thousand other Parts of the Earth for all this? For my Part, considering the License and Impunity that always attend such Commotions, I admire they are so moderate, and that there is no more Mischief done. To him that feels the Hail-stones patter about his Ears, the whose Hemisphere appears to be in Storm and Tempest; like the ridiculous *Savoyard*, who said very gravely, That if that simple King of *France* could have managed his Fortune as he should have done, he might in Time have come to have been Steward of the Household to the Duke his Master. The Fellow could not, in his shallow Imagination, conceive that there could be any Thing greater than a Duke of *Savoy*. And, in Truth, we are all of us insensibly in this Error, an Error of a very great Train and very pernicious Consequence. But whoever shall represent to his Fancy, as in a Picture, that great Image of our Mother Nature, portrayed in her full Majesty and Lustre, whoever in her Face shall read so general and so constraint a Variety, whoever shall observe himself in that Figure, and not himself but a whole Kingdom, no bigger than the least Touch or Prick of a Pencil, in Comparison of the Whole, that Man alone is able to value Things according to their true Estimate and Grandeur. This great World, which some do yet multiply as several *Species* under one *Genus*, is the Mirror wherein we are to behold ourselves, to be able to know ourselves as we ought to do. In short, I would have this to be the Book my young Gentleman should study with the most Attention; for so many Humours, so many Sects, so many Judgments, Opinions, Laws, and Customs, teach us to judge aright of our own, and inform our Understandings to discover their Imperfection and natural Infirmary, which is no trivial Speculation. So many Mutations of States and Kingdoms, and so many Turns and Revolutions of publick Fortune, will make us wise enough to make no great Wonder of our own. So many great Names, so many famous Victories and Conquests drowned and swallowed in Oblivion, render our Hopes ridiculous, of eternizing our Names by the taking of half a Score light Horse, or a paultry Turret, which only derives it's Memory from it's Ruin. The Pride and

Arrogancy of so many foreign Pomps and Ceremonies, the tumorous Majesty of so many Courts and Grandeurs, accustomed and fortify our Sight without Astonishment, to behold and endure the Lustre of our own. So many Millions of Men buried before us encourage us not to fear to go seek so good Company in the other World, and so of all the rest. *Pythagoras* was wont to say, That our Life retires to the great and populous Assembly of the *Olympick Games*, wherein some exercise the Body, that they may carry away the Glory of the Prize in those Contentions, and others carry Merchandise to sell for Profit. There are also some (and those none of the worst Sort) who pursue no other Advantage than only to look on, and consider how, and why every Thing is done, and to be unactive Spectators of the Lives of other Men, thereby the better to judge of, and regulate their own; and indeed, from Examples, all the Instruction couched in philosophical Discourses, may naturally flow, to which all human Actions, as to their best Rule, ought to be especially directed: Where a Man shall be taught to know,

— *Quid fas optare, quid asper*
Utile nummus habet, patriæ charisque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus esse
Fussit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re,
Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur.*

What he may wish, what's Money's natural Use,
 What to be liberal is, and what profuse,
 What God commands, an honest Man should be,
 And here on Earth, to know in what Degree
 That God has plac'd thee, what we are, and why,
 He gave us Being and Humanity.

what it is to know, and what to be ignorant, what ought to be the End and Design of Study, what Valour, Temperance, and Justice are, the Difference betwixt Ambition and Avarice, Servitude and Subjection, License and Liberty, by what Token a Man may know the true and solid Contentation, how far Death, Affliction, and Disgrace are to be apprehended.

* *Persius, Sat. 3.*

Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.*

And what Way every one may know
Labour t'avoid or undergo.

By what secret Springs we move, and the Reason of our various Agitations and Irresolutions: For, methinks, the first Doctrine with which one should season his Understanding, ought to be that which regulates his Manners and his Sense; that teaches him to know himself, and how both well to die, and well to live. Amongst the liberal Sciences, let us begin with that which makes us free; not that they do not all serve in some Measure to the Instruction and Use of Life, as all other Things in some sort also do; but let us make Choice of that which directly and professedly serves to that End. If we are once able to restrain the Offices of human Life within their just and natural Limits, we shall find that most of the Sciences in Use are of no great Use to us, and even in those that are, that there are many very unnecessary Cavities and Dilatations which we had better let alone, and following *Socrates's* Direction, limit the Course of our Studies to those Things only where a true and real Utility and Advantage are to be expected and found.

— *Sapere aude.*

*Incipe vivendi, qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum†.*

Dare to be wise; begin, who to their wrong,
The Hour of living well defer too long,
Like rustick Fools, sit with a patient Eye
Expecting when the murm'ring Brook runs dry,
Whose Springs can never fail, 'till the last Fire
Lick up the Ocean, and the World expire,

'Tis a great Foolery to teach our Children

*Quid moveant Pisces, animosaque signa Leonis,
Lotus, & Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua‡.*

* *Virg. Æn. l. 6.*
pert. l. 4. Eleg. 1.

† *Horat. Epist. 2.*

‡ *Pro-*

What Influence *Pisces* have, o'er what the Ray
Of angry *Leo* bears the greatest Sway,
Or *Capricornus* Province, who still laves
His threat'ning Forehead in the *Hesperian* Waves.

The Knowledge of the Stars, and the Motion of the eighth
Sphere, before their own.

Τί πλεῖα δέσσιχα μοί
Τί δ' ἀσράσι βούττω *.

How swift the seven Sisters Motions are,
Or the dull Churls how slow, what need I care.

Anaximenes writing to *Pythagoras*, *To what Purpose*, said he, *Should I trouble myself in searching out the Secrets of the Stars, having Death or Slavery continually before my Eyes?* For the Kings of *Persia* were at that Time preparing to invade his Country. Every one ought to say the same, *Being assaulted, as I am, by Ambition, Avarice, Temerity, and Superstition, and having within so many other Enemies of Life, shall I go cudgel my Brains about the World's Revolutions?* After having taught him what will make him more wise and good, you may then entertain him with the Elements of Logick, Physick, Geometry, and Rhetorick, and the Science which he shall then himself most incline to, his Judgment being beforehand formed and fit to chuse, he will quickly make his own. The Way of instructing him ought to be sometimes by Discourse, and sometimes by Reading, sometimes his Governor shall put the Author himself, which he shall think most proper for him, into his Hands, and sometimes only the Marrow and Substance of it; and if the Governor himself be not conversant enough in Books, to turn to all the fine Discourses the Book contains, there may some Men of Learning be joined to him, that upon every Occasion shall supply him with what he desires, and stand in Need of, to recommend to his Pupil. And who can doubt, but that this Way of Teaching is much more easy and natural than that of *Gaza*? In which the Precepts are so intricate, and so harsh, and the Words so vain, lean, and insignificant, that there is no Hold to be taken of

* *Anacreon*, Ode 17.

them; nothing that quickens and elevates the Wit and Fancy; whereas, here the Mind has what to feed upon, and to digest: This Fruit therefore is not without Comparison, much more fair and beautiful; but will also be much more early and ripe. 'Tis a thousand Pities that Masters should be at such a Pass in this Age of ours, that Philosophy, even with Men of Understanding, should be looked upon as a vain and fantastick Name, a Thing of no Use, no Value, either in Opinion or Effect, of which I think those lousy Ergotisms, and little Sophistry, by prepossessing the Avenues unto it, are the Cause. And People are much to blame to represent it to Children for a Thing of so difficult Access, and with such a frowning, grim, and formidable Aspect: Who has disguised it thus with this false, pale, and ghostly Countenance? There is nothing more airy, more gay, more frolick, and I had like to have said, more wanton. She preaches nothing but Feasting and Jollity; a melancholick thoughtful Look shews that she does not inhabit there. *Demetrius*, the Grammarian, finding in the Temple of *Delphos* a Knot of Philosophers set chattering together, said to them, *Either I am much deceived, or by your chearful and pleasant Countenance, you are engaged in no very deep Discourse.* To which one of them, *Heracleon*, the Magician, replied, 'Tis for such as are puzzled about enquiring whether the future Tense of the Verb *βάλλω*, be spelt with a double λ, or that hunt after the Derivation of the Comparatives *χείριον*, *βέλιον*, and the Superlatives *χείριστον*, *βέλτιστον*, to knit their Brows whilst discoursing of their Science; but as to philosophical Discourses, they always divert and cheer up those they entertain, and never deject them, or make them sad.

*Deprendas animi tormenta latentis in ægro
Corpore, deprendas, & gaudia, sumit utrumque
Inde habitum facies*.*

Th' internal Anguish of a sick Man's Mind
Your Eye may soon discern, and also find
The Joys of those in better Health that are,
For still the Face does the Mind's Livery wear.

* *Juven. Sat. 9.*

The Soul that entertains Philosophy ought to be of such a Constitution of Health, as to render the Body in like Manner healthful too; she ought to make her Tranquillity and Satisfaction shine, so as to appear without, and her Contentment ought to fashion the outward Behaviour to her own Mould, and consequently to fortify it with a graceful Confidence, active Carriage, and with a serene and contented Countenance. The most manifest Sign of Wisdom is a continual Cheerfulness; her Estate is like that of Things in the Regions above the Moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis *Baraco* and *Baralip-ton* that render their Disciples so dirty and ill-favoured, and not she; they do not so much as know her, but by Hear-say. 'Tis she that calms and appeases the Storms and Tempests of the Soul, and who teaches Famine and Fever to laugh and sign; and that, not by certain imaginary Epicycles, but by natural and manifest Reasons. She has Virtue for her End; which is not, as the School-men say, situate upon the Summit of a perpendicular Rock, and an inaccessible Precipice. Such as have approached her, find it quite contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing Plain, from whence she easily discovers all Things subjected to her; to which Place any one may however arrive, if he know but the easiest and the nearest Way, through shady, green, and sweetly flourishing Walks and Avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth Descent, like that of the celestial Arches. 'Tis for not having frequented this supreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous Virtue, this so professed and implacable Enemy to Anxiety, Sorrow, Fear, and Constraint, who, having Nature for her Guide, has Fortune and Pleasure for her Companions, that they have gone according to their own weak Imagination, and created this ridiculous, this sorrowful, querulous, spiteful, threatening, terrible Image of it to themselves and others, and placed it upon a solitary Rock amongst Thorns and Brambles, and made of it a Hobgoblin to fright People from daring to approach it. But the Governor that I would have, that is, such a one as knows it to be his Duty to possess his Pupil with as much or more Affection than Reverence to Virtue, will be able to inform him, that the Poets have evermore accommodated themselves to the publick Humour,

and

and make him sensible, that the Gods have planted more Toil and Sweat in the Avenues of the Cabinets of *Venus*, than those of *Minerva*, which, when he shall once find him begin to apprehend, and shall represent to him a *Bradamanta*, or an *Angelica* for a Mistress, a natural, active, generous manly Beauty, in Comparison of a soft, delicate, artificial, simpering, and affected Form; the one disguis'd in the Habit of an heroick Youth, with her beautiful Face set out in a glittering Helmet, the other trick'd up in Curls and Ribbons like a wanton Minx; he will then look upon his own Affection as brave and masculine, when he shall chuse quite contrary to that effeminate Shepherd of *Phrygia*. Such a Tutor will make a Pupil to digest this new Doctrine, that the Height and Value of true Virtue consists in the Facility, Utility, and Pleasure of it's Exercise; so from Difficulty, that Boys, as well as Men, and the Innocent, as well as the Subtile, may make it their own; and it is by Order and good Conduct, and not by Force, that it is to be acquir'd. *Socrates*, her first Minion, is so averse to all Manner of Violence, as totally to throw it aside, to slip into the more natural Facility of her own Progress: 'Tis the Nursing-Mother of all human Pleasures, who, in rendring them just, renders them also pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in Breath and Appetite; in interdicting those which she herself refuses, whets our Desire to those which she allows; and, like a kind and liberal Mother, abundantly allows all that Nature requires, even to Satiety, if not to Lassitude; unless we will declaim, That the Regimen of Health that stops the Toper's Hand before he has drank himself drunk, the Glutton's before he hath eaten to a Surfeit, and the Whoremaster's Career before he hath got the Pox, is an Enemy to Pleasure. If the ordinary Fortune fail, and that she meets with an indocile Disposition, she passes that Disciple by, and takes another, not so fickle and unsteady, whom she forms wholly her own. She can be rich, potent and wise, and knows how to lye upon soft Down, and perfum'd Quilts too: She loves Life, Beauty, Glory, and Health; but her proper and peculiar Office is to know regularly how to make use of all these good Things, and how to part with them without Concern; an Office much more noble than troublesome, and without which the whole Course of Life is
unnatural,

unnatural, turbulent and deform'd; and there it is indeed, that Men may justly represent those Monsters upon Rocks and Precipices. If this Pupil shall happen to be of so cross and contrary a Disposition, that he had rather hear a Tale of a Tub, than the true Narrative of some noble Expedition, or some wise and learned Discourse; who at the Beat of a Drum, that excites the youthful Ardour of his Companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a Morrice, or the Bears, and who would not wish, and find it more delightful, and more pleasing, to return all Dust and Sweat victorious from a Battle, than from Tennis, or from a Ball; with the Prize of those Exercises; I see no other Remedy, but that he be bound Apprentice in some good Town to learn to make Minc'd-Pies, though he were the Son of a Duke, according to *Plato's* Precept, That Children are to be plac'd out, and dispos'd of, not according to the Wealth, Qualities, or Condition of the Father, but according to the Faculties and the Capacities of their own Soul. But since Philosophy is that which instructs us to live, and that Infancy has there it's Lessons as well as other Ages, why is it not communicated to Children betimes? And why are they not more early initiated in it?

*Udum, & molle lutum est, nunc, nunc properandus, & acri fingendus sine sine rota **.

The Clay is moist and soft, now, now make Haste,
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns fast.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almost done living. A hundred Students have got the Pox before they have come to read *Aristotle's* Lecture of Temperance. *Cicero* said, that though he should live two Men's Ages, he should never find Leisure to study the *Lyrick* Poets; and I find these Sophisters yet more deplorably unprofitable. The Boy we would breed, has a great deal less Time to spare; he owes but the first fifteen or sixteen Years of his Life to Discipline, the Remainder is due to Action: Therefore let us employ that short Time in necessary Instruction. Away with the Logical Subtilties, they are Abuses, Things by which our Lives can never be amended: Take me the

* *Perf. Stat. 3.*

plain Philosophical Discourses, learn first how rightly to choose, and then rightly to apply them, they are more easy to be understood than one of *Boccace's* Novels; a Child from Nurse is much more capable of them, than of learning to read or to write. Philosophy has Discourses equally proper for Childhood, as for the decrepid Age of Men; and I am of *Plutarch's* Mind, that *Aristotle* did not so much trouble his great Disciple with the Knack of forming Syllogisms, or with the Elements of Geometry, as with infusing into him good Precepts concerning Valour, Prowess, Magnanimity, Temperance, and the Contempt of Fear; and with this Ammunition sent him whilst yet a Boy, with no more than 30000 Foot, 4000 Horse, and but 42000 Crowns to subjugate the Empire of the whole Earth. For the other Arts and Sciences, *Alexander* says, he highly indeed commended their Excellency and Quaintness, and had them in very great Honour and Esteem, but not ravish'd with them to that Degree, as to be tempted to affect the Practice of them in his own Person.

Aristotle's Method of Instructing Alexander the Great.

— *Petite hanc juvenesque, senesque
Finem animo certum, miserique viatica canis*.*

Young Men and old, from hence yourselves befriend,
Form both your Minds, with some sure Aim and End;
And both therein against the Time to come
Wretched old Age, get a *Viaticum*.

Epicurus, in the Beginning of his Letter to *Meniceus*, says, that neither the Youngest should refuse to philosophise, nor the Eldest grow weary of it: And who does otherwise, seems tacitly to imply, that either the Time of living happily is not yet come, or that it is already past: And yet for all that, I would not have this Pupil of ours imprison'd, and made a Slave to his Book; nor would I have him given up to the Morosity, and melancholick Humour of a sour, Ill-natur'd Pedant. I would not have his Spirit cow'd and subdu'd, by applying him to the Rack, and tormenting him as some do, 14 or 15 Hours a Day, and so make a Pack-Horse of him. Neither should I think it good,

* *Perf. Stat. 5.*

when by reason of a solitary and melancholic Complexion, he is discover'd to be much addicted to his Book, to nourish that Humour in him, for that renders them unfit for civil Conversation, and diverts them from better Employments. And how many have I seen in my Time totally brutified by an immoderate Thirst after Knowledge? *Carneades* was so besotted with it, that he would not find Time so much as to comb his Head, or pare his Nails; neither would I have his generous Manners spoil'd and corrupted by the Incivility and Barbarity of those of another. The *French* Wisdom has anciently been turn'd into Proverb, *Early but of no Continuance*; and in truth we yet see, that nothing can be more ingenious and pretty than the Children of *France*; but they ordinarily deceive the Hope and Expectation hath been conceiv'd of them, and grown up to be Men, have nothing extraordinary, or worth taking Notice of. I have heard Men of good Understanding say, these Colleges of ours to which we send our young People (and of which we have but too many) make them such Animals as they are. But to our little *Monsieur*, a Closet, a Garden, the Table, his Bed, Solicitude and Company, Morning and Evening, all Hours shall be the same, and all Places to him a Study; for Philosophy, who, as the Formatrix of Judgment and Manners, shall be his principal Lesson, has that Privilege to have a Hand in every Thing. The Orator *Isocrates*, being at a Feast intreated to speak of his Art, all the Company were satisfied with, and commended his Answer; *It is not now a Time*, said he, *to do what I can do; and that which it is now Time to do, I cannot do*. For to make Orations and rhetorical Disputes in a Company met together to laugh and make good Cheer, had been very unseasonable and improper, and as much might have been said of all the other Sciences: But as to what concerns Philosophy, that Part of it at least that treats of Man, and of his Offices and Duties; it has been the joint Opinion of all wise Men, that, out of Respect to the Sweetness of her Conversation, she is ever to be admitted in all Sports and Entertainments. And *Plato* having invited her to his Feast, we shall see after how gentle and obliging a Manner, accommodated both to Time and Place, she entertain'd the Company, though in a Discourse of the highest and most important Nature.

Æquē

*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Et neglecta æquè pueris, sensibusque nocebit*.*

It profits Poor and Rich alike, but when
Neglected, t'Old and Young are hurtful then.

By which Method of Instruction, my young Pupil will be much more, and better employ'd than those of the College are: But as the Steps we take in walking to and fro in a Gallery, though three Times as many, do not tire a Man so much as those we employ in a formal Journey; so our Lesson, as it were accidentally occurring, without any set Obligation of Time or Place, and falling naturally into every Action, will insensibly insinuate itself. By which Means, our very Exercises, and Recreations, Running, Wrestling, Musick, Dancing, Hunting, Riding, and Fencing, will prove to be a good Part of our Study. I would have his outward Behaviour, and Mein, and the Disposition of his Limbs form'd at the same Time with his Mind. 'Tis not a Soul, 'tis not a Body that we are training up, but a Man, and we ought not to divide him: And, as *Plato* says, we are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together like two Horses harness'd to a Coach. By which Saying of his, does he not seem to allow more Time for, and to take more Care of Exercises for the Body, and to believe that the Mind in a good Proportion does her Business at the same Time too? As to the rest, this Method of Education ought to be carried on with a severe Sweetness quite contrary to the Practice of our Pedants, who, instead of tempting and alluring Children to Letters by apt and gentle Ways, do in truth present nothing before them but Rods and Ferula's, Horror and Cruelty. Away with this Violence! away with this Compulsion! than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-descended Nature. If you would have him apprehend Shame and Chastisement, do not harden him to them. Inure him to Heat and Cold, to Wind and Sun, and to Dangers that he ought to despise. Wean him from all Effeminacy, and Delicacy in Clothes and Lodging, Eating and Drinking; accustom him to every Thing, that he may

*Severity an
Enemy to E-
ducation.*

* *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 1.*

not be a Sir *Paris*, a Carpet-Knight, but a finewy, hardy, and vigorous young Man. I have ever from a Child, to the Age wherein I now am, been of this Opinion, and am still constant to it. But amongst other Things, the strict Government of most of our Colleges has evermore displeas'd me, and peradventure they might have err'd less perniciously on the indulgent Side. 'Tis the true House of Correction of imprison'd Youth. They are taught to be debauch'd, by being punish'd before they are so. Do but come in when they are about their Lesson, and you shall hear nothing but the Out-cries of Boys under Execution, with the thundring Noise of their *Pedagogues*, drunk with Fury, to make up the Concert. A very pretty Way this! to tempt these tender and timorous Souls to love their Book, with a furious Countenance, and a Rod in Hand! A cursed and pernicious way of Proceeding! Besides what *Quintilian* has very well observed, that this insolent Authority is often attended by very dangerous Consequences, and particularly our Way of chastising. How much more decent would it be to see their Classes strew'd with green Leaves and fine Flowers, than with the bloody Stumps of Birch and Willows? Were it left to my ordering, I should paint the School with the Pictures of Joy and Gladness; *Flora*, and the *Graces*, as the Philosopher *Speusippus* did his; that where their Profit is, they might there have their Pleasure too. Such Viands as are proper and wholesom for Children should be seasoned with Sugar, and such as are dangerous to them, with Gall. A Man should admire to see how solicitous *Plato* is in his Laws concerning the Gaiety and Diversion of the Youth of his City, and how much he enlarges himself upon their Races, Sports, Songs, Leaps and Dances: Of which, he says, that Antiquity has given the ordering and Patronage particularly to *Apollo*, *Minerva*, and the Muses. He insists long upon, and is very particular in giving innumerable Precepts for Exercises; but as to the lettered Sciences says very little, and only seems particularly to recommend Poesy upon the Account of Musick. All Singularity in our Manners and Condition is by all Means to be avoided, as inconsistent with civil Society. Who would not be astonish'd at so strange a Constitution as that of *Demophoen*, Steward to *Alexander* the Great, who sweated in the Shade, and shiver'd in the Sun?

Sun ? I have seen those who have run from the Smell of a mellow Apple with greater Precipitation, than from a Harquebuse Shot ; others run away from a Mouse ; others vomit at the Sight of Cream ; others ready to swoon at the Sight of a Cat, as *Germanicus*, who could neither endure the Sight nor the Crowing of a Cock. I will not deny, but that there may, peradventure, be some occult Cause and natural Aversion in these Cases ; but certainly a Man might conquer it, if he took it in Time. Precept has in this wrought so effectually upon me, though not without some Endeavour on my Part, I confess, that Beer excepted, my Appetite accommodates itself indifferently to all Sorts of Diet. Young Bodies are supple, one should therefore in that Age bend and ply them to all Fashions and Customs : And provided a Man can contain the Appetite and the Will within their due Limits, let a young Man, a God's Name, be render'd fit for all Nations and all Companies, even to Debauchery and Excess, if Occasion be ; that is, where he shall do it out of Complacency to the Customs of the Place. Let him be able to do every Thing, but love to do nothing but what is good. The Philosophers themselves do not justify *Calisthenes* for forfeiting the Favour of his Master *Alexander* the Great, by refusing to pledge him a Cup of Wine. Let him laugh, play, and drink with his Prince : Nay, I would have him, even in his Debauches, too hard for the rest of the Company, and to excel his Companions in Ability and Vigour, and that he may not give over doing it, either thorough defect of Power or Knowledge how to do it, but for Want of Will. *Multum interest, utrum peccare quis nolit, aut nesciat ** ; There is a vast Difference betwixt forbearing to sin, and not knowing how to sin. I thought I past a Compliment upon a Lord, as free from those Excesses as any Man whatever in *France*, by asking him before a great deal of good Company, how many Times in his Life he had been drunk in *Germany*, in the Time of his being there about his Majesty's Affairs ; which he also took as it was intended, and made Answer, Three Times ; and withal, told us the whole Story of his Debauches. I know some, who for Want of this Faculty,

* *Seneca, Epist. 60.*

have found a great Inconvenience by it in negotiating with that Nation. I have often with great Admiration reflected upon the wonderful Constitution of *Alcibiades*, who so easily could transform himself to so various Fashions without any Prejudice to his Health ; one while out-doing the *Persian* Pomp and Luxury, and another, the *Lacedæmonian* Austerity and Frugality, as reform'd in *Sparta*, as voluptuous in *Ionia*.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res §.

All Shapes and Colours you can name

Aristippus well became.

I would have my Pupil to be such a one,

— *Quem duplici panno patientia velat,*

Mirabor vitæ via si conversa decebit,

Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque†.

Whom Patience in patch'd Clothes does meanly shade,

Where a new Fortune a new Suit has made,

I shall admire, if gracefully he can

Th' old Beggar hide in the new Gentleman.

These are my Lessons, and he who puts them in Practice shall reap more Advantage, than he who has had them read to him only, and only knows them. If you see him, you hear him ; If you hear him, you see him. God forbid, says one in *Plato*, that to philosophize were only to read a great many Books, and to learn the Arts. *Hanc amplissimam omnium artium bene vivendi disciplinam, vita magis quam literis persequuti sunt**. They have more illustrated and improv'd this Discipline of living well, which of all Arts is the greatest, by their Lives, than by their Reading. *Leo*, Prince of the *Phliastians*, asking *Heraclides Ponticus* of what Art or Science he made Profession ; I know, said he, neither Art nor Science, but I am a Philosopher. One reproaching *Diogenes*, that being ignorant, he should pretend to Philosophy ; I therefore, answer'd he, pretend to it with so much the more Reason. *Hegeſias* intreated that he would read a certain Book to him ; You are pleasant, said he, who chuse those Figs that are true and natural, and not

§ *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 17.* † *Id. Ibid.* * *Cic. Tusc. 4.*
those

those that are painted; why do you not also chuse Exercises which are naturally true, rather than those written and prescrib'd? A Man cannot so soon get his Lesson by Heart, as he may practise it: He will repeat it in his Actions. We shall discover if there be Prudence in his Exercises, if there be Sincerity and Justice in his Departments, if there be Grace and Judgment in his Speaking, if there be Constancy in his Sickness, if there be Modesty in his Mirth, Temperance in his Pleasures, Order in his Oeconomy, and Indifference in his Palate, whether what he eats or drinks be Flesh or Fish, Wine or Water. *Qui disciplinam suam non ostentationem scientiæ, sed legem vitæ putet, quique obtemperet ipse sibi, Et decretis pareat* *; Who considers his own Discipline, not as a vain Ostentation of Science, but as a Law and Rule of Life; and who obeys his own Decrees, and observes that Regimen he has prescrib'd to himself. The Conduct of our Lives is the true Mirror of our Doctrine. Zeupidamus, to one who asked him, Why the *Lacedæmonians* did not commit their Constitutions of Chivalry to Writing, and deliver them to their young Men to read, made Answer, That it was because they would inure them to Action, and not amuse them with Words: With such a one, after fifteen or sixteen Years Study, compare one of our College *Latinists*, who has thrown away so much Time in nothing but learning to speak. The World is nothing but Babble; and I hardly ever yet saw that Man who did not rather prate too much, than speak too little; and yet half of our Age is embezzled this Way. We are kept four or five Years to learn Words only, and to tack them together into Clauses; as many more to make Exercises; and to divide a continued Discourse into so many Parts; and other five Years at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate Manner. Let us leave it to the learned Professors. Going one Day to *Orleans*, I met in the Plain on this Side *Clery*, two Pedants travelling towards *Bordeaux*, about fifty Paces distant from one another, and a good Way farther behind them, I discover'd a Troop of Horse, with a Gentleman at the Head of them, which was the late *Monsieur le Comte de la Rouchefoucault*; one of my

* *Cic. Tusc. 4.*

People enquir'd of the foremost of these *Domines*, who that Gentleman was that came after him, who having not seen the Train that follow'd after, and thinking he meant his Companion, pleasantly answer'd, *He is not a Gentleman, Sir, he is a Grammarian, and I am a Logician.* Now we, who quite

contrary, do not here pretend to breed a Grammarian, or a Logician, but a complete Gentleman, let us leave them to throw away their Time at their own Fancy: Our Business lies elsewhere. Let but our Pupil be well furnish'd with Things, Words will follow but too fast; he will pull them after him, if they do not voluntarily follow. I have observ'd some to make Excuses, that they cannot express themselves, and pretend to have their Fancies full of a great many very fine Things, which yet, for want of Elocution, they cannot utter; a mere Shift and nothing else. Will you know what I think of it? I think they are nothing but Shadows of some imperfect Images and Conceptions that they know not what to make of within, nor consequently bring them out: They do not yet themselves understand what they would be at, and if you but observe how they haggle and stammer upon the Point of Parturition, you will soon conclude, that their Labour is not to Delivery, but about Conception, and that they are but licking their formless Embryo. For my Part, I hold, and *Socrates* is positive in it, That whoever has in his Mind a sprightly and clear Imagination, he will express it well enough in one Kind or another, and though he were dumb, by Signs.

Verbaque prævisam rem non invita sequentur.*

When once a Thing conceiv'd is in the Wit,
Words soon present themselves to utter it.

And as another as poetically says in Prose, *cum Res Animum occupaverit, Verba ambiunt* †. *When Things are once form'd in the Fancy, Words offer themselves in Muster:* And this other, *ipsæ res Verba rapiunt* ‖. *The Things themselves force Words to express them.* He knows nothing of Ablative, Conjunctive, Substantive, or Gram-

* *Hor. de Arte Poetic.* † *Seneca.* ‖ *Cicero de fin. l. 3.*
2 mar,

mar, no more than his Lacquey, or a Fifth-wife of the *Petit-Pont*; and these yet will give you a Belly full of Talk, if you will hear them, and peradventure shall trip as little in their Language, as the best Masters of Art in *France*. He knows no Rhetorick, nor how in a Preface to bribe the Benevolence of the courteous Reader; neither does he care, nor is it very necessary he should know it. Indeed all this Decoration of Painting is easily obscur'd and put down by the Lustre of a simple and blunt Truth; these fine Flourishes serve only to amuse the Vulgar, of themselves incapable of more solid and nutritive Diet, as *Afer* does very evidently demonstrate in *Tacitus*. The Ambassadors of *Samos*, prepar'd with a long elegant Oration, came to *Cleomènes* King of *Sparta*, to incite him to a War against the Tyrant *Polycrates*, who after he had heard their Harangue with great Gravity and Patience, gave them this short Answer; As to the *Exordium*, I remember it not, nor consequently the Middle of your Speech, but for what concerns your Conclusion, I will not do what you desire: A very pretty Answer this, methinks, and a Pack of learned Orators no doubt most sweetly confounded. And what did this other say? The *Athenians* were to chuse one of two Architects for a Surveyor to a very great Building they had design'd, of which, the first, a pert affected Fellow, offer'd his Service in a long premeditated Discourse upon the Subject, and by his Oratory inclin'd the Voices of the People in his Favour; but the other in three Words, Lords of *Athens*, *All that this Man hath said, I will do*. When *Cicero* was in the Height and Heat of his Eloquence, many were struck with Admiration; but *Cato* did only laugh at it, saying, *We have a pleasant Consul*. Let it go before, or come after, a good Sentence, or a Thing well said, is always in Season, if it neither suit well with what went before, nor has any very good Coherence with what follows after, it is however good in itself. I am none of those who think that good Rhyme makes a good Poem. Let him make short long, and long short if it will, 'tis no great Matter; if there be Invention, and that the Wit and Judgment have well perform'd their Offices, I will say here's a good Poet, but an ill Rhymer.

Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus *.

* *Hor. ser. lib. Stat. 4.*

His Fancy's rich, his Sense is clear
In Verse, though he has no good Ear.

Let a Man, says *Horace*, divest his Work of all Ornaments
and Measure.

*Tempora certa, modosque, & quod prius ordine verbum est,
Posterius faciat, præponens ultima primis,
Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetæ :*

Let Tense and Mood, and Words be all misplac'd,
Those last that should be first, those first the last,
Though all Things be thus shuffled out of Frame,
You'll yet a Poem find in † Anagram.

He will never the more forfeit his Praise, for that the very
Pieces will be fine by themselves. *Menander's* Answer had
this Meaning, who being reprov'd by a Friend, the Time
drawing on at which he had precisely promis'd a Comedy
that he had not yet fall'n in Hand with it, It is made and rea-
dy, said he, all to the Verses. Having contriv'd the Subject,
and dispos'd the Scenes in his Fancy, he took little Care for
the rest. Since *Ronsard* and *Du Bellay* have given Reputa-
tion to our *French* Poesy, every little Dabbler, for ought I
see, swells his Words as high, and makes his Cadences very
near as harmonious as they. *Plus sonat, quam valet* * ;
There were never so many Poetasters as now ; but though they
find it no hard Matter to rhyme as musically as they, they
yet fall infinitely short of imitating the brave Descriptions
of the one, and the curious Invention of the other. But
what will become of our young Gentleman, if he be at-
tack'd with the Sophistick Subtilty of some Syllogism ? A
Westphalia Ham makes a Man drink, Drink quenches
Thirst ; therefore a *Westphalia* Ham quenches Thirst. Why
let him laugh at it, and it will be more Discretion to do so,
than to go about to answer it ; or let him borrow this plea-
sant Evasion from *Aristippus*, Why should I trouble myself
to untie that, which, bound as it is, gives me so much
Trouble ? One offering at this dialectick Juggling against
Cleanthes, *Chrysippus* took him short, saying, Reserve these

† According to that of *Dr. Donne*, *D. of St. Paul's*.
* *Seneca*, *Epist.* 40.

Baubles to play with Children, and do not by such Fooleries divert the serious Thoughts of a Man of Years. If these ridiculous Subtilties, *contorta*, & *aculeata Sophismata* *, as *Cicero* calls them, are design'd to possess him with an Untruth, they are then dangerous; but if they signify no more than only to make him laugh, I do not see why they should be so considerable, that a Man need to be fortified against them. There are some so ridiculous, as to go a Mile out of their Way to hook in a fine Word: *Aut qui non verba rebus aptant, sed res arcessunt, quibus verba convenient* †; Who do not fit Words to the Subject, but seek out Things quite from the Purpose, to fit those Words they are so enamour'd of. And, as another says, *Qui alicujus verbi decore placentis vocentur ad id, quod non proposuerant scribere* ‖; Who by their Fondness of some fine sounding Word, are tempted to something they had no Intention to treat of. I, for my Part, rather bring in a fine Sentence by Head and Shoulders to fit my Purpose, than divert my Designs to hunt after a Sentence. On the contrary, Words are to serve, and to follow a Man's Purpose; and let *Gascon* come in Play where *French* will not do. I would have Things so exceed, and wholly possess the Imagination of him that hears, that he should have something else to do, than to think of Words. The Way of Speaking that I love is natural and plain, as well in Writing as Speaking, and a finewy and significant Way of expressing a Man's self, short and pithy, and not so elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement.

Hæc demum sapiet dictio, quæ feriet ‡.

Most Weight and Wisdom does that Language bear,
Does pierce and captivate the Hearer's Ear.

Rather hard than harsh, free from Affectation; irregular, incontiguous, and bold, where every Piece makes up an entire Body; not like a Pedant, a Preacher, or a Pleader, but rather a Soldier-like Stile, as *Suetonius* calls that of *Julius Cæsar*; and yet I see no Reason why he should call it so. I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent Garb, which is yet observable among the Young-Men of

* *Cicero Acad. l. 4.* † *Quin. l. 8.* ‖ *Seneca, Epist. 59.*

‡ *Epist. Lucan.*

our Time, to wear my Cloak on one Shoulder, my Bonnet on one Side, and one Stocking in something more Disorder than the other, which seems to express a kind of manly Disdain of those exotick Ornaments, and a Contempt of Art; but I find that Negligence of much better Use in the Form of Speaking. All Affectation, particularly in the French Gaiety and Freedom, is ungraceful in a Courtier, and in a Monarchy every Gentleman ought to be fashion'd according to the Court Model; for which Reason, an easy and natural Negligence does well. I no more like a Web where the Knots and Seams are to be seen, than a fine Proportion, so delicate, that a Man may tell all the Bones and Veins. *Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incompōsita sit, & simplex. Quis accuratè loquitur, nisi qui vult putidè loqui *?* Let the Language that is dedicated to Truth be plain and unaffected. For who studies to speak quaintly and accurately, that does not at the same Time design to perplex his Auditory. That Eloquence prejudices the Subject it would advance, that wholly attracts us to itself. And as in our outward Habit, 'tis a ridiculous Effeminacy to distinguish ourselves by a particular and unpractis'd Garb or Fashion, so in Language, to study new Phrases, and to affect Words that are not of current Use, proceeds from a Childish and Scholastick Ambition. Shall I be bound to speak no other Language than what is spoken in the Courts of Paris? *Aristophanes* the Grammarian was a little out, when he reprehended *Epicurus* for this plain Way of delivering himself, the End and Design of his Oratory being only Perspicuity of Speech, and to be understood. The Imitation of Words by it's own Facility, immediately disperses itself thorough a whole People: But the Imitation of inventing, and fitly applying those Words, is of a slower Progress. The Generality of Readers, for having found a like Robe, very mistakingly imagine they have the same Body and Inside too, whereas Force and Sinews are never to be borrowed, the Gloss and outward Ornament, that is, Words and Elocution, may in most of those I converse with, speak the same Language I here write; but whether they think the

* *Seneca, Epist. 40.*

same Thoughts I cannot say. The *Athenians* (says *Plato*) are observed to study Length and Elegancy of Speaking; the *Lacedæmonians* to affect Brevity; and those of *Crete* to aim more at the Fecundity of Conception than the Fertility of Speech, and these are the best. *Zenon* us'd to say that he had two Sorts of Disciples, one that he call'd φιλολόγους, curious to learn Things, and these were his Favourites; the other, λογοφίλους, that cared for nothing but Words. Not that fine Speaking is not a very good and commendable Quality; but not so excellent and so necessary as some would make it; and I am scandaliz'd that our whole Life should be spent in nothing else. I would first understand my own Language, and that of my Neighbours with whom most of my Business and Conversation lyes. No doubt but *Greek* and *Latin* are very great Ornaments, and of very great Use, but we buy them too dear: I will hear discover one Way, which also has been experimented in my own Person, by which they are to be had better cheap, and such may make Use of it as will. My Father having made the most precise Enquiry that any Man could possibly make amongst Men of the greatest Learning and Judgment, of an exact Method of Education, was by them caution'd of the Inconvenience then in Use, and made to believe, that the tedious Time we apply'd to the learning of the Languages of those People who had them for nothing, was the sole Cause we could not arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge with the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: I do not however believe that to be the only Cause: But the Expedient my Father found out for this, was, that in my Infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the Care of a *German*, who since died a famous Physician in *France*, totally ignorant of our Language, but very fluent and a great Critick in *Latin*. This Man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own Country, and whom he entertain'd with a very great Salary for this only End, had me continually in his Arms: To whom there were also join'd two others of the same Nation, but of inferior Learning to attend me, and sometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the rest of his Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither himself, nor my Mother, Man, nor Maid, should speak any thing,

in my Company, but such *Latin* Words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an Advantage this prov'd to the whole Family ; my Father and my Mother, by this Means learning *Latin* enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a Degree, as was sufficient for any necessary Use ; as also those of the Servants did, who were most frequent with me. To be short, we did *Latin* it at such a Rate, that it overflowed to all the neighbouring Villages, where there yet remain, that have establish'd themselves by Custom, several *Latin* Appellations of Artizans, and their Tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above six Years of Age before I understood either *French* or *Perigordin*, any more than *Arabic*, and without Art, Book, Grammar, or Precept, Whipping, or the Expence of a Tear, had by that Time learn'd to speak as pure *Latin* as my Master himself. If (for Example) they were to give me a Theme after the College Fashion, they gave it to others in *French*, but to me, they were of Necessity to give it in the worst *Latin*, to turn it into that which was pure and good ; and *Nicholas Grouchi*, who writ a Book *de Comitibus Romanorum* ; *William Guirentes*, who has writ a Comment upon *Aristotle* ; *George Buchanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet, and *Marcus Antonius Muretus*, (whom both *France* and *Italy* have acknowledg'd for the best Orator of his Time) my domestick Tutors, have all of them often told me, that I had in my Infancy that Language so very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into Discourse with me ; and particularly *Buchanan*, whom I since saw attending the late *Mareschal de Brissac*, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatise of Education, the Example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then Tutor to that Count *de Brissac*, who afterwards prov'd so valiant and so brave a Gentleman. As to *Greek*, of which I have but little Smattering, my Father also design'd to have taught it me by a Trick ; but a new one, and by way of Sport ; tossing out Declensions to and fro, after the Manner of those, who by certain Games, at Tables, and Chesse, learn Geometry and Arithmetick : For he, amongst other Rules, had been advis'd to make me relish Science and Duty by an unforc'd Will, and of my own voluntary Motion, and to educate my
Soul

Soul in all Liberty and Delight, without any Severity or Constraint. Which also he was an Observer of to such a Degree even of Superstition, if I may say so, that some being of Opinion, it did trouble and disturb the Brains of Children suddenly to wake them in the Morning, and to snatch them violently and over-hastily from Sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly envolved than we) he only caused me to be waked by the Sound of some musical Instrument, and was never unprovided of a Musician for that Purpose; by which Example you may judge of the rest, this alone being sufficient to recommend both the Prudence and Affection of so good a Father; who therefore is not to be blamed if he did not reap the Fruits answerable to so exquisite a Culture; of which, two Things were the Cause: *First*, a Steril and improper Soil: For though I was of a strong and healthful Constitution, and of a Disposition tolerably sweet and tractable; yet I was withal so heavy, idle, and indisposed, that they could not rouze me from this Stupidity to any Exercise of Recreation, nor get me out to play. What I saw, I saw clear enough, and under this lazy Complexion, nourished a bold Imagination, and Opinions above my Age. I had a slothful Wit, that would go no faster than it was led, a slow Understanding, a languishing Invention, and after all, an incredible Defect of Memory; so that it is no Wonder, if from all these nothing considerable can be extracted. *Secondly*, (like those, who, impatient of a long and steady Cure, submit to all Sorts of Prescriptions and Receipts) the good Man being extremely timorous of any Way failing in a Thing he had so wholly set his Heart upon, suffered himself at last to be over-ruled by the common Opinion, and complying with the Method of the Time, having no longer those Persons he had brought out of *Italy*, and who had given him the first Model of Education, about him, he sent me at six Years of Age to the College of *Guienne*, at that time the most flourishing in *France*. And there it was not possible to add any Thing to the Care he had to provide me the most able Tutors, with all other Circumstances of Education, reserving also several particular Rules contrary to the College Practice; but so it was, that with all these Precautions, it was a College still. My *Latin* immediately grew corrupt, of which also by Discontinuance I have since lost all Manner of Use: So that this new

2

Way

Way of Institution served me to no other End, than only at my first coming to prefer me to the first Forms: For at thirteen Years old, that I came out of the College, I had run through my whole Course, (as they call it) and, in Truth, without any Manner of Improvement, that I can honestly brag of, in all this Time. The first Thing that gave me any Taste of Books, was the Pleasure I took in Reading the Fables of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, and with them I was so taken, that being but seven or eight Years old, I would steal from all other Divertisements to read them, both by Reason that this was my own natural Language, the easiest Book that I was acquainted with, and for the Subject, the most accommodated to the Capacity of my Age: For as for *Lancelot du Lake*, *Amadis de Gaule*, *Huon of Bourdeaux*, and such Trumpery, which Children are most delighted with, I had never so much as heard their Names, no more than I yet know what they contain; so exact was the Discipline wherein I was brought up. But this was enough to make me neglect the other Lessons prescribed me; and here it was infinitely to my Advantage, to have to do with an understanding Tutor, who very well knew discreetly to connive at this and other Truantries of the same Nature; for by this Means, I ran through *Virgil's Aeneids*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, and some *Italian* Comedies, allured by the Softness and Pleasure of the Subject; whereas, had he been so foolish as to have taken me off this Diversion, I do really believe I had brought nothing away from the College but a Hatred of Books, as almost all our young Gentlemen do; but he carried himself very discreetly in that Business, seeming to take no Notice, and allowing me only such Time as I could steal from my other regular and yet moderate Studies, which whetted my Appetite to devour those Books I was naturally so much in Love with before. For the chief Things my Father expected from their Endeavour to whom he had delivered me for Education, was Affability of Manners and good Humour; and, to say the Truth, mine had no other Vice but Sloth and Want of Mettle. There was no Fear that I would do ill, but that I would do nothing; No-body suspected that I would be wicked, but useless; they foresaw an Idleness, but no Malice in my Nature; and I find it falls out accordingly. The Complaints I hear of myself

self are these, he is idle, cold in the Offices of Friendship and Relation, and remiss in those of the Publick ; he is too particular, he is too proud : But the most injurious do not say, Why has he taken such a Thing ? Why has he not paid such a one ? But why does he part with nothing ? Why does he not give ? And I should take it for a Favour that Men would expect from me no greater Effects of Supererrogation than these. But they are unjust to exact from me what I do not owe ; and in condemning me to it, they efface the Gratification of the Act, and deprive me of the Gratitude that would be due to me upon such a Bounty ; whereas the active Benefit ought to be of so much the greater Value from my Hands ; by how much I am not passive that Way at all. I can the more freely dispose of my Fortune, the more it is mine, and of myself the more I am my own. Nevertheless, if I were good at setting out my own Actions, I could peradventure very well repel these Reproaches, and could give some to understand, that they are not so much offended, that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do. Yet for all this heavy Disposition of mine, my Mind, when retired into itself, was not altogether idle, nor wholly deprived of solid Inquisition, nor of certain and infallible Results about those Objects it could comprehend, and could also without any Helps digest them ; but amongst other Things, I do really believe, it had been totally impossible to have made it to submit by Violence and Force. Shall I here acquaint you with one Faculty of my Youth ? I had great Boldness and Assurance of Countenance, and to that a Flexibility of Voice and Gesture to any Part I undertook to act.

*Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus *.*

For the next Year to my eleventh had
Me but a very few Days older made.

When I played the chiefest Parts in the *Latin* Tragedies of *Buchanan*, *Guerent*, and *Muretus*, that were presented in our College of *Guienne*, with very great Applause ; wherein *Andreas Goveanus*, our Principal, as in all other Parts of his

* *Virg. Bucol. 8.*

Undertaking, was, without Comparifon, the beft of that Employment in *France* ; and I was looked upon as one of the chief Actors. 'Tis an Exercife that I do not difapprove in young People of Condition, and have fince feen our Princes, by the Example of the Ancients, in Perfon handfomly and commendably perform thefe Exercifes ; and it was moreover allowed to Perfons of the greateft Quality to profefs, and make a Trade of it in *Greece*. *Aristoni Tragico actori rem aperet : Huic & genus, & fortuna honefta erant : Nec Ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori eft ea deformabat* *. He imparted this Affair to *Aristo the Tragedian*, a Man of a good Family and Fortune, which, nevertheless, did neither of them receive any Blemifh by that Profefſion ; nothing of that Kind being reputed a Difparagement in *Greece*. Nay, I have always taxed thoſe with Impertinence, who condemn thefe Entertainments, and with Injuſtice thoſe who refuſe to admit ſuch Comedians as are worth ſeeing into the good Towns, and grudge the People that publick Diverſion. Well-govern'd Corporations take Care to aſſemble their Citizens, not only to the ſolemn Duties of Devotion, but alſo to Sports and Spectacles. They find Society and Friendſhip augmented by it ; and beſides, can there poſſibly be allowed a more orderly and regular Diverſion, than what is performed in the Sight of every one, and very often in the Preſence of the ſupreme Magiſtrate himſelf ? And I, for my Part, ſhould think it reaſonable, that the Prince ſhould ſometimes gratify his People at his own Expence ; and that in great and popular Cities there might be Theatres erected for ſuch Entertainments, if but to divert them from worſe and more private Actions. But to return to my Subject, there is nothing like alluring the Appetite and Affection, otherwiſe you make nothing but ſo many Affes loaden with Books, and by Virtue of the Laſh, give them their Pocket full of Learning to keep ; whereas, to do well, you ſhould not only lodge it with them, but make them eſpouſe it.

* *Lib. l. 6. 26.*



C H A P. XXVI.

*That it is Folly to measure Truth and Error by
our own Capacity.*

'TIS not perhaps without Reason, that we attribute Facility of Belief and Easiness of Persuasion to Simplicity and Ignorance, and I have heard Belief compared to the Impression of a Seal stamp'd upon the Soul, which, by how much softer and of less Resistance it is, is the more easy to be imposed upon. *Ut necesse est lancem in libra ponderibus impositis, de primis sic animum perspicuis cedere; As the Scale of the Balance must give Way to the Weight that presses it down, so the Mind must of Necessity yield to Demonstration:* And by how much the Soul is more empty, and without Counterpoise, with so much greater Facility it dips under the Weight of the first Persuasion. And this is the Reason that Children, the common People, Women, and sick Folks, are most apt to be led by the Ears. But then, on the other Side, 'tis a very great Presumption, to slight and condemn all Things for false that do not appear to us likely to be true; which is the ordinary Vice of such as fancy themselves wiser than their Neighbours. I was myself once one of those; and if I heard Talk of dead Folks walking, of Prophecies, Enchantments, Witchcraft, or any other Story, I had no Mind to believe,

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala.*

Dreams, magick Terrors, Wonders, Sorceries,
Hobgoblins, or *Thessalian* Prodigies.

I presently pitied the poor People that were abused by these Follies; whereas I now find, that I myself was to be pitied as much at least as they; not that Experience has taught me any Thing to convince my former Opinion, though my Curiosity has endeavoured that Way; but Reason has instructed me, that thus resolutely to condemn any Thing for false and impossible,

impossible, is arrogantly and impiously to circumscribe and limit the Will of God, and the Power of Nature, within the Bounds of my own Capacity, than which no Folly can be greater. If we give the Names of Monster and Miracle to every Thing our Reason cannot comprehend, how many are continually presented before our Eyes? Let us but consider through what Clouds, and as it were groping in the Dark, our Teachers lead us to the Knowledge of most of the Things we apply our Studies to, and we shall find that it is rather Custom than Knowledge that takes away the Wonder, and renders them easy and familiar to us.

— *Jam nemo cessus saturusque videndi,
Suscipere in Cœli dignatur lucida Tempa* *.

Already glutted with the Sight, now none
Heaven's lucid Temples deigns to look upon.

And that if those Things were now newly presented to us, we should think them as strange and incredible, if not more than any others.

— *Si nunc primum mortalibus adsint
Ex improviso, seu sint objecta repente,
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes* †.

Where Things are suddenly, and by Surprise
Just now objected new to mortal Eyes,
At nothing could they be astonish'd more,
Nor less than what they so admir'd before.

He that had never seen a River, imagined the first he met with to be the Sea, and the greatest Things that have fallen within our Knowledge, we conclude the Extremes that Nature makes of the Kind.

*Scilicet & fluvius qui non est maximus, ei est
Qui non ante aliquem majorem vidit & ingens;
Arbor homoque videtur, & omnia de genere omni
Maxime quæ vidit quisque, hæc ingentia fingit* ‡.

A little River unto him does seem,
That bigger never saw, a mighty Stream :

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

† *Id. Ibid.*

‡ *Id. Ibid.*

A Tree,

A Tree, a Man ; any Thing seems to his View
O'th' Kind the greatest, that ne'er greater knew.

Consuetudine Oculorum, assuescunt animi, neque admiranter, neque requirunt rationes earum rerum, quas semper vident *. Things grow familiar to Men's Minds by being often seen ; so that they neither admire, nor are inquisitive into Things they daily see. The Novelty, rather than the Greatness of Things, tempts us to enquire into their Causes. But we are to judge with more Reverence, and with greater Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance and Infirmary of this infinite Power of Nature. How many unlikely Things are there testified by People of very good Repute, which if we cannot persuade ourselves absolutely to believe, we ought at least to leave them in Suspence? For, to conclude them impossible, is by a temerarious Presumption to pretend to know the utmost Bounds of Possibility. Did we rightly understand the Difference betwixt impossible, betwixt extraordinary, and what is contrary to the common Opinion of Men, in believing rashly, and on the other Side, in being not too incredulous, we should then observe the Rule of *Ne quid nimis*, enjoined by *Chilo*. When we find in *Froissard*, that the Count de Foix knew in *Bearn* the Defeat of John King of *Castile*, at *Juberoth*, the next Day after, and the Means by which he tells us he came to do so, we may be allowed to be a little merry at it, as also at what our Annals report, that Pope *Honorius*, the same Day that King *Philip Augustus* died at *Mant* — performed his publick Obsequies at *Rome*, and commanded the like throughout all *Italy*; the Testimony of these Authors not being perhaps of Authority enough to restrain us. But what if *Plutarch*, besides several Examples that he produces out of Antiquity, tells us, he is assured by certain Knowledge, that in the Time of *Domitian*, the News of the Battle lost by *Antonius* in *Germany*, was published at *Rome*, many Days Journey from thence, and dispersed throughout the whole World, the same Day it was fought : And if *Caesar* was of Opinion, that it has often happened, that the Report has preceded the Accident ; shall we not say, that these simple

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.*

People have suffered themselves to be deceived with the Vulgar, for not having been so clear-lighted as we? Is there any Thing more delicate, more clear, more sprightly than *Pliny's* Judgment, when he is pleased to set it to work? Any Thing more remote from Vanity? Setting aside his Learning, of which I make less Account, in which of these do any of us excel him? And yet there is scarce a puiſne Sophiſter that does not convince him of Untruth, and that pretends not to inſtruct him in the Progreſs of the Works of Nature: When we read in *Bouchet* the Miracles of St. *Hilary's* Relicks; away with it, his Authority is not ſufficient to bear us the Liberty of contradicting him: But generally to condemn all ſuch like Stories, ſeems to me an Impudence of the worſt Character. The great St. *Auguſtine* profeſſes himſelf to have ſeen a blind Child recover Sight upon the Relick of St. *Gervafe*; and St. *Protafus* at *Milan*, a Woman at *Carthage* cured of a Cancer, by the Sign of a Croſs made upon her by a Woman newly baptized; *Heſperius*, a familiar Friend of his, to have driven away the Spirits that haunted his Houſe, with a little Earth of the Sepulchre of our Lord; which Earth being alſo tranſported thence into the Church, a Paralytick to have there been ſuddenly cured by it; a Woman in Proceſſion, having touched St. *Stephen's* Shrine with a Noſegay, and after rubbing her Eyes with it, to have recovered her Sight loſt many Years before; with ſeveral other Miracles, of which he profeſſes himſelf to have been an Eye-Witneſs. Of what ſhall we accuſe him and the two holy Biſhops, *Aurelius* and *Maximinus*, both which he attests to the Truth of theſe Things? Shall it be of Ignorance, Simplicity, and Facility; or of Malice or Impoſture? Is any Man now living ſo impudent, as to think himſelf comparable to them, either in *Virtue*, *Piety*, *Learning*, *Judgment*, or any Kind of *Perfection*? *Qui ut Rationem nullam afferent, ipſa Authoritate me frangerent* *. Who, though they ſhould give me no Reaſon for what they affirm, would yet convince me with their Authority. 'Tis a Preſumption of great Danger and Conſequence, beſides the abſurd Temerity it draws after it, to contemn what we do not comprehend. For after that, according to your fine

* *Cicero* 2, de *Div.* l. 2.

Understanding,

Understanding, you have establish'd the Limits of Truth and Error, and that afterwards there appears a Necessity upon you of believing stranger Things than those you have contradicted, you are already oblig'd to quit your Hold, and to acquiesce. That which seems to me so much to disorder our Consciences in the Commotions we are now in concerning Religion, is the Catholicks dispensing so much with their Belief; they fancy they appear moderate and wise, when they grant to the *Huguenots* some of the Articles in Question; but besides that, they do not discern what Advantage it is to those with whom we contend, to begin to give Ground, and to retire, and how much this animates our Enemy to follow his Blow: These Articles which they insist upon as Things indifferent, are sometimes of very great Importance, and dangerous Consequence. We are either wholly and absolutely to submit ourselves to the Authority of our ecclesiastical Polity, or totally throw off all Obedience to it. 'Tis not for us to determine what and how much Obedience we owe to it, and this I can say, as having myself made Trial of it, that having formerly taken the Liberty of my own Swing and Fancy, and omitted or neglected certain Rules of the Discipline of our Church, which seem'd to me vain, and of no Foundation; coming afterwards to discourse it with learned Men, I have found those very Things to be built upon very good and solid Ground, and strong Foundation; and that nothing but Brutality and Ignorance make us receive them with less Reverence than the rest: Why do we not consider what Contradictions we find in our own Judgments, how many Things were Yesterday Articles of our Faith, that To-day appear no other than Fables? Glory and Curiosity are the Scourges of the Soul; of which, the last prompts us to thrust our Noses into every Thing, and the other forbids us to leave any Thing doubtful and undecided.



C H A P. XXVII.

Of Friendship.

HAVING considered the Fancy of a Painter I have that serves me, I had a Mind to imitate his Way ; for he chooses the fairest Place, and Middle of any Wall, or Pannel of Wainscot, wherein to draw a Picture which he finishes with his utmost Care and Art, and the Vacuity about it he fills with *Grotesque* ; which are odd fantastick Figures, without any Grace, but what they derive from their Variety, and the Extravagancy of their Shapes. And in Truth, what are these Things I scribble, other than *Grotesques*, and monstrous Bodies, made of dissenting Parts, without any certain Figure, or any other than accidental Order, Coherence, or Proportion ?

*Definit in piscem mulier formosa superne *.*

That a fair Woman's Face above doth show ;
But in a Fish's Tail doth end below.

In the second Part I go Hand in Hand with my Painter, but fall very short of him in the first, and the better, my Power of handling not being such, that I dare to offer at a brave Piece, finely painted, and set off according to Art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of *Esiennio de Boitic*, and such a one as shall honour and adorn all the rest of my Work, namely, a Discourse that he called, *The voluntary Servitude*, a Piece writ in his younger Years, by way of Essay, in Honour of Liberty against Tyrants, and which has since run through the Hands of several Men of great Learning and Judgment, not without singular, and merited Commendation, for it is finely writ, and as full as any Thing can possibly be : Though a Man may confidently say, it is far short of what he is able to do ; and if in that more mature Age, wherein I had the Happiness

* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

to know him, he had taken a Design like this of mine, to commit his Thoughts to Writing, we should have seen a great many rare Things, and such as would have gone very near to have rivall'd the best Writings of Antiquity: For in natural Parts especially, I know no Man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, save this Treatise only, (and that too by Chance, for I believe he never saw it after it first went out of his Hands) and some Observations upon that Edict of *January*, made famous by our Civil Wars, which also shall elsewhere peradventure find a Place. These were all I could recover of his Remains; I, to whom, with so affectionate a Remembrance, upon his Death-bed, he by his last Will bequeath'd his Library and Papers, the little Book of his Works only excepted, which I committed to the Press. And this particular Obligation I have to this Treatise of his, that it was the Occasion of my first coming acquainted with him; for it was shew'd to me long before I had the good Fortune to know him, and gave me the first Knowledge of his Name; proving so the first Cause and Foundation of a Friendship, which he afterward improv'd, and maintain'd so long as God was pleas'd to continue us together, so perfect, inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in Story, and amongst the Men of this Age, there is no Sign nor Trace of any such Thing in Use; so much Concurrence is requir'd to the Building of such a one, that 'tis much if Fortune bring it but once to pass in three Ages. There is nothing to which Nature seems so much to have inclin'd as to Society; and *Aristotle* says, that the good *Legislators* had more Respect to Friendship, than to Justice. Now the most supreme Point of it's Perfection is this: For generally all those that Pleasure, Profit, publick, or private Interest, create and nourish, are so much the less generous, and so much the less Friendships, by how much they mix another Cause and Design, than simple, and pure Friendship itself. Neither do the four ancient Kinds, Natural, Sociable, Hospitable and Venerean, either separately or jointly make up a true and perfect Friendship. That of Children to Parents is rather Respect: Friendship being nourish'd by Communication, which cannot, by Reason of the great Disparity betwixt them; but

Perfect Friendship, what.

would rather perhaps violate the Duties of Nature ; for neither are all the secret Thoughts of Fathers fit to be communicated to Children, lest it beget an indecent Familiarity betwixt them ; neither can the Advices and Reproofs which is one of the principal Offices of Friendship, be properly perform'd by the Son to the Father. There are some Countries, where 'tis the Custom for Children to kill their Fathers ; and others where the Fathers kill their Children, to avoid being sometimes an Impediment to one another in their Designs ; and moreover, the Expectation of the one does naturally depend upon the Ruin of the other. There have been great Philosophers who have made nothing of this Tie of Nature ; as *Aristippus* for one, who being prest home about the Affection he ow'd to his Children, as being come out of him, presently fell to spit, saying, that that also came out of him, and that he did also breed Worms and Lice ; and that other, that *Plutarch* endeavour'd to reconcile to his Brother, I make never the more Account of him, said he, for coming out of the same Place. This Name of Brother does indeed carry with it an amicable and affectionate Sound, and for that Reason, he and I call'd Brothers : But the Complication of Interest, the Division of Estates, and that the raising of the one should be the undoing of the other, does strangely unnerve and slacken this fraternal Tie : And Brothers pursuing their Fortune and Advancement by the same Path, 'tis hardly possible, but they must of Necessity often jostle and hinder one another. Besides, why is it necessary that the Correspondence of Manners, Parts and Inclinations, which beget these true and perfect Friendships, should always meet and concur in these Relations. The Father and the Son may be of quite contrary Humours, and Brothers without any Manner of Sympathy in their Natures. He is my Son, he is my Brother, or he and I are Cousin-Germans ; but he is passionate, Ill-natur'd, or a Fool. And moreover, by how much these are Friendships, that the Law, and natural Obligation, impose upon us ; so much less is there of our own Choice, and voluntary Freedom. Whereas that voluntary Liberty of ours, has nothing but that of Affection and Friendship, properly it's own. Not that I have not in my own Person experimented all can possibly be expected of that Kind, having had the best and most indulgent Father,
even

even to an extreme old Age, that ever was, and who was himself descended from a Family, for many Generations famous and exemplary for brotherly Concord :

— Et ipse
*Notus in fratres animi Paterni **

And he himself noted the rest above,
Towards his Brothers for paternal Love.

We are not here to bring the Love we bear to Women, though it be an Act of our own Choice, into Comparison ; nor rank it with the others ; the Fire of which, I confess,

(*Neque enim est Dea nescia nostri
Quæ dulcem curis, miscet amaritiam †.*)

(Nor is my Goddess ign'rant what I am,
Who pleasing Sorrows mixes with my Flame.)

is more active, more eager, and more sharp ; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving, and inconstant : A Fever subject to Intermission, and Paroxysms, that has seiz'd but on one Part, one Corner of the Building ; whereas in Friendship, 'tis a general and universal Fire, but temperate and equal, a constant establish'd Heat, all easy and smooth, without Poinancy or Roughness. Moreover, in Love 'tis no other than frantick Desire, to that which flies from us.

*Com segue la lepre ill cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al litto :
Ne piu l'estima poi, che presa vede,
Et sol dietro à chi fugge affretta il piede ‡.*

Like Hunters that the flying Hare pursue
O'er Hill and Dale, through Heat, and Morning Dew,
Which being ta'en, the Quarry they despise,
Being only pleas'd in following that which flies.

So soon as ever they enter into Terms of Friendship, that is to say, into a Concurrence of Desires, it vanishes, and is gone, Fruition destroys it, as having only a fleshly End, and such a one as is subject to Satiety. Friendship on the contrary, is enjoy'd proportionably, as it is desir'd, and only grows up, is nourish'd and improves by Enjoyment,

* *Horat. l. 2. Ode 2.* † *Catullus.* ‡ *Ariosto. Canto. 10.*

as being of itself spiritual, and the Soul growing still more perfect by Practice. Under, and subsellious to this perfect Friendship, I cannot deny, but that the other vain Affections have in my younger Years found some Place in my Thoughts, that I may say nothing of him, who himself confesses but too much in his Verses: So that I had both these Passions, but always so, that I could myself well enough distinguish them, and never in any Degree of Comparison with one another. The first maintaining it's Flight in so lofty and so brave a Place, as with Disdain to look down, and see the other flying at a far humbler Pitch below. As concerning Marriage, besides, that it is a Covenant, the Entrance into which is only free, but the Continuance in it forc'd and compell'd, having another Dependance than that of our own Free-will, and a Bargain commonly contracted to other Ends, there almost always happens a thousand Intricacies in it to unravel, enough to break the Thread, and to divert the Current of a lively Affection: Whereas Friendship has no Manner of Business or Traffick with any but itself. Moreover, to say Truth, the ordinary Talent of Women, is not such, as is sufficient to maintain the Conference and Communication requir'd, to the Support of this Conjugal Tie; nor do they appear to be endu'd with Constancy of Mind, to endure the Pinch of so hard and durable a Knot. And doubtless if without this there could be such a free and voluntary Familiarity contracted, where not only the Souls might have this entire Fruition, but the Bodies also might share in the Alliance, and a Man be engag'd throughout, the Friendship would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without Example, that this Sex could ever arrive at such Perfection, and by the ancient Schools is wholly reject'd; as also that other *Grecian* Licence is justly abhorr'd by our Manners; which also for having, according to their Practice, a so necessary Disparity of Age, and Difference of Offices betwixt the Lovers, hold no more Proportion with the perfect Union and Harmony that we here require, than the other. *Quis est enim iste amor amicitiae? Cur neque deformem adolescentem quisquam amat, neque formosum senem?** For what is the Love of Friendship? Why does no one love a deform'd Youth, or a comely old Man? Neither will that

* Cicero lib. 4.

very Picture that the Academy presents of it, as I conceive, contradict me, when I say, that the first Fury inspir'd by the Son of *Venus* into the Heart of the Lover, upon the Sight of the Flower, and Prime of a springing and blossoming Youth, to whom they allow all the Insolencies and passionate Attempts that an immoderate Ardour can produce, was simply founded upon an external Beauty, the false Image of corporal Generation; for upon the Soul it could not ground this Love, the Sight of which, as yet lay conceal'd, was but now springing, and not of Maturity to blossom. Which Fury, if it seiz'd upon a mean Courage, the Means by which he prefer'd his Suit, were rich Presents, Favour in Advancement to Dignities, and such Trumpery, which they by no Means approve: If on a more generous Soul, the Pursuit was suitably generous, by philosophical Instructions, Precepts to revere Religion, to obey the Laws, to die for the Good of his Country; by Examples of Valour, Prudence and Justice, the Lover studying to render himself acceptable by the Grace and Beauty of his Soul, that of his Body being long since faded and decay'd, hoping by this mutual Society to establish a more firm and lasting Contract. When this Courtship came to affect in due Season, (for that which they do not require in the Lover, namely, Leisure and Discretion in his Pursuit, they strictly require in the Person lov'd; forasmuch as he is to judge of an internal Beauty, of difficult Knowledge, and obscure Discovery) then there sprung in the Person lov'd the Desire of a spiritual Conception, by the Mediation of a spiritual Beauty. This was the Principal; the corporeal, accidental, and second Causes, are all the wrong Side of the Lover. For this Reason they prefer the Person belov'd, maintaining, that the Gods in like Manner prefer him too, and very much blame the Poet *Æschylus*, for having, in the Loves of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, given the Lover's Part to *Achilles*, who was in the first Flower and Pubescency of his Youth, and the handsomest of all the *Greeks*. After this general Familiarity, and mutual Community of Thoughts, is once settled, supposing the Sovereign and most worthy Part to preside and govern, and to perform it's proper Offices, they say, that from thence great Utility is deriv'd, both to private and publick Concerns, that the Force and Power of Countries receiv'd their Beginning from thence, and that it was the chiefest Security of Li-

berty and Justice. Of which, the salutiferous Loves of *Harmodus* and *Aristogiton* is a good Instance; and therefore it is, that they call'd it sacred and divine, and do conceive, that nothing but the Violence of Tyrants, and the Baseness of the common People, is mimical to it: Finally, all that can be said in Favour of the Academy, is, that it was a Love which ended in Friendship; which also well enough agrees with the Stoical Definition of Love. *Amorem conatum esse amicitiae faciendae ex pulchritudinis specie* †. That Love is a Desire of contracting Friendship by the Beauty of the Object. I return to my own more just and true Description. *Omnino amicitiae, corroboratis jam confirmatis ingeniis, & aetatibus, judicandae sunt* *. Those are only to be reputed Friendships, that are fortified and confirmed by Judgment, and Length of Time. For the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some Design, by Means of which, there happens some little Intercourse betwixt our Souls: But in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one Piece, with so universal a Mixture, that there is no more Sign of the Seam by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a Reason why I lov'd him; I find it could no otherwise be express'd, than by making Answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal Power that brought on this Union, We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in Reason, mere Reports should do, I think by some secret Appoinment of Heaven, we embrac'd in our Names; and at our first Meeting, which was accidentally at a great City Entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt ourselves, that from thence-forward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent *Latin* Satyr, which I since printed, wherein he excuses the Precipitation of our Intelligence, so suddenly come to Perfection, saying, that being to have so short Continuance, as being begun so late, (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the

† *Cicero lib. 4.** *Cicero Amic.*

older) there was no Time to lose; nor was tied to conform itself to the Example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many Precautions of a long preliminary Conversation. This has no other *Idea*, than that of itself: This is no one particular Consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a Thousand: 'Tis I know not what Quintessence of all this Mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose itself in his; and that having seized his whole Will, brought it back with equal Concurrence and Appetite, to plunge and lose itself in mine. I may truly say lose, reserving nothing to ourselves, that was either his or mine. When *Laelius*, in the Presence of the *Roman* Consuls (who, after they had sentenced *Tiberius Gracchus*, prosecuted all those who had any Familiarity with him also) came to ask *Cajus Blossus* (who was his chiefest Friend and Confident) how much he would have done for him? And that he made Answer, All Things. How! All Things! said *Laelius*: And what if he had commanded you to fire our Temples? He would never have commanded me that, replied *Blossus*: But what if he had? said *Laelius*. Why, if he had, I would have obey'd, said the other. If he was so perfect a Friend to *Gracchus*, as the Histories report him to have been, there was yet no Necessity of offending the Consuls by such a bold Confession, though he might still have retained the Assurance he had of *Gracchus's* Disposition. However, those who accuse this Answer as seditious, do not well understand the Mystery; nor presuppose, as it was true, that he had *Gracchus's* Will in his Sleeve, both by the Power of a Friend, and the perfect Knowledge he had of the Man. They were more Friends than Citizens, and more Friends to one another than either Friends or Enemies to their Country, or than Friends to Ambition and Innovation. Having absolutely given up themselves to one another, either held absolutely the Reins of the other's Inclination, which also they govern'd by Virtue, and guided by the Conduct of Reason, (which also without these, it had not been possible to do) and therefore *Blossus's* Answer was such as it ought to be. If either of their Actions flew out of the Handle, they were neither (according to my Measure of Friendship) Friends to one another, nor to themselves. As to the rest, this Answer carries no worse Sound than mine would do to one that should ask me, If your Will should command you to kill your Daughter,

Daughter, would you do it? And that I should make Answer, that I would, for this expresses no Consent to such an Act, forasmuch as I do not in the least suspect my own Will, and as little that of such a Friend. 'Tis not in the Power of all the Eloquence in the World, to dispossess me of the Certainty I have of the Intentions and Resolutions of mine; nay, no one Action of his, what Face soever it might bear, could be presented to me, of which I could not presently, and at first Sight, find out the moving Cause: Our Souls have drawn so unanimously together, and we have with so mutual a Confidence laid open the very Bottom of our Hearts to one another's View, that I not only know his as well as my own, but should certainly, in any Concern of mine, have trusted my Interest much more willingly with him than with myself. Let no one therefore rank other common Friendship with such a one as this. I have had as much Experience of these, as another, and of the most perfect of their Kind: But I do not advise, that any should confound the Rules of the one and the other; for they would then find themselves much deceived. In those other ordinary Friendships, you are to walk with a Bridle in your Hand, with Prudence and Circumspection, for in them the Knot is not so sure, that a Man may not half suspect it will slip: Love him (*said Chilo*) so, as if you were one Day to hate him; and hate him so, as you were one Day to love him. A Precept, that though abominable in the sovereign and perfect Friendship which I intend, is nevertheless very sound, as to the Practice of the ordinary ones, now in Fashion, and to which the Saying that *Aristotle* had so frequent in his Mouth, *O my Friends, there is no Friend*, may very fitly be applied. And this glorious Commerce of good Offices, Presents and Benefits, by which other Friendships are supported and maintained, do not deserve so much as to be mentioned here; and is by this Concurrence and Consent of Wills, totally taken away, and rendered of no Use; as the Kindness I have for myself receives no Increase, for any thing I relieve myself withal in Time of Need, (whatever the *Stoicks* say) and as I do not find myself obliged to myself, for any Service I do myself: So the Union of such Friends, being really perfect, deprives them of all Acknowledgment of such Duties, and makes them loath and banish from their Conversation these Words of Diversion, Distinction, Benefit,

Benefit, Obligation, Entreaty, Thanks, and the like : All Things, Wills, Thoughts, Opinions, Goods, Wives, Children, Honours, and Lives, being in Effect common betwixt them, and that absolute Concurrence of Affections being no other than one Soul in two Bodies, (according to that very proper Definition of *Aristotle*) they can neither lend nor give any thing to one another. This is the Reason why the Law-givers, to honour Marriage with some imaginary Resemblance of this divine Alliance, interdict all Gifts betwixt Man and Wife ; inferring by that, that all should belong to each of them, and that they have nothing to divide, or to give. If, in the Friendship of which I speak, one could give to the other, the Receiver of the Benefit would be the Man that obliged his Friend ; for each of them contending, and above all Things, studying how to be useful to one another, he that administers the Occasion, is the liberal Man, in giving his Friend the Satisfaction of doing that towards him, which above all Things he does most desire. When the Philosopher *Dio- genes* wanted Money, he used to say, that he redemanded it of his Friends, not that he demanded it ; and to let you see the effectual Practice of this, I will here produce an ancient and a rare Example ; *Eudamidas*, a *Corinthian*, had two Friends, *Charixenus* a *Syconian*, and *Aretheus* a *Corinthian* ; this Man coming to die, being poor, and his two Friends rich, he made his Will after this Manner, I bequeath to *Aretheus* the Maintainance of my Mother, to support and provide for her in her old Age, and to *Charixenus* I bequeath the Care of marrying my Daughter, and to give her as good a Portion as he is able ; and in Case one of these chance to die, I hereby substitute the Survivor in his Place. They who first saw this Will, made themselves very merry at the Contents ; but the Executors being made acquainted with it, accepted the Legacies with very great Content ; and one of them, *Charixenus*, dying within five Days after, and *Aretheus* by that Means having the Charge of both devolved solely to him, he nourished that old Woman with very great Care and Tenderneſs, and of five Talents he had in Estate, he gave two and an half in Marriage with an only Daughter he had of his own, and two and an half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the ſame Day ſolemnized both their Nuptials. This Example is very full, if one thing were

were not to be objected, namely, the Multitude of Friends: For the perfect Friendship I speak of, is indivisible, every one gives himself so entirely to his Friend, that he has nothing left to distribute to others: But, on the contrary, is sorry, that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many Souls, and many Wills, to confer them all upon this one Subject. Common Friendships will admit of Division, one may love the Beauty of this, the good Humour of that Person, the Liberty of a third, the paternal Affection of a fourth, the fraternal Love of a fifth, and so of the rest. But this Friendship that possesses the whole Soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute Sovereignty, can possibly admit of no Rival. If two at the same time should call to you for Succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary Offices, how could you serve them both? Should one commit a Thing to your Secrecy, that it were of Importance to the other to know, how would you disingage yourself? A singular and particular Friendship disunites and dissolves all other Obligations whatsoever. The Secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other, I may without Perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself. 'Tis Miracle enough certainly, for a Man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extreme, that has it's like; and who shall presuppose, that of two, I love one as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them; does multiply in Friendship, the most single and united of all Things, and wherein movever, one alone, is the hardest Thing in the World to find. The remaining Part of this Story suits very well with what I said before; for *Eudamidas*, as a Bounty and Favour, bequeaths to his Friends a Legacy of employing themselves in his Necessity; he leaves them Heirs to this Liberality of his, which consists in giving them the Opportunity of conferring a Benefit upon him, and doubtless the Force of Friendship is more eminently apparent in this Act of his, than in that of *Aretheus*. In short, these are Effects not to be imagined nor comprehended by such as have no Experience of them, and which make me infinitely honour and admire the Answer of that young Soldier to *Cyrus*, by whom being asked how much he would take for a Horse, with which he had won the Prize of a Course, and whether he would exchange him

him for a Kingdom? No, truly, Sir, said he, but I would give him with all my Heart, to find a true Friend, could I find out any Man worthy of that Relation. He did not say ill in saying, could I find, for though a Man may almost every where meet with Men sufficiently qualified for a superficial Acquaintance; yet in this, where a Man is to deal from the very Bottom of his Heart, without any Manner of Reservation, it will be requisite, that all the Wards and Springs be neatly and truly wrought, and perfectly sure. In Leagues that hold but by one End, we are only to provide against the Imperfections that particularly concern that End. It can be of no Importance to me, of what Religion my Physician or my Lawyer is, provided the one be a good Lawyer, and the other a good Physician; this Consideration hath nothing in common with the Offices of Friendship, and I am of the same Indifferency in the domestick Acquaintance my Servants must necessarily contract with me; I never enquire when I am to take a Footman, if he be chaste, but if he be diligent; and am not solicitous, if my Chairman be given to Gaming, as if he be strong and able, or if my Cook be a Swearer, or a good Cook. I do not however take upon me to direct what other Men should do in the Government of their Families, there are enow that meddle enough with that; but only give an Account of my Method in my own.

Mibi sic usus est: Tibi, ut opus est facto, face.*

This has my Practice been; but thou may'st do,
What thy Affairs or Fancy prompt thee to.

In Table-talk, I prefer the Pleasant and Witty before the Learned and the Grave: In Bed, Beauty before Modesty; and in common Discourse, Eloquence, whether or no there be Sincerity in that Case. And, as he that was found astride upon a Hobby-Horse, playing with his Children, entreated the Person who had surprized him in that Posture, to say nothing of it, till himself came to be a Father, supposing that the Fondness that would then possess his own Soul, would render him a more equal Judge of such an Action: So I also could wish to speak to such as have had Experience of what I say; though, knowing

* Terence Heaut. Act. 1. Scen. 1.

how remote a Thing such a Friendship is from the common Practice, and how rarely such are to be found, I despair of meeting with any one qualified to such a Degree of Competency. For even these Discourses left us by Antiquity upon this Subject, seem to me flat and low, in Comparison of the Sense I have of it, and in this Particular, the Effects surpass the very Precepts of Philosophy.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico *.

I nothing to myself can recommend,
Like the Delight of a facetious Friend.

The ancient *Menander* declared him to be happy that had the good Fortune to meet with but the Shadow of a Friend; and doubtless he had good Reason to say so, especially if he spoke by Experience: For, in good Earnest, if I compare all the rest of my Life; though, Thanks be to God, I have always passed my Time pleasantly enough, and at my Ease; and the Loss of such a Friend excepted, free from any grievous Affliction, and in great Tranquillity of Mind, having been contented with my natural and original Conveniencies, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four Years I had the Happiness to enjoy the sweet Society of this excellent Man, 'tis nothing but Smoke, but an obscure and tedious Night, from the Day that I lost him.

*Quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebo* †.

Which ever till I step into my Grave,
I shall in sad, but kind Remembrance have,

I have only led a sorrowful and languishing Life; and the very Pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering any thing of Consolation, double my Affliction for his Loss. We were Halves throughout, and to that Degree; that, methinks, by out-living him, I defraud him of his Part.

*Nec jus esse ulla me voluptate hic frui
Decrevi, tantisper dum ille abest meus particeps* †.

* *Horat. l. 1. Sat. 5.*

† *Virg. Æn. 1. 5.*

‡ *Terence Heaut. Act. 1. Sc. 1.*

And this against myself I have decreed,
Nothing of Pleasure shall my Fancy feel,
Since he is gone, for ever gone alas!
Who in all Joys my dear Co-partner was.

I was so accustomed to be always his Second in all
Places, and in all Interests too, that, methinks, I am no
more than half a Man, and have but half a Being.

*Illum meæ si partem animæ tulit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec charius æque nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Duxit ruinam*.*

Since that half of my Soul was snatch'd away
By riper Age, why does the other stay?
Which now's not dear, nor truly does survive
That Day our double Ruin did contrive.

There is no Action or Imagination of mine, wherein I do
not want them: I know that his Advice and Assistance
would be useful to me: For as he surpassed me by infinite
Degrees in Virtue and all other Accomplishments, so he
also did in all Offices of Friendship.

*Quis desiderio si pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis †.*

A moderate Mourning were a Scandal here,
Where I lament a Friend so truly dear.

*O misero, frater adempte, mihi!
Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
Quæ tuus in vita, dulcis alebat amor,
Tu mea, tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,
Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta anima.
Cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi.
Alloquor? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem?
Nunquam ego te vita, frater amabilior,
Aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo †.*

Ah! Brother, what a Life did I commence,
From that sad Day that thou were ravish'd hence!

* Horat. l. 12. Ode 4. † Ibid. l. 1. Ode 1. ‡ Catullus.
Those

Those Joys are gone; which whilst thou tarriedst here
 By thy sweet Conversation nourish'd were:
 With thee, when dying, my good Fortune fled,
 And in thy Grave my Soul was buried.
 The Muses at thy Funerals I forsook,
 And of thy Joy my Leave for ever took.
 Dearer than Life, am I so wretched then,
 Never to see, nor speak to thee agen,
 Nor hear thy Voice, now frozen up by Death?
 Yet will I love thee to my latest Breath.

But let us hear a little Boy of sixteen speak.

In this Place I did once intend to have inserted those Memoirs upon that famous Edict of January; but being I since find that they are already printed, and with a malicious Design, by some who make it their Business to molest, and endeavour to subvert the State of our Government, not caring whether they mend and reform it or no; and that they have confounded this Writing of his with others of their own Leaven, I desist from that Purpose: But that the Memory of the Father may not be interested, nor suffer with such as could not come near Hand to be acquainted with his Principles; I here give them truly to understand, that it was writ by him in his very green Years, and that by Way of Exercise only, as a common Theme that has been tumbled and tossed by a thousand Writers. I make no Question, but that he himself believed what he writ, being so conscientious that Way, that he would not so much as lie in jest: And do moreover know, that could it have been in his own Choice, he would rather have been born at Venice, than at Soarlac, and he had Reason: But he had another Maxim sovereignly imprinted in his Soul, very religiously to obey, and submit to the Laws under which he was born. There never was a better Citizen, nor a Man more affectionate to his Country; neither was there ever a greater Enemy to all the Com-motions and Innovations of his Time: So that he would, without Doubt, much rather have employed his Talent to the extinguishing of those civil Flames, than have added any Fuel to them: For he had a Mind framed to the Model of better Ages. But in Exchange of this serious Piece, I will present you with another of a more gay and frolick Air, from the same Hand, and writ at the same Age.

THE END of the FIRST PART.



ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seig^r. de Montaigne.

BOOK I. PART II.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Nine and twenty Sonnets of Estienne de la Boëtie, to Madam de Grammont, Countess of Guiffon.



ADAM, I offer your Ladyship nothing of mine, either because it is already yours, or because I find nothing in my Writings worthy of you: But I have a great Desire that these Verses, into what Part of the World soever they may travel, may carry your Name in the Front, for the Honour will accrue to them, by having the great *Corisanda de Andonis* for their safe Conduct: I conceive this Present, Madam, so much the more proper for you, both by Reason there are few Ladies in *France*, who are so good Judges of Poetry, and make so good Use of it as you do;

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do; as also that there is none who can give it that Spirit and Life your Ladyship does, by that incomparable Voice Nature has added to your other Perfections; you will find, Madam, that these Verses deserve your Esteem, and will, I dare say, concur with me in this, that *Gascony* never yielded more Invention, finer Expression, or any that more evidently shew themselves to have flowed from a masterly Hand: Be not jealous then that you have but the Remainder of what I published some Years since, under the Name of *Monsieur de Foix*, your brave Kinsman; for certainly these have something in them more spritely and luxuriant, as being writ in a greener Youth, and enflamed with that noble Ardour which I will tell your Ladyship in your Ear. The other were writ since, when he was a Suitor in the Honour of his Wife, already relishing I know not what matrimonial Coldness: And for my Part, I am of the same Opinion with those who hold, that Poesy appears no where so gay, as in a wanton and irregular Subject.

These nine and twenty Sonnets that were inserted here, are since printed with his other Works.



C H A P. XXIX.

Of Moderation.

AS if we had an infectious Touch, we, by our Manner of Handling, corrupt Things that in themselves are laudable and good: We may grasp Virtue so hard, 'till it becomes vicious, if we embrace it too streight, and with too violent a Desire. Those who say, there is never any Excess in Virtue, forasmuch as it is no Virtue, when it once becomes Excess, only play upon Words.

*Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam*.*

* *Horace l. 1. Epist. 6.*

The Wise for Mad, the Just for Unjust pass,
When more than needs, ev'n Virtue they embrace.

This is a subtle Consideration in Philosophy. A Man may both be too much in Love with Virtue, and be excessive in a just Action. Holy Writ agrees with this, *Be not wiser than you should*; but be soberly wise. I * have known a great Man prejudice the Opinion Men had of his Devotion by pretending to be devout beyond all Examples of others of his Condition. I love temperate and moderate Nature. An immoderate Zeal, even to that which is good, though it does not offend, does astonish me, and puts me to study what Name to give it. Neither the Mother of *Pausanias*, who was the first Impeacher of her Son, and threw the first Stone towards his Death; nor *Posthumus* the Dictator, who put his Son to Death, whom the Ardour of Youth had fortunately pusht upon the Enemy a little more advanced than the rest of his Squadron, appear to me altogether as strange; and I should neither advise, nor like to follow, a Virtue so savage in itself, and that costs so dear. The Archer that shoots over misses as well as he that falls short, and 'tis equally troublesome to my Sight, to look up at a great Light, and to look down into a dark Abyss. *Calicles* in *Plato* says, That the Extremity of Philosophy is hurtful, and advises not to dive into it beyond the Limits of Profit; that taken moderately, it is pleasant and useful; but that in the End, it renders a Man brutish and vicious; a Contemner of Religion and the common Laws; an Enemy to civil Conversation, and all human Pleasures; incapable of all publick Administration; unfit either to assist others, or to relieve himself; and a fit Object for all Sorts of Injuries and Affronts, without Remedy or Satisfaction: He says true, for in it's Excess, it enslaves our natural Freedom, and by an impertinent Subtilty, leads us out of the fair and beaten Way that Nature has plained out for us. The Love we bear to our Wives is very lawful, and yet Theology thinks fit to curb and restrain it. As I remember, I have read in one Place of *St. Thomas of Aquin*, where he condemns Marriage within any of the forbidden Degrees,

* 'Tis like he means Henry the third of France.

Degrees, for this Reason, amongst others, that there is some Danger, lest the Friendship a Man bears to such a Woman should be immoderate; for if the conjugal Affection be full and perfect betwixt them, as ought to be, and that it be over and above surcharged with that of Kindred too, there is no Doubt but such an Addition will carry the Husband beyond the Bounds of Reason. Those Sciences that regulate the Manners of Men, Divinity and Philosophy, will have a Saying to every Thing. There is no Action so private that can escape their Inspection and Jurisdiction, but they are best taught, who are best able to censure and curb their own Liberty. 'Tis the Women that expose their Nudities over freely, upon the Account of Pleasure, though in the Necessities of Physick and Chirurgery, they are most shy and more reserved. I will therefore, in their Behalf, teach the Husbands, that is, such as are too extravagant and sensual in the Exercise of the matrimonial Duty, this Lesson, that the very Pleasures they enjoy in the Society of their Wives, are reproachable, if immoderate, and that a licentious and riotous Abuse of them, are Faults, as reproveable here, as illegitimate and adulterous Practices. Those immodest and debauched Tricks and Postures, that the first Ardour suggests to us in this Affair, are not only indecently but inconveniently practised upon our Wives. Let them at least learn Impudency from another Hand; they are always ready enough for our Business, and I, for my Part, always went the plain Way to work. Marriage is a solemn and religious Tie, and therefore the Pleasure we extract from thence should be a sober and serious Delight, and mixt with a certain Kind of Gravity; it should be a Kind of discreet and conscientious Pleasure. And being that the chief End of it is Generation, some make a Question whether, when Men are out of Hopes of that Fruit, as when their Wives are superannuated or already with Child, it be lawful to lye with them. 'Tis Homicide, according to *Plato*, and certain Nations (the *Mahometan* amongst others) abominate all Conjunction with Women with Child, and others also, with those who are unclean. *Zenobia* would never admit her Husband for more than one Encounter, after which she left him to his own Swing for the whole Time of her Conception, and not 'till after that, would any more receive

recieve him : A brave Example of conjugal Continency. It was doubtless from some lascivious Poet, and one that himself was in great Distress for a little of this Sport, that *Plato* borrowed this Story ; that *Jupiter* was one Day so hot upon his Wife, that not having so much Patience, as 'till she could get to the Couch, he threw her upon the Floor, where the Vehemency of Pleasure made him forget the great and important Resolutions he had but newly taken with the rest of the Gods, in his cœlestial Council ; and to brag, that he had had as good a Bout as when he got her Maidenhead unknown to her Parents. The Kings of *Persia* were wont to invite their Wives to the Beginning of their Festivals ; but when the Wine began to work in good Earnest, and that they were to give the Reins to Pleasure, they sent them back to their private Apartment, that they might not participate of their immoderate Lust, sending for other Women in their Stead, with whom they were not obliged to so great a Decorum of Respect. All Pleasures, and all Sorts of Gratifications, are not properly and fitly conferred upon all Sorts of Persons. *Epaminondas* had committed a young Man for certain Debauches ; for whom *Pelopidas* mediated, that at his Request he might be set at Liberty, which, notwithstanding the great Understanding betwixt them, *Epaminondas* resolutely denied to him, but granted it at the first Word to a Wench of his, who made the same Intercession ; saying, that it was a Gratification fit for such a one as she, but not for a Captain. *Sophocles* being joint Prætor with *Pericles*, seeing accidentally a fine Boy pass by, O ! what a delicate Boy is that, said he : Ay, that were a Prize, answered *Pericles*, for any other than a Prætor, who ought not only to have his Hands, but his Eyes chaste. *Elius Verus* the Emperor, answered his Wife, who reproached him with his Love to other Women, That he did it upon a conscientious Account, inasmuch as Marriage was a Name of Honour and Dignity, not of wanton and lascivious Desire. And our Ecclesiastical History preserves the Memory of that Woman in great Veneration, who parted from her Husband, because she would not comply with his indecent and inordinate Desire. In fine, there is no so just and lawful Pleasure, wherein the Intemperance and Excess is not to be condemned. But to speak the Truth, is not Man a most miserable Creature the while ? It is scarce, by his natural Condition, in

his Power to taste one Pleasure pure and entire ; and yet he must be contriving Doctrines and Precepts, to curtail that little he has ; he is not yet wretched enough unless by Art and Study he augments his own Misery.

Fortunæ miseras auximus arte vias *.

We with Misfortune 'gainst ourselves take Part,
And our own Miseries encrease by Art.

Human Wisdom makes as ill Use of her Talent, when she exercises it in rescinding from the Number and Sweetness of those Pleasures that are naturally our Due, as she employs it favourably and well, in artificially disguising and tricking out the Ills of Life, to alleviate the Sense of them. Had I ruled the Roast, I should have taken another, and more natural Course, which, to say the Truth, is both commodious and sacred, and should, peradventure, have been able to have limited it too. Notwithstanding that both our spiritual and corporal Physicians, as by Compact betwixt themselves, can find no other Way to cure, nor other Remedy for the Infirmities of the Body and the Soul, than what is oft-times worse than the Disease, by tormenting us more, and by adding to our Misery and Pain. To this End Watchings, Fastings, Hair-shirts, remote and solitary Banishments, perpetual Imprisonments, Whips, and other Afflictions, have been introduced amongst Men : But so, that they should carry a Sting with them, and be real Afflictions indeed ; and not fall out so as it once did to one *Gallio*, who having been sent an Exile into the Isle of *Lesbos*, News was not long after brought to *Rome*, that he there lived as merrily as the Day was long ; and that what had been enjoined him for a Penance turned to his greatest Pleasure and Satisfaction : Whereupon the Senate thought fit to recal him home to his Wife and Family, and confine him to his own House, to accommodate their Punishment to his Feeling and Apprehension. For to him whom Fasting would make more healthful and more spritely, and to him to whose Palate Fish was more acceptable than Flesh, it would

* *Propert. l. 3. Ele. 6.*

be no proper nor sanative Receipt ; no more than in the other Sort of Physick, where the Drugs have no Effect upon him who swallows them with Appetite and Pleasure. The Bitterness of the Potion, and the Abhorrence of the Patient, are necessary Circumstances to the Operation. The Nature that would eat Rhubarb like butter'd Turnips, would frustrate the Use and Virtue of it ; it must be something to trouble and disturb the Stomach, that must purge and cure it : And here the common Rule, that Things are cured by their Contraries, fails ; for in this, one ill is cured by another. This Belief a little resembles that other so ancient one, of thinking to gratify the Gods and Nature by Self-murder ; an Opinion universally once received in all Religions, and to this Day retained in some. For in these latter Times wherein our Fathers lived, *Amurath*, at the taking of an *Isthmus*, immolated six Hundred young *Greeks* to his Father's Soul, in the Nature of a propitiatory Sacrifice for the Sins of the Deceased. And in those new Countries discovered in this Age of ours, which are pure, and Virgins yet, in Comparison of ours, this Practice is in some Measure every where received. All their Idols reek with human Blood, not without various Examples of horrid Cruelty. Some they burn alive, and half broiled take them off the Coals to tear out their Hearts and Entrails ; others even Women they flea alive, and with their bloody Skins clothe and disguise others. Neither are we without great Examples of Constancy and Resolution in this Affair : The poor Souls that are to be sacrificed, old Men, Women, and Children, going some Days before to beg Alms for the Offering of their Sacrifice, and so singing and dancing, present themselves to the Slaughter. The Ambassadors of the King of *Mexico*, setting out to *Fernando Cortez* the Power and Greatness of their Master, after having told him that he had thirty Vassals, of which each was able to raise an hundred Thousand fighting Men, and that he kept his Court in the fairest and best fortified City under the Sun, added at last, that he was obliged yearly to offer the Gods fifty Thousand Men. And it is confidently affirmed, that he maintained a continual War with some potent neighbouring Nations, not only to keep the young Men in Exercise, but principally, to have wherewithal to furnish his Sacrifices with his Prisoners of War. At a certain Town in another

Place, for the Welcome of the said *Cortez*, they sacrificed fifty Men at once. I will tell you this one Tale more, and I have done; some of these People being beaten by him, sent to compliment him, and to treat with him of a Peace, whose Messengers carried him three Sorts of Presents, which they presented in these Terms: Behold, Lord, here are five Slaves, if thou art a furious God that feedst upon Flesh and Blood, eat these, and we will bring thee more; if thou art an affable God, behold here Incense and Feathers; but if thou art a Man, take these Fowls and these Fruits that we have brought thee.



C H A P. XXX.

Of Cannibals.

WHEN *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus* invaded *Italy*, having viewed and considered the Order of the Army the *Romans* sent out to meet him; I know not, said he, what Kind of *Barbarians* (for so the *Greeks* called all other Nations) these may be; but the Discipline of this Army that I see has nothing of Barbarity in it. As much said the *Greeks* of that which *Flaminius* brought into their Country; and *Philip* beholding, from an Eminence, the Order and the Disposition of the *Roman* Camp, led into his Kingdom by *Publius Sulpitius Galba*, spake to the same Effect. By which it appears, how cautious Men ought to be, of taking Things upon Trust from vulgar Opinion, and that we are to judge by the Eye of Reason, and not from common Report. I have long had a Man in my House, that lived ten or twelve Years in the new World discovered in these latter Days, and in that Part of it where *Velegaignon* landed, which he called *Antartick France*. This Discovery of so vast a Country seems to be of very great Consideration; and we are not sure, that hereafter there may not be another, so many wiser Men than we having been deceived in this. I am afraid our Eyes are bigger than our Bellies, and that we have more Curiosity than

Capacity ; for we grasp at all, but catch nothing but Air. *Plato* brings in *Solon*, telling a Story that he had heard from the Priests of *Sais* in *Ægypt*, that of old, and before the Deluge, there was a great Island call'd *Atlantis*, situate directly at the Mouth of the Streight of *Gibraltar*, which contain'd more Ground than both *Africk* and *Asia* put together ; and that the Kings of that Country, who not only possess that Isle, but extended their Dominion so far into the Continent, that they had a Country as large as *Africk* to *Ægypt*, and as long as *Europe* to *Tuscany*, attempted to encroach even upon *Asia*, and to subjugate all the Nations that border upon the Mediterranean Sea, as far as the Gulph of *Mare Maggiore* ; and to that Effect over-ran all *Spain*, the *Gauls*, and *Italy*, so far as to penetrate into *Greece*, where the *Athenians* stopt the Torrent of their Arms : But some Time after, both the *Athenians*, they, and their Island, were swallowed by the Flood.

It is very likely, that this violent Irruption and Inundation of Water made a wonderful Change, and strange Alteration in the Habitations of the Earth : As 'tis said that the Sea then divided *Sicily* from *Italy* ;

*Hæc locarum quondam, & vasta convulsa ruina,
Diffiluiffe ferunt : cum protinus utraque tellus,
Una foret *.*

'Tis said those Places by the o'erbearing Flood,
Too great and violent to be withstood,
Split, and was thus from one another rent,
Which were before one solid Continent.

Cyprus from *Syria* ; the Isle of *Negropont* from the firm Land of *Bæotia* ; and elsewhere, united Lands that were separate before, by filling up the Channel betwixt them with Sand and Mud ;

—*Sterilesque diu palus, aptaque remis
Ficinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum †.*

* *Virg. Æn. l. 3.* † *Horat. in Art. Poet.*

Where sterile remigable Marthes now
Feed neighb'ring Cities and admit the Plough.

But there is no great Appearance, that this Isle was this new World so lately discover'd : For that almost touch'd upon *Spain*, and it were an incredible Effect of an Inundation, to have tumbled so prodigious a Mass above twelve hundred Leagues : Besides that, our modern Navigators have already almost discover'd it to be no Island, but firm Land, and Continent, with the *East-Indies* on the one Side, and with the Land under the two Poles on two others ; or if it be separated from them, 'tis by so narrow a Streight and so inconsiderable a Channel, that it never the more deserves the Name of an Island for that. It should seem, that in this great Body, there are two Sorts of Motions, the one natural, and the other febrifick, as there are in ours. When I consider the Impression that our River of *Dordogne* has made in my Time, on the right Bank of it's Descent, and that in twenty Years it has gain'd so much, and undermin'd the Foundation of so many Houses, I perceive it to be an extraordinary Agitation : For had it always follow'd this Course, or were hereafter to do it, the Prospect of the World would be totally chang'd. But Rivers alter their Course, sometimes beating against the one Side, and sometimes the other ; and sometimes quietly keeping the Channel ; I do not speak of sudden Inundations, the Causes of which every Body understands. In *Medoc*, by the Sea-shore, the *Sieur d'Arzac*, my Brother, sees an Estate, he had there buried under the Sands which the Sea vomits before it ; where the Tops of some Houses are yet to be seen, and where his Rents and Revenues are converted into pitiful barren Pasturage : The Inhabitants of which Place affirm, That of late Years the Sea has driven so vehemently upon them, that they have lost above four Leagues of Land : These Sands are her Harbingers. And we now see great Heaps of moving Sand, that march half a League before her.

The other Testimony from Antiquity, to which some would apply this Discovery of the new World, is in *Aristotle* ; at least, if that little Book of unheard Miracles be his. He there tells us, That certain *Carthaginians*, having cross'd the *Atlantick* Sea without the Streight of *Gibraltar*, and sailed a very long Time, discover'd at last a great and fruitful

fruitful Island, all cover'd over with Wood, and water'd with several broad and deep Rivers; far remote from all firm Land, and that they, and others after them, allur'd by the Pleasantness and Fertility of the Soil, went thither with their Wives and Children, and began to plant a Colony: But the Senate of *Carthage*, visibly perceiving their People by little and little to grow thin, issu'd out an exprefs Prohibition, That no one, upon Pain of Death, should transport themselves thither; and also drove out these new Inhabitants; fearing, 'tis said, lest in Proceſs of Time, they should ſo multiply, as to ſupplant themſelves, and ruin their State. But this Relation of *Aristotle's* does no more agree with our new found Lands, than the other. This Man that I have is a plain ignorant Fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell Truth: For your better bred Sort of Men are much more curious in their Obſervation. 'Tis true, they diſcover a great deal more, but then they gloſs upon it, and to give the greater Weight to what they deliver, and allure your Belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the Story: They never repreſent Things to you ſimply as they are, but rather as they appear'd to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the Reputation of Men of Judgment, and the better to induce your Faith, are willing to help out the Buſineſs with ſomething more than is really true, of their own Invention. Now in this Caſe we ſhould either have a Man of irreproachable Veracity, or ſo ſimple, that he has not wherewithal to contrive and to give a Colour of Truth to falſe Relations, and that can have no Ends in forging an Untruth. Such a one is mine; and beſides, the little Suſpicion the Man lyes under, he has divers Times ſhewed me ſeveral Seamen and Merchants, that at the ſame Time went the ſame Voyage. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with his Information, without enquiring what the Coſmographers ſay to the Buſineſs. We ſhould have Maps to trace out to us the particular Places where they have been; but for having had this Advantage over us, to have ſeen the Holy Land, they would have the Privilege forſooth, to tell us Stories of all the other Parts of the World beſides. I would have every one write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only, but in all other Subjects: For ſuch a Perſon may have
ſome

some particular Knowledge and Experience of the Nature of such a River ; or such a Fountain, that as to other Things knows no more than what every Body does, and yet to keep a Clutter with this little Pittance of his, will undertake to write the whole Body of Physicks : A Vice from whence great Inconveniencies derive their Original.

Now, to return to my Subject, I find that there is nothing barbarous and savage in this Nation, by any Thing that I can gather, excepting, That every one gives the Title of Barbarity to every Thing that is not in Use in his own Country : As indeed we have no other Level of Truth and Reason, than the Example and Idea of the Opinions and Customs of the Place wherein we live. There is always the true Religion, there the perfect Government, and the most exact and accomplish'd Usance of all Things. They are Savages at the same Rate, that we say Fruits are wild, which Nature produces of herself, and by her own ordinary Progress ; whereas in Truth, we ought rather to call those wild, whose Natures we have chang'd by our Artifice, and diverted from the common Order. In those, the genuine, most useful and natural Virtues and Properties, are vigorous and spritely, which we have help'd to degenerate in these, by accommodating them to the Pleasure of our own corrupted Palate. And yet for all this, our Taste confesses a Flavour and Delicacy, excellent even to Emulation of the best of ours, in several Fruits those Countries abound with, without Art or Culture ; neither is it reasonable, that Art should gain the Pre-eminence of our great and powerful Mother, Nature. We have so oppress'd her with the additional Ornaments and Graces which we have added to the Beauty and Riches of our own Works by our Inventions, that we have almost smother'd and choak'd her ; and yet in other Places, where she shines in her own Purity, and proper Lustre, she strangely baffles and disgraces all our vain and frivolous Attempts.

*Et veniunt bederæ sponte sua melius,
Surgit & in solis formosior arbutus antris,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt **

* *Propeat. l. 1. Elec. 2.*

The Ivy best spontaneously does thrive,
Th' *Arbutus* best in shady Caves does live,
And Birds in their wild Notes their Throats do stretch
With greater Art, than Art itself can teach.

Our utmost Endeavours cannot arrive at so much as to imitate the Nest of the least of Birds, it's Contexture, Queintness and Convenience: Not so much as the Web of a contemptible Spider. All Things, says *Plato*, are produc'd either by Nature, by Fortune, or by Art; the greatest and most beautiful by the one, or the other of the former, the least and the most imperfect by the last. These Nations then seem to me to be so far barbarous, as having receiv'd but very little Form and Fashion from Art and human Invention, and consequently, not much remote from their original Simplicity. The Laws of Nature however govern them still, not as yet much vitiated with any Mixture of ours: But in such Purity, that I am sometimes troubled we were no sooner acquainted with these People, and that they were not discover'd in those better Times, when there were Men much more able to judge of them, than we are. I am sorry that *Lycurgus* and *Plato* had no Knowledge of them; for to my Apprehension, what we now see in those Natives, does not only surpass all the Images with which the Poets have adorn'd the Golden Age, and all their Inventions in feigning a happy State of Man; but moreover the Fancy, and even the Wish and Desire of Philosophy itself; so native, and so pure a Simplicity, as we by Experience see to be in them, could never enter into their Imagination, nor could they ever believe that human Society could have been maintain'd with so little Artifice; should I tell *Plato* that it is a Nation wherein there is no Manner of Traffick, no Knowledge of Letters, no Science of Numbers, no Name of Magistrate, nor politick Superiority; no use of Service, Riches or Poverty; no Contracts, no Successions, no Dividends, no Properties, no Employments, but those of Leisure; no Respect of Kindred, but common; no Clothing, no Agriculture, no Metal, no use of Corn or Wine; and where so much as the very Words that signify, Lying, Treachery, Dissimulation, Avarice, Envy, Detraction, and Pardon, were never heard of: How much would he
find

find his imaginary Republick short of his Perfection?

Hos natura modos primum dedit †.

These were the Manners first by Nature taught.

As to the rest, they live in a Country, beautiful and pleasant to a Miracle, and so temperate withal, as my Intelligence informs me, that 'tis very rare to hear of a sick Person; and they moreover assure me, that they never saw any of the Natives, either paralytick, blear-ey'd, toothless, or crooked with Age. The Situation of their Country is all along by the Sea-shore, and enclos'd on the other Side towards the Land, with great and high Mountains, having about an hundred Leagues in Breadth between. They have great Store of Fish and Flesh Meat that have no Resemblance to ours, which they eat without any other Cookery, than plain Boiling, Roasting, or Broiling. The first that carried a Horse thither, though in several other Voyages he had contracted an Acquaintance and Familiarity with them, put them into so terrible a Fright, that they kill'd him with their Arrows before they could come to discover who he was. Their Buildings are very long, and of Capacity to hold two or three hundred People, made of the Barks of tall Trees, rear'd with one End upon the Ground, and leaning to, and supporting one another, at the Top, like some of our Barns, of which the Covering hangs down to the very Ground, and serves for the side Walls. They have Wood so hard, that they cleave it into Swords, and make Grills of it to broil their Meat. Their Beds are of Cotton, hung swinging in the Roof, like our Seamen's Hammocks, for every one one, the Wives lying apart from their Husbands. They rise with the Sun, and so soon as they are up, eat for all Day; for they have no more Meals but that: They do not then drink, (as *Suidas* reports of some other People of the *East*, that never drink at their Meals) but drink very often all Day after, and sometimes to a rousing Pitch. Their Liquor is made of a certain Root, and is as red as our Claret; which they never drink but Luke-

* *Vig. Georg. 2.*

warm. It will keep above two or three Days, has a quick Taste, is nothing heady, but very comfortable to the Stomach, loosning to Strangers, and a very pleasant Beverage to such as are us'd to it. Instead of Bread, they make use of a certain white Matter, like *Coriander* Comfits; I have tasted of it, the Taste is sweet, and a little insipid. All the whole Day is spent in Dancing. Their young Men go a Hunting after wild Beasts with Bows and Arrows, and one part of their Women are employ'd in preparing their Drink the while, which is their chief Employment. There are some of their old Men, who in the Morning before they fall to Eating preach to the whole Family, as they walk to and fro from the one End of the House to the other, several Times repeating the same Sentence, 'till they have finish'd their Turn, (for their Houses are at least a hundred Yards long;) Valour towards their Enemies, and Love towards their Wives, are the two Heads of his Discourse, and he never fails in the Close, to put them in Mind that they have so much the greater Obligation to it, because they provide them their Drink warm, and well order'd. The Fashion of their Beds, Ropes, Swords, and Wooden Bracelets, which they tie about their Wrists, when they go to fight, and great Canes, boar'd hollow at one End, by the Sound of which they keep the Cadence of their Dances, are to be seen in several Places, and amongst others at my House. They shave all their hairy Parts, and much more neatly than we, without any other Razor than one of Wood, or of Stone. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and that those who have merited well of the Gods, are lodg'd in that Part of Heaven where the Sun rises; and the Accursed in the West. They have I know not what kind of Priests and Prophets, that very rarely present themselves to the People, having their Abode in the Mountains. At their Arrival there is a great Feast, and solemn Assembly of many Villages made: That is, all the neighbouring Families, for every House, as I have describ'd it, makes a Village, and are about a *French* League distant from one another. This Prophet declaims to them in Publick, exhorting them to Virtue, and their Duty: But all their Ethicks terminate in these two Articles, of Resolution in War, and Affection to their Wives. This also prophesies to them Events to come, and the Issues they

they are to expect from their Enterprizes, prompts them to, or diverts them from War : But let him look to't ; for if he fail in his Divination, and any Thing happen otherwise than he has foretold, he is cut into a thousand Pieces, if he be caught and condemn'd for a false Prophet ; and for that Reason, if any of them finds himself mistaken, he is no more to be heard of. Divination is a Gift of God, and therefore to abuse it ought to be a punishable Imposture. Amongst the *Scythians*, where their Diviners fail'd in the promis'd Effect, they were laid, bound Hand and Foot, upon Carts loaden with Furz and Bavins, and drawn with Oxen, on which they were burnt to Death. Such as only meddle with Things subject to the Conduct of human Capacity, are excusable in doing the best they can : But those other Sort of People that come to delude us, with Assurances of an extraordinary Faculty, beyond our Understanding, ought they not to be punish'd for the Temerity of their Imposture when they do not make good the Effect of their Promise ? They have continual War with the Nations that live farther within the main Land, beyond their Mountains, to which they go naked, and without other Arms than their Bows, and Wooden-Swords, fashioned at one End like the Head of a Javelin. The Obstinacy of their Battles is wonderful, and never end without great Effusion of Blood : For as to running away, they know not what it is. Every one for a Trophy brings home the Head of an Enemy he has kill'd, which he fixes over the Door of his House. After having a long Time treated their Prisoners very well, and given them all the Regalia's they can think of, he to whom the Prisoner belongs invites a great Assembly of his Kindred and Friends, who being come, he ties a Rope to one of the Arms of the Prisoner, of which at a Distance, out of his Reach, he holds the one End himself, and gives to the Friend he loves best, the other Arm, to hold after the same Manner ; which being done, they two, in the Presence of all the Assembly, dispatch him with their Swords. After that they roast him, eat him amongst them, and send some Chops to their absent Friends, which nevertheless they do not do, as some think, for Nourishment, as the *Scythians* anciently did, but as a Representation of an extreme Revenge ; as will immediately appear : Having observed the *Portuguese*,
who

who where in League with their Enemies to inflict another Sort of Death upon any of them they took Prisoners; which was, to set them up to the Girdle in the Earth, to shoot at the remaining Part 'till it was stuck full of Arrows, and then to hang them: They who thought those People of the other World, (as those who had sown the Knowledge of a great many Vices amongst their Neighbours and were much greater Masters in all kind of Mischief than they,) did not exercise this Sort of Revenge without Mystery, and that it must needs be more painful than theirs; and so began to leave their old Way, and to follow this. I am not sorry that we should here take Notice of the barbarous Horror of so cruel an Action, but grieved that seeing so clearly into their Faults, we should be so blind to our own: For I conceive, there is more Barbarity in eating a Man alive, than when he is dead; in tearing a Body Limb from Limb, by Racks and Torments, that is yet in perfect Sense, in roasting it by Degrees, causing it to be bit and worried by Dogs and Swine, (as we have not only read, but lately seen; not amongst inveterate and mortal Enemies, but Neighbours, and fellow Citizens, and which is worse, under Colour of Piety and Religion,) than to roast and eat him after he is dead. *Chrysippus*, and *Zeno*, the two Heads of the Stoical Sect, were of Opinion, that there was no Hurt in making Use of our dead Carcasses, in what Kind soever, for our Necessity, and in feeding upon them too; as our Ancestors, who being besieg'd by *Cæsar* in the City of *Alexia*, resolv'd to sustain the Famine of the Siege with the Bodies of their old Men, Women, and other Persons, who were incapable of bearing Arms.

*Vascones (fama est) alimentis talibus usi,
Produxere animas*.*

'Tis said the *Gascons* with such Meats as these,
In Time of Siege their Hunger did appease.

And the Physicians make no Difficulty of employing
it to all Sorts of Use, that is, either to apply it outwardly,

* *Juvenal Sat. 15.*

or to give it inwardly for the Health of the Patient : But there never was any Opinion so irregular, as to excuse Treachery, Disloyalty, Tyranny and Cruelty, which are our familiar Vices. We may then call these People barbarous, in respect to the Rules of Reason : But not in respect to ourselves, who in all Sorts of Barbarity exceed them. Their Wars are throughout noble and generous, and carry as much Excuse and fair Pretence, as their human Frailty is capable of ; having with them no other Foundation, than the sole Jealousy of Virtue. Their Disputes are not for the Conquests of new Lands, those they already possess, being so fruitful by Nature, as to supply them without Labour or Concern, with all Things necessary, in such Abundance, that they have no Need to enlarge their Borders. And they are moreover happy in this, that they only covet so much as their natural Necessities require : All beyond that is superfluous to them : Men of the same Age generally call one another Brothers, those who are younger, Sons and Daughters, and the old Men are Fathers to all. These leave to their Heirs in common this full Possession of Goods, without any Manner of Division, or other Title, than what Nature bestows upon her Creatures, in bringing them into the World. If their Neighbours pass over the Mountains, and come to assault them, and obtain a Victory, all the Victors gain by it is Glory only, and the Advantage of having prov'd themselves the better in Valour and Virtue : For they never meddle with the Goods of the Conquer'd, but presently return into their own Country, where they have no Want of any Thing necessary ; nor of this greatest of all Goods, to know how to enjoy their Condition happily, and to be content. And these in Turn do the same. They demand of their Prisoners no other Ransom, than Acknowledgment that they are overcome : But there is not one found in an Age that will rather not chuse to die, than make such a Confession ; or either by Word or Look recede from the entire Grandeur of an invincible Courage. There is not a Man amongst them, who had not rather be kill'd and eaten, than so much as to open his Mouth to intreat he may not. They use them with all Liberality and Freedom, to the End their Lives may be so much the dearer to them : But frequently entertain them withal with Menaces of their approaching Death,

Death, of the Torments they are to suffer, of the Preparations that are making in order to it, of the mangling their Limbs, and of the Feast that is to be made, where their Carcasses is to be the only Dish. All which they do to no other End, but only to extort some gentle or submissive Word from them, or to fright them so as to make them run away; to obtain this Advantage, that they were terrified, and that their Constancy was shaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this Point only that a true Victory does consist.

————— *Victoria nulla est,
Quam quæ confessos animo quoque subjugat hostes †.*

No Victory can be entire and true;
But what does Minds as well as Limbs subdue.

The *Hungarians*, a very warlike People, never pretended farther than to reduce the Enemy to their Discretion; for having forc'd this Confession from them, they let them go without Injury, or Ransom, excepting at the most, to make them engage their Word, never to bear Arms against them again. We have several Advantages over our Enemies that are borrowed, and not truly our own; 'tis the Quality of a Porter, and no Effect of Virtue to have stronger Arms and Legs, 'tis a corporeal Quality to be active, 'tis an Exploit of Fortune to make our Enemy stumble, or to dazzle him with the Light of the Sun; 'tis a Trick of Science and Art, which may happen in a mean base Fellow, to be a good Fencer. The Estimate and Valour of a Man consist in the Heart, and in the Will, there his true Honour lives: Valour is Stability, not of Legs and Arms, but of the Courage and the Soul; it does not lye in the Valour of our Horse, or our Arms, but in ourselves. He that falls obstinate in his Courage, *Si succiderit de genu pugnabit* *; If his Legs fail him, fights upon his Knees. He who for any Danger of apparent Death abates nothing of his Assurance, who dying, does yet dart at his Enemy a fierce and disdainful Look, is overcome not by us, but by

† *Claud. in Panegy.*

* *Seneca Epist.*

Fortune; he is kill'd, not conquer'd; the most valiant, are sometimes the most unfortunate. There are also Defeats triumphant to Emulation of Victories. Neither durst those four Sister-Victories, the fairest the Sun ever beheld, of *Salamis*, *Platea*, *Mical*, and *Sicily*, ever oppose all their united Glories, to the single Glory of the Discomfiture of King *Leonidas*, and his Army at the Pass of *Thermopylae*. Who ever ran with a more glorious Desire, and greater Ambition, to the winning, than the Captain *Ischolas* to the certain Loss of a Battle? Who could have found out a more subtle Invention to secure his Safety, than he did to assure his Ruin? He was set to defend a certain Pass of *Peloponnesus* against the *Arcadians*, which, considering the Nature of the Place, and the Inequality of Forces, finding it utterly impossible for him to do, and concluding that all who were presented to the Enemy, must certainly be left upon the Place; and on the other Side, reputing it unworthy of his own Virtue, and Magnanimity, and of the *Lacedaemonian* Name, to fail in any Part of his Duty, he chose a Mean betwixt these two Extremes, after this Manner; the youngest and most active of his Men, he would preserve for the Service and Defence of their Country, and therefore sent them back; and with the rest, whose Loss would be of less Consideration, he resolv'd to make good the Pass, and with the Death of them, to make the Enemy buy their Entry as dear as possibly he could: As it also fell out, for being presently encompassed on all Sides by the *Arcadians*, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, he and his Men were all cut in Pieces. Is there any Trophy dedicated to the Conquerors, which is not much more due to those who were overcome? The Part that true conquering is to play, lyes in the Encounter, not in the coming off; and the Honour of Virtue consists in fighting, not in subduing.

But to return to my Story, these Prisoners are so far from discovering the least Weakness, for all the Terrors can be represented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three Months, that they are kept, they always appear with a chearful Countenance; importune their Masters to make Haste to bring them to the Test; defy, rail at them, and reproach them with Cowardice, and the Number of Battles they have lost against those of their Country.

Country. I have a Song made by one of these Prisoners, wherein he bids them *come all, and dine upon him, and welcome, for they shall withal eat their own Fathers, and Grand-fathers, whose Flesh has serv'd to feed and nourish him. Those Muscles, says he, this Flesh, and these Veins, are your own: Poor silly Souls as you are, you little think that the Substance of your Ancestors Limbs is here yet: But mind as you eat, and you will find in it the Taste of your own Flesh:* In which Song there is to be observed, an Invention that relishes nothing of the *Barbarian*. Those, that paint these People dying after this Manner, represent the Prisoner spitting in the Face of his Executioners, and making at them a wry Mouth. And 'tis most certain, that to the very last Gasps, they never cease to brave and defy them both in Word and Gesture. In plain Truth, these Men are very savage in Comparison of us, and of Necessity, they must either be absolutely so, or else we are savager: For there is a vast Difference betwixt their Manners and ours.

The Men there have several Wives, and so much the great Number, by how much they have the greater Reputation and Valour, and it is one very remarkable Virtue their Women have, that the same Endeavour our Wives have to hinder and divert us from the Friendship and Familiarity of other Women, those employ to promote their Husbands Desires, and to procure them many Spouses; for being above all Things solicitous of their Husbands Honour, 'tis their chiefest Care to seek out and to bring in the most Companions they can, forasmuch as it is a Testimony of their Husbands Virtue. I know most of ours will cry out, that 'tis monstrous; whereas in truth, it is not so; but a truly matrimonial Virtue; though of the highest Form. In the Bible, *Sarah, Leah and Rachel*, gave the most beautiful of their Maids to their Husbands; *Livia* preferred the Passion of *Augustus* to her own Interest; and the Wife of King *Dejotarus* of *Stratonica* did not only give up a fair young Maid, that serv'd her, to her Husband's Embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the Children he had by her, and assisted them in the Succession to their Father's Crown. And that it may not be suppos'd, that all this is done by a simple and servile Observation to their common Practice, or by any Authoritative Impression of their ancient Custom, without Judgment,

ment, or Examination; and for having a Soul so stupid, that it cannot contrive what else to do, I must here give you some Touches of their Sufficiency, in point of Understanding; besides what I repeated to you before, which was one of their Songs of War, I have another and a Love-Song, that begins thus; *Stay, Adder, stay, that by thy Pattern my Sister may draw the Fashion and Work of a noble Wreath, that I may present to my Beloved, by which Means thy Beauty, and the excellent Order of thy Scales, shall forever be preferr'd before all other Serpents.* Wherein the first Couplet, *Stay, Adder, &c.* makes the Burthen of the Song. Now I have convers'd enough with Poetry to judge thus much: That not only, there is no Thing of barbarous in this Invention; but moreover, that it is perfectly *Anacreontick*; to which their Language is soft, of a pleasing Accent, and something bordering upon the *Greek* Terminations. Three of these People not foreseeing how dear their Knowledge of the Corruptions of this Part of the World would one Day cost their Happiness and Repose, and that the Effect of this Commerce would be their Ruin, as I presuppose it is in a very fair Way, (Miserable Men to suffer themselves to be deluded with Desire of Novelty, and to have left the Serenity of their own Heaven, to come so far to gaze at ours,) came to *Roan*, at the Time that the late King *Charles* the Ninth was there: Where the King himself talk'd to them a good while, and they were made to see our Fashions, our Pomp, and the Form of a great City; after which, some one ask'd their Opinion, and would know of them, what of all the Things they had seen, they found most to be admir'd? To which they made Answer, Three Things, of which I have forgot the Third, and am troubled at it; but two I yet remember. They said, that in the first Place they thought it very strange, that so many tall Men wearing Beards, strong and well arm'd, who were about the King, ('tis like they meant the *Swiss* of the Guard) should submit to obey a Child, and that they did not chuse out one amongst themselves to command: Secondly; (they have a way of Speaking in their Language, to call Men the half of one another,) that they had observ'd that there were amongst us, Men full and cramm'd with all manner of Conveniencies, whilst in the mean Time, their

Halves were begging at their Doors, lean, and half-starv'd with Hunger and Poverty; and thought it strange, that these necessitous Halves were able to suffer so great an Inequality and Injustice, and that they did not take the others by the Throats, or set Fire to their Houses. I talk'd to one of them a great while together, but I had so ill an interpreter, and that was so perplex'd by his own Ignorance, to apprehend my Meaning, that I could get nothing out of him, of any Moment. Asking him, what Advantage he reapt from the Superiority he had amongst his own People? (for he was a Captain, and our Mariners call'd him King,) he told me, to march in the Head of them to War; and demanding of him farther, how many Men he had to follow him? he shewed me a Space of Ground, to signify, as many as could march in such a Compass: Which might be four or five thousand Men; and putting the Question to him, Whether or no his Authority expir'd with the War? he told me this remain'd; that when he went to visit the Village of his Dependance, they plain'd him Paths through the thick of their Woods, through which he might pass at his Ease. All this does not sound very ill, and the last was not much amiss; for they wear no Breeches.



C H A P. XXXI.

That a Man is soberly to judge of divine Ordinances.

THings unknown are the principal and true Subject of Imposture, forasmuch as, in the first Place, their very Strangeness lends them Credit, and moreover, by not being subjected to our ordinary Discourse, they deprive us of the Means to question, and dispute them. For which Reason, says *Plato*, it is much more easy to satisfy the Hearers, when speaking of the Nature of the Gods, than of the Nature of Men; because the Ignorance of the Auditory affords a fair and large Career, and all Manner of

Liberty in the handling of profane and abstruse Things; and then it comes to pass, that nothing is so firmly believ'd as what we least know: Nor any People so confident, as those who entertain us with fabulous Stories, such as your Alchymists, judicial Astrologers, Fortune-tellers, and Physicians, *Id genus omne*; to which I could willingly, if I durst, join a Sort of People, that take upon them to interpret and controul the Designs of God himself, making no Question of finding out the Cause of every Accident, and to pry into the Secrets of the divine Will, there to discover the incomprehensible Motives of his Works. And although the Variety, and the continual Discordance of Events, throw them from Corner to Corner, and tofs them from *East* to *West*, yet do they still persist in their vain Inquisition, and with the same Pencil to paint Black and White. In a Nation of the *Indies*, there is this commendable Custom, that when any Thing befalls them amiss in any Rencounter or Battle, they publickly ask Pardon of the Sun, who is their God, as having committed an unjust Action, always imputing their good or evil Fortune to the divine Justice, and to that, submitting their own Judgment and Reason. 'Tis enough for a Christian to believe, that all Things come from God, to receive them with Acknowledgment of his divine and inscrutable Wisdom, and also thankfully to accept and receive them, with what Face soever they may present themselves: But I do not approve of what I see in use, that is, to seek to continue and support our Religion by the Prosperity of our Enterprises. Our Belief has other Foundation enough, without going about to authorise it by Events; For the People accustomed to such Arguments as these, and so proper to their own Taste, it is to be fear'd, lest when they fail of Success, they should also stagger in their Faith: As in the War wherein we are now engag'd, upon the Account of Religion, those who had the better in the Business of *Rochelabeille*, making great Brags of that Success, as an infallible Approbation of their Cause, when they came afterwards to excuse their Misfortunes of *Jarnac*, and *Moncontour*, 'twas by saying, they were fatherly Scourges and Corrections; if they have not a People wholly at their Mercy, they make it manifestly enough to appear, what it is to take two Sorts of Grist out

of the same Sack, and with the same Mouth to blow hot and cold. It were better to possess the Vulgar with the solid and real Foundations of Truth. 'Twas a brave naval Battle that was gained a few Months since against the *Turks*, under the Command of *Don John of Austria*; but it has also pleased God at other Times to let us see as great Victories at our own Expence. In fine, 'tis a hard Matter to reduce divine Things to our Balance, without Waste, and losing a great deal of Weight. And he that would take upon him to give a Reason, why *Arius*, and his Pope *Leo*, the principal Heads of the *Arian* Heresy, should die at several Times of so like and strange Deaths, (for being withdrawn from the Disputation, by the Gripping in the Guts, they both of them suddenly gave up the Ghost upon the Stool,) and would aggravate this divine Vengeance by the Circumstances of the Place; might as well add the Death of *Heliogabalus*, who was also slain in a House of Office. But what? *Iræneus* was involved in the same Fortune; God being pleased to shew us, that the Good have something else to hope for; and the Wicked something else to fear, than the Fortunes or Misfortunes of this World: He manages and applies them according to his own secret Will and Pleasure, and deprives us of the Means, foolishly to make our own Profit. And those People both abuse themselves and us, who will pretend to dive into these Mysteries by the Strength of human Reason. They never give one hit, that they do not receive two for it; of which *St. Augustin* gives a very great Proof upon his Adversaries. 'Tis a Conflict, that is more decided by Strength of Memory, than the Force of Reason. We are to content ourselves with the Light it pleases the Sun to communicate to us, by Virtue of his Rays, and who will lift up his Eyes to take in a greater, let him not think it strange, if for the Reward of his Presumption, he there lose his Sight. *Quis hominum potest scire consilium Dei? Aut quis poterit cogitare, quid velit Dominus? Who amongst Men can know the Counsel of God? Or who can think what the Will of the Lord is?*

* *Sapien. Cap. ix. v. 13.*



C H A P. XXXII.

*That we are to avoid Pleasures even at the Ex-
pence of Life.*

I Had long ago observed most of the Opinions of the Ancients to concur in this, That it is happy to die, when there is more Ill than Good in Living, and that to preserve Life to our own Torment and Inconvenience, is contrary to the very Rules of Nature, as these old Laws instruct us.

**Ἡ ζῆν ἀλύπως ἢ θανεῖν εὐδαιμόνως,
Καλὰν διήσκειν οἷς ὕβρει τὸ ζῆν φέρεται,
Κρεῖσσον τὸ μὴ ζῆν εἶναι, ἢ ζῆν ἀθλιῶς.*

Happy is Death, whenever it shall come,
To him who lives in Pain Life's burthenfom ;
For infinitely better 'tis to die,
Than to prolong a Life of Misery.

But to push this Contempt of Death so far as to employ it to the removing ourselves from the Danger of coveting Honours, Riches, Dignities, and other Favours, and Goods of Fortune, as we call them, as if Reason were not sufficient to persuade us to avoid them, without adding this new Injunction, I had never seen it, either enjoined or practised, till this Passage of *Seneca* fell into my Hands; who advising *Lucilius*, a Man of great Power and Authority about the Emperor, to alter his voluptuous and magnificent Way of Living, and to retire himself from this worldly Vanity and Ambition, to some solitary, quiet, and philosophical Life, and the other alledging some Difficulties; I am of Opinion, says he, either that you leave that Life, or Life itself. I would indeed advise thee to
the

the gentle Way, and to untie, rather than to break, the Knot thou hast indiscreetly knit, provided, that if it be not otherwise to be untied, then resolutely break it. There is no Man so great a Coward, that had not rather once fall, than be always falling. I should have found this Counsel conformable enough to the stoical Roughness; but it appears the more strange, for being borrowed from *Epicurus*, who writes the same thing upon the like Occasion to *Idomeneus*. And I think I have observed something like it, but with Christian Moderation, amongst our own People. *St. Hilary*, Bishop of *Poitiers*, that famous Enemy of the *Arian* Heresy, being in *Syria*, had Intelligence thither sent him, that *Abra*, his only Daughter, whom he left at Home under the Eye and Tuition of her Mother, was sought in Marriage by the greatest Nobleman of the Country, as being a Virgin virtuously brought up, fair, rich, and in the Flower of her Age: Whereupon he writ to her, (as it appears upon Record,) that she should remove her Affection from all those Pleasures and Advantages were proposed unto her; for he had in his Travels found out a much greater and more worthy Fortune for her, a Husband of much greater Power and Magnificence, that would present her with Robes and Jewels of inestimable Value; wherein his Design was, to dispossess her of the Appetite and Use of worldly Delights, to join her wholly to God: But the nearest and most certain Way to this, being, as he conceived, the Death of his Daughter; he never ceased, by Vows, Prayers and Oraisons, to beg of the Almighty, that he would please to call her out of this World, and to take her to himself; as accordingly it came to pass; for soon after his Return she died, at which he expressed a singular Joy. This seems to out-do the other, forasmuch as he applies himself to this Means at the first Sight, which they only take subsidiarily, and besides, it was towards his only Daughter. But I will not omit the latter End of this Story, though it be from my Purpose; *St. Hilary's* Wife having understood from him, how the Death of their Daughter was brought about, by his Desires and Design, and how much happier she was, to be removed out of this World, than to have stay'd in it, conceived so lively an Apprehension of the eternal and heavenly Beatitudes, that she begged of her Husband with the
extremest

extremest Importunity, to do as much for her; and God, at their joint Request, shortly after calling her to him, it was a Death embraced on both Sides, with singular Content.



C H A P. XXXIII.

That Fortune is oftentimes observed to act by the Rule of Reason.

THE Inconstancy, and various Motions of Fortune, may reasonably make us expect, she should present us with all Sorts of Faces. Can there be a more express Act of Justice than this? The Duke of *Valentinois*, having resolved to poison Cardinal *Adrian Cornetto*, with whom his Father, Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, and himself, were to go to Supper in the Vatican; he sent before a Bottle of poisoned Wine, and withal, strict Order to the Butler to keep it very safe. The Pope being come before his Son, and calling for Drink, the Butler supposing this Wine had not been so strictly recommended to his Care, but only upon the Account of it's Excellency, presented it immediately to the Pope, and the Duke himself coming in presently after, and being confident they had not meddled with his Bottle, took also his Cup; so that the Father died immediately upon the Spot, and the Son, after having been long tormented with Sickness, was reserved to another, and a worse Fortune: Sometimes she seems to play upon us, just in the Nick of an Affair: Monsieur *d'Estree*, at that time Guidon to Monsieur *de Vendosme*; and Monsieur *de Liques*, Lieutenant to the Duke of *Arscot's* Troop, being both Pretenders to the *Sieur de Fougesselles's* Sister, though of different Parties, (as it oft falls out amongst frontier Neighbours,) the *Sieur de Liques* carried her; but on the same Day he was married, and which was worse, before he went to Bed to his Wife, the Bridegroom having a Mind to break a Lance in Honour of his new Bride, went out to skirmish, near to *St. Omers*, where the *Sieur d'Es-*
tree

tree proving the Stronger, took him Prisoner, and the more to illustrate his Victory, the Lady herself was fain

*Conjugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
Quam veniens una, atque altera rursus hyems,
Noctibus in longis avidum saturasset amorem*.*

Of her fair Arms, the am'rous Ring to break,
Which clung so fast to her new Spouse's Neck,
E're of two Winters many a friendly Night
Had fated her Love's greedy Appetite.

to request him of Courtesy, to deliver up his Prisoner to her, as he accordingly did; the Gentlemen of *France* never denying any thing to the Ladies. Does she not seem to be an Artist here? *Constantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, founded the Empire of *Constantinople*; and so many Ages after, *Constantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, put an End to it. Sometimes she is pleased to emulate our Miracles. We are told that King *Clouis* besieging *Angoulesme*, the Walls fell down of themselves by divine Favour. And *Bouchet* has it from some Author, that King *Robert* having sat down before a City, and being stole away from the Siege, to keep the Feast of St. *Aignan* at *Orleans*; as he was in Devotion at a certain Place of the Mass, the Walls of the beleaguered City, without any Manner of Violence, fell down with a sudden Ruin. But she did quite contrary in our *Milan War*; for Captain *Rense* laying Siege to the City of *Verona*, and having carried a Mine under a great Parcel of the Wall, the Mine being sprung, the Wall was lifted from it's Base, but dropt down again nevertheless whole and entire, and so exactly upon it's Foundation, that the Besieged suffered no Inconvenience by that Attempt. Sometimes she plays the Physician: *Jason Phereus* being given over by the Physicians, by Reason of a desperate Imposthumation in his Breast, having a Mind to rid himself of his Pain, by Death at least, in a Battle, threw himself desperately into the thickest of the Enemy, where he was so fortunately wounded quite through the Body, that the

* *Catullus.*

Imposthume

Imposthume broke, and he was perfectly cured. Did she not also excel the Painter *Protogenes* in his Art? Who having finished the Picture of a Dog quite tired and out of Breath, in all the other Parts excellently well to his own liking, but not being able to express as he would, the Slaver and Foam that should come out of his Mouth, vexed and angry at his Work, he took his Sponge, which by cleaning his Pencils had imbibed several Sorts of Colours, and threw it in a Rage against the Picture, with an Intent utterly to deface it; when Fortune guiding the Sponge to hit just upon the Mouth of the Dog, it there performed what all his Art was not able to do. Does she not sometimes direct our Counsels, and correct them? *Isabella*, Queen of *England*, being to sail from *Zealand* into her own Kingdom, with an Army in Favour of her Son, against her Husband, had been lost, had she come into the Port she intended, being there laid wait for by the Enemy; but Fortune, against her Will, threw her into another Haven, where she landed in Safety. And he who throwing a Stone at a Dog, hit and killed his Mother-in-Law, had he not Reason to pronounce this Verse,

Ταυτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίω βελεύεται*.

————— By this I see,
Fortune will always better Aim than we.

Fortune has more Judgment than we. *Icetes* had contracted with two Soldiers to kill *Timoleon* at *Adranon* in *Sicily*. These Villians took their Time to do it, when he was assisting at a Sacrifice, who thrusting into the Crowd, as they were making Signs to one another, that now was a fit Time to do their Business, in steps a Third, who with a Sword takes one of them full drive over the Pate, lays him Dead upon the Place, and away he runs. Which the other seeing, and concluding himself discovered and lost, he runs to the Altar and begs for Mercy, promising to discover the whole Truth, which as he was doing, and laying

* *Meander*.

open the whole Conspiracy, behold the third Man, who being apprehended, was, as a Murtherer, thrust and halled by the People through the Prefs towards *Timoleon*, and other the most eminent Persons of the Assembly, before whom being brought, he cried out for Pardon, pleaded that he had justly slain his Father's Murtherer; which he also proving upon the Place, by sufficient Witnesses, which his good Fortune very opportunely supplied him withal, that his Father was really killed in the City of the *Leontins*, by that very Man on whom he had taken his Revenge, he was presently awarded ten Attick * Mines, * *The old Attick Mine was seventy-five Drach.* for having had the good Fortune, by designing to revenge the Death of his Father, to preserve the Life of the common Father of *Sicily*. Thus Fortune, in her Conduct, surpasses all the Rules of human Prudence. But, to conclude, is there not a direct Application of her Favour, Bounty, and Piety, manifestly discovered in this Action? *Ignatius* the Father, and *Ignatius* the Son, being proscribed by the Triumviri of *Rome*, resolved upon this generous Act of mutual Kindness, to fall by the Hands of one another, and by that Means to frustrate and defeat the Cruelty of the Tyrants; and accordingly, with their Swords drawn, ran full drive one upon another, where Fortune so guided the Points, that they made two equally mortal Wounds, affording withal so much Honour to so brave a Friendship, as to leave them just Strength enough to draw out their bloody Swords, that they might have Liberty to embrace one another in this dying Condition, with so close and hearty an Embrace, that the Executioners cut off both their Heads at once, leaving the Bodies still fast linked together in this noble Knot, and their Wounds joined Mouth to Mouth, affectionately sucking in the lost Blood, and Remainder of the Lives of one another.



C H A P. XXXIV.

Of one Defect in our Government.

MY Father, who, for a Man that had no other Advantages, than Experience only, and his own natural Parts, was nevertheless of a very clear Judgment, has formerly told me, that he once had

*The Project of
an Office of En-
quiry.*

Thoughts of endeavouring to introduce this Practice; that there might be in every City a certain Place assign'd, to which, such as stood in Need of any thing might repair, and have their Business entered by an Officer appointed for that Purpose; as for Example, I enquire for a Chapman to buy my Pearls: I enquire for one that has Pearls to sell: Such a one wants Company to go to *Paris*: Such a one enquires for a Servant of such a Quality: Such a one for a Master; such a one enquires for such an Artificer, some for one Thing, some for another, every one according to what he wants. And doubtless these mutual Advertisements would be of no contemptible Advantage to the publick Correspondency and Intelligence: For there are evermore Conditions that hunt after one another, and for Want of knowing one another's Occasions, leave Men in very great Necessity. I have heard, to the great Shame of the Age we live in, that in our very Sight, two most excellent Men for Learning died so poor, that they had scarce Bread to put in their Mouths, *Lilius Gregorius Giraldus* in *Italy*, and *Sebastianus Castalio* in *Germany*; and do believe, there are a thousand Men would have invited them into their Families, with very advantageous Conditions, or have relieved them where they were, had they known their Wants. The World is not so generally corrupted but that I know a Man that would heartily wish the Estate his Ancestors have left him, might be employ'd, so long as it shall please Fortune to give him leave to enjoy it, to secure rare and remarkable Persons of any kind, whom Misfortune some-

times persecutes to the last Degree, from the Danger of Necessity; and at least place them in such a Condition, that they must be very hard to please, if they were not contented. My Father in his œconomical Government had this Order, (which I know how to commend, but by no Means imitate,) which was, that besides the Day-book, or Memorial of the Household-Affairs, where the small Accounts, Payments and Disbursements, which do not require a Secretary's Hand, were entred, and which a Bailiff always had in Custody; he ordered him whom he kept to write for him, to keep a Paper Journal, and in it, to set down all the remarkable Occurrences, and Day by Day the *Mémoires* of the Histories of his House; very pleasant to look over, when Time begins to wear Things out of Memory, and very useful sometimes to put us out of Doubt, when such a Thing was begun, when ended, what Courses were debated on, what concluded; our Voyages, Absences, Marriages, and Deaths, the Reception of good or ill News; the Change of principal Servants, and the like. An ancient Custom, which I think it would not be amiss for every one to revive in his own House; and I find I did very foolishly in neglecting the same.



C H A P. XXXV.

Of the Custom of wearing Clothes.

Whatever I shall say upon this Subject, I am of Necessity to invade some of the Bounds of Custom, so careful has she been to shut up all the Avenues. I was disputing with myself in this shivering Season, whether the Fashion of going naked in those Nations lately discovered, is imposed upon them, by the hot Temperature of the Air, as we say of the *Moors* and *Indians*, or whether it be the original Fashion of Mankind; Men of Understanding, so far as all Things under the Sun, as the Holy Writ declares, are subject to the same Laws, were wont in such Considerations as these, where we are to distinguish

the natural Laws from those that have been imposed by Man's Invention, to have Recourse to the general Polity of the World, where there can be nothing counterfeited. Now all other Creatures being sufficiently furnished with all Things necessary for the Support of their Being, it is not to be imagined, that we only should be brought into the World in a defective and indigent Condition, and in such an Estate as cannot subsist without foreign Assistance; and therefore it is that I believe, that as Plants, Trees, and Animals, and all Things that have Life, are seen to be by Nature sufficiently clothed and covered, to defend them from the Injuries of Weather,

*Proptereaquæ ferè res omnes, aut corio sunt,
Aut seta, aut conchis, aut callo, aut cortice tectæ*.*

Moreover all Things, or with Skin or Hair,
Or Shell, or Bark, or Callous clothed are.

so were we: But as those who by artificial Light put out that of the Day, so we by borrowed Forms and Fashions have destroy'd our own. And 'tis plain enough to be seen, that 'tis Custom only which renders that impossible, that otherwise is nothing so; for of those Nations who have no Manner of Knowledge of Clothing, some are situated under the same Temperature that we are, and some in much colder Climates. And besides, our most tender Parts are always exposed to the Air, as the Eyes, Mouth, Nose and Ears; and our Country Labourers, like our Ancestors in former Times, go with their Breasts and Bellies open. Had we been born with a Necessity upon us of wearing Petticoats and Breeches, there is no Doubt, but Nature would have fortified those Parts she intended should be exposed to the Fury of the Seasons, with a thicker Skin, as she has done the Fingers Ends, and the Soles of the Feet. And why should this seem hard to believe? I observe much greater Distance betwixt my Habit, and that of one of our Country Peasants, than betwixt his and a Man that has no other Covering but his Skin. How many Men, especially

* *Lucret. l. 4.*

in *Turky*, go naked merely upon Account of Devotion? I know not who would ask a Beggar, whom he should see in his Shirt in the Depth of Winter, as brisk and frolick as he who goes muffled up to the Ears in Furs, how he is able to endure to go so? Why, Sir, he might answer you, you go with your Face bare, and I am all Face. The *Italians* have a Story of the Duke of *Florence's* Fool, whom his Master asking, *How being so thin clad, he was able to support the Cold, when he himself, warm wrapt up as he was, was hardly able to do it?* Why, reply'd the Fool, *use my Receipt, to put on all the Clothes you have at once, and you'll feel no more Cold than I.* King *Massinissa* to an extreme old Age could never be prevailed upon to go with his Head covered, how cold, stormy, or rainy soever the Weather might be: Which also is reported of the Emperor *Severus*. *Herodotus* tells us, that in the Battles fought betwixt the *Aegyptians* and the *Persians*, it was observed, both by himself and others, that of those who were left dead upon the Place, the Heads of the *Aegyptians* were found to be, without Comparison, harder than those of the *Persians*, by Reason that the last had gone with their Heads always covered from their Infancy, first, with Biggins, and then with Turbans, and the others always shaved and open. And King *Agessilaus* observed to a decrepid Age, to wear always the same Clothes in Winter that he did in Summer. *Cæsar*, says *Suetonius*, marched always at the Head of his Army for the most Part on Foot, with his Head bare, whether it was Rain or Sun-shine, and as much is said of *Hannibal*,

*Tum vertice nudo,
Excipere insanos imbres, Cœlique ruinam* *.

Bare Head to march in Snow, and when it pours
Whole Cataracts of cold unwholesom Showers.

A *Venetian*, who has long lived in *Pegu*, and is lately returned from thence, writes, that the Men and Women of that Kingdom, though they cover all their other Parts, go always bare Foot, and ride so too. And *Plato* does very

* *Silius It. l. 6. 1.*

earnestly advise, for the Health of the whole Body, to give the Head and the Feet no other Clothing than what Nature has bestowed. He whom the *Poles* have elected for their King, since our's left them, who is indeed one of the greatest Princes of this Age, never wears any Gloves, and for Winter, or whatever Weather can come, never wears any other Cap Abroad, than the same he wears at Home. Whereas I cannot endure to go unbuttoned or untied; our neighbouring Labourers would think themselves in Chains if they were so braced. *Varro* is of Opinion, that when it was ordained, we should be bare in the Presence of the Gods, and before the Magistrate, it was rather so ordered upon the Score of Health, and to inure us to the Injuries of Weather, than upon the Account of Reverence. And since we are now talking of Cold, and *Frenchmen* used to wear Variety of Colours, (not I myself, for I seldom wear other than black or white, in Imitation of my Father) let us add another Story of Capt. *Martin du Bellay*, who affirms, that in the Journey of *Luxemburg*, he saw such a great Frost, that the Ammunition-Wine was cut with Hatchets and Wedges, was delivered out to the Soldiers by Weight, and that they carried it away in Baskets: And *Ovid*,

*Nudaque consistunt formam servantia testæ
Vina, nec hausta meri, sed data frusta bibunt* *:

The Wine

Stript of it's Cask, retains the Figure still,
Nor do they Draughts, but Crusts of *Bacchus* swill.

At the Mouth of the Lake *Mæotis*, the Frosts are so very sharp, that in the very same Place where *Mithridates's* Lieutenant had fought the Enemy dry-foot, and given them a notable Defeat, the Summer following he obtained over them a famous naval Victory. The *Romans* fought at a very great Disadvantage, in the Engagement they had with the *Carthaginians* near *Placentia*, by Reason, that they went on to charge with their Blood fixed, and their Limbs

* *Ovid. Trist. l. 3. El. 12.*

numbed with Cold. Whereas *Hannibal* had caused great Fires to be dispersed quite through his Camp to warm his Soldiers, and Oil to be distributed amongst them; to the End, that anointing themselves, they might render their Nerves more supple and active, and fortify the Pores against the Violence of the Air, and freezing Wind that raged in that Season. The Retreat the *Greeks* made from *Babylon* into their own Country, is famous for the Difficulties and Calamities they had to overcome. Of which this was one, that being encountered in the Mountains of *Armenia*, with a horrible Storm of Snow, they lost all Knowledge of the Country, and of the Ways, and being driven up, were a Day and a Night without eating or drinking, most of their Cattle died, many of themselves starved dead, several struck blind with the Driving, and the Glittering of the Snow, many of them maimed in their Fingers and Toes, and many stiff and motionless with the Extremity of the Cold, who yet had their Understanding entire. *Alexander* saw a Nation, where they bury the Fruit-Trees in Winter, to defend them from being destroy'd by the Frost, and we also may see the same. But concerning Clothes, the King of *Mexico* changed his Apparel four Times a Day, and never put them on more, employing those he left off, in his continual Liberalities and Rewards; nor was either Pot, Dish, or other Utenfil of his Kitchen or Table, ever served in twice.





C H A P. XXXVI.

Of Cato the Younger.

I Am not guilty of the common Error of judging another by myself. I easily believe that in another's Humour which is contrary to my own : And though I find myself engaged to one certain Form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do ; but believe and apprehend a thousand Ways of Living, and contrary to most Men, more easily admit of Differences and Uniformity amongst us. I as frankly, as any one would have me, discharge a Man from my Humours and Principles, and consider him according to his own particular Model. Though I am not continent myself, I nevertheless sincerely love, and approve the Continency of the *Capuchins*, and other religious Orders, and highly commend their Way of Living. I insinuate myself by Imagination into their Place and Love, and honour them the more, for being other than I am. I very much desire, that we may be censured every Man by himself, and would not be drawn into the Consequence of common Examples. My Weakness does nothing alter the Esteem I ought to have of the Force and Vigour of those who deserve it. *Sunt qui nihil suadent, quam quod, se imitari posse confidunt* *. *There are those who persuade nothing but what they believe they can imitate themselves.* Crawling upon the Slime of the Earth, I do not for all that cease to observe up in the Clouds the inimitable Height of some heroick Souls : 'Tis a great deal for me to have my Judgment regular and right, if the Effects cannot be so, and to maintain this sovereign Power at least free from Corruption : 'Tis something to have my Will right and good, where my Legs fail me. This Age wherein we live, in our Part of the

* *Cicero de Orat.*

World at least, is grown so stupid, that not only Exercise, but the very Imagination of Virtue is defective, and seems to be no other but College-Fashion.

*Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna*.*

Words finely couch'd, these Men for Virtue take,
As if each Word a sacred Grove could make.

Quam vereri deberent, etiam si percipere non possent †. Which they ought to reverence, though they cannot comprehend. 'Tis a new Gew-gaw to hang in a Cabinet, or at the End of the Tongue, as on the Tip of the Ear, for Ornament only. There are no more virtuous Actions extant, and those Actions that carry a Shew of Virtue, have yet nothing of it's Essence; by Reason, that Profit, Glory, Fear and Custom, and other such like foreign Causes, put us in the Way to produce them. Our Justice also, Valour and good Offices, may then be called so too, in Respect to others, and according to the Face they appear with to the Publick; but in the Doer it can by no Means be Virtue, because there is another End proposed, another moving Cause. Now Virtue owns nothing to be her's, but what is done by herself, and for herself alone. In that great Battle of *Potidaea*, which the *Greeks*, under the Command of *Pausanias*, obtained against *Mardonius*, and the *Persians*, the Conquerors, according to their Custom, coming to divide amongst them the Glory of the Exploit, they attributed to the *Spartan* Nation the Pre-eminence of Valour in this Engagement. The *Spartans*, great Judges of Virtue, when they came to determine to what particular Man of their Nation the Honour was due, of having best behaved himself upon this Occasion, found that *Aristodemus* had, of all others, hazarded his Person with the greatest Bravery; but did not however allow him any Prize or Reward, by Reason that his Virtue had been incited by a Desire to clear his Reputation from the Reproach of his Miscarriage at the

* *Horace Ep. 6. l. 1.*

† *Cicero Tus. 1.*

Business of *Thermopylae*, and with a Desire to die bravely, to wipe off that former Blemish. Our Judgments are yet sick, and obey the Humour of our depraved Manners. I observe most of the Wits of these Times pretend to Ingenuity, by endeavouring to blemish and darken the Glory of the bravest and most generous Actions of former Ages, putting one vile Interpretation or another upon them, and forging and supposing vain Causes and Motives for those noble Things they performed. A mighty Subtilty indeed! Give me the greatest and most unblemished Action that ever the Day beheld, and I will contrive a hundred plausible Drifts and Ends to obscure it: God knows, whoever will stretch them out to the full, what Diversity of Images our internal Wills do suffer under; they do not so maliciously play the Censurers, as they do it ignorantly and rudely in all their Detractions. The same Pains and Licence that others take to blemish and bespatter these illustrious Names, I would willingly undergo to lend them a Shoulder to raise them higher. These rare Images, that are cull'd out by the Consent of the wisest Men of all Ages, for the World's Example, I should endeavour to honour anew, as far as my Invention would permit, in all the Circumstances of favourable Interpretation. And we are to believe, that the Force of our Invention is infinitely short of their Merit. 'Tis the Duty of good Men to draw Virtues as beautiful as they can, and there would be no Indecency in the Case, should our Passion a little transport us in Favour of so sacred a Form. What these People do to the contrary, they either do out of Malice, or by the Vice of confining their Belief to their own Capacity; or, which I am more inclined to think, for not having their Sight strong, clear, and elevated enough, to conceive the Splendor of Virtue in her native Purity: As *Plutarch* complains, that in his Time some attributed the Cause of the younger *Cato's* Death to his Fear of *Cæsar*, at which he seems very angry, and with good Reason: And by that a Man may guess how much more he would have been offended with those who have attributed it to Ambition; senseless People! He would rather have performed a handsom, just, and generous Action, and to have had Ignominy for his Reward, than for his Glory. That Man was in Truth a
Pattern,

Pattern, that Nature chose out to shew to what Height human Virtue and Constancy could arrive : But I am not capable of handling so noble an Argument, and shall therefore only set five *Latin* Poets together by the Ears, who has done best in the Praise of *Cato* ; and inclusively for their own too. Now a Man well read in Poetry will think the two first, in Comparison of the others, a little flat and languishing ; the third more vigorous, but overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force. He will then think, that there will be yet Room for one or two Gradations of Invention to come to the fourth ; but coming to mount the Pitch of that, he will lift up his Hands for Admiration ; the last, the first by some Space, (but a Space that he will swear is not to be filled up by any human Wit) he will be astonished, he will not know where he is. These are Wonders. We have more Poets than Judges and Interpreters of Poetry. It is easier to write an indifferent Poem, than to understand a good one. There is indeed a certain low and moderate Sort of Poetry, that a Man may well enough judge by certain Rules of Art ; but the true, supreme and divine Poesy, is equally above all Rules and Reason. And whoever discerns the Beauty of it, with the most assured and most steady Sight, sees no more than the quick Reflection of a Flash of Lightning. This is a Sort of Poesy that does not exercise, but ravishes and overwhelms our Judgment. The Fury that possesses him who is able to penetrate into it, wounds yet a third Man by hearing him repeat it. Like a Loadstone, that not only attracts the Needle, but also infuses into it the Virtue to attract others. And it is more evidently eminent upon our Theatres, that the sacred Inspiration of the Muses, having first stirred up the Poet to Anger, Sorrow, Hatred, and out of himself, to whatever they will, does moreover by the Poet possess the Actor, and by the Actor, consecutively all the Spectators. So much our Passions hang and depend upon one another. Poetry has ever had that Power over me from a Child, to transpire and transport me : But this quick Resentment that is natural to me, has been variously handled by Variety of Forms, not so much higher and lower, (for they were ever the highest of every Kind) as differing in Colour. First, a gay and spritely
Fluency,

Fluency, afterwards a lofty and penetrating Subtilty ; and lastly, a mature and constant Force. Their Names will better express them ; *Ovid, Lucan, Virgil*. But our Poets are beginning their Career.

Sit Cato dum vivat fama vel Cæsar major *.

————— Let *Cato's* Fame.

Whilst he shall live, eclipse great *Cæsar's* Name, says one.

————— *Et invictum devicta Morte Catonem* †.

————— And *Cato* fell,
Death being overcome, invincible,
says the Second. And the Third speaking of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey* ;

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni ‖.

————— Heaven approves,
The conquering Cause, the conquer'd *Cato* loves.

And the Fourth upon the Praises of *Cæsar*,

*Et cuncta terrarum subiecta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis* §.

And conquer'd all where-e'er his Eagle flew,
But *Cato's* Mind, that nothing could subdue.

And the Master of the Quire, after having set forth all the great Names of the greatest *Romans*, ends thus,

————— *His dantem jura Catonem* ‡.

Great *Cato* giving Laws to all the rest.

* *Mart. lib. 6. Æpig. 32.* † *Manil.* ‖ *Lucan. l. 1.*
§ *Hor. Car. lib. 2. Ode 1.* ‡ *Æneid. l. 8.*



C H A P. XXXVIII.

That we laugh and cry for the same Thing.

WHEN we read in History, that *Antigonus* was very much displeas'd with his Son, for presenting him the Head of King *Pyrrhus* his Enemy, newly slain, fighting against him, and that seeing it he wept; That *Rene*, Duke of *Lorraine*, also lamented the Death of *Charles*, Duke of *Burgundy*, whom he had himself defeated, and appear'd in Mourning at his Funeral: And that in the Battle of *Auroy* (which Count *Monfort* obtain'd over *Charles de Blou*, his Competitor, for the Dutchy of *Brittany*) the Conqueror meeting the dead Body of his Enemy, was very much afflicted at his Death: We must not presently cry out,

*Et così aven che l'animo ciascuna,
Sua Passion sotto el contrario manto,
Ricopre, con la vista bor' chiara, bor' bruma*.*

That every one, whether of Joy or Woe,
The Passion of their Mind can palliate so,
As when most griev'd, to shew a Count'nance clear,
And melancholick, when best pleas'd t'appear.

When *Pompey's* Head was presented to *Cæsar*, the Histories tell us, that he turned away his Face, as from a sad and unpleasing Object. There had been so long an Intelligence and Society betwixt them, in the Management of the publick Affairs, so great a Community of Fortunes, so many mutual Offices, and so near an Alliance, that this Countenance of his ought not to suffer under any Misin-

* *Petrarcha.*

terpretation;

terpretation ; or to be suspected for either false or counterfeit, as this other seems to believe :

————— *Tutumque putavit*
Jam bonus esse socer, lachrymas non fonte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto,
Non aliter manifesta putans abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam Lachrymas.*

——— And now he saw
 'Twas safe to be a pious Father-in-law,
 He shed forc'd Tears, and from a joyful Breast,
 Fetch'd Sighs and Groans ; conceiving Tears would best
 Conceal his inward Joy.

For though it be true, that the greatest Part of our Actions are no other than Vizard and Disguise, and yet may sometimes be real and true : That,

Hæredis fletus sub persona risus est†.

The Heir's dissembled Tears behind the Skreen,
 Could one but peep, would joyful Smiles be seen.

So it is, that in judging of these Accidents we are to consider how much our Souls are oftentimes agitated with divers Passions. And as they say, that in our Bodies there is a Congregation of divers Humours, of which, that is the Sovereign, which according to the Complexion we are of, is commonly most predominant in us : So, though the Soul has in it divers Motions to give it Agitation ; yet must there of Necessity be one to over-rule all the rest, though not with so necessary and absolute a Dominion, but that through the Flexibility and Inconstancy of the Soul, those of less Authority may, upon Occasion, reassume their Place, and make a little Sally in Turn. Thence it is that we see not only Children, who innocently obey, and follow Nature, often laugh and cry at the same Thing : But not one of us can

* *Lucret. lib. 9.*

† *Aulus Gelli. Noct.*

boast,

We laugh and cry for the same Thing. 261

boast, what Journey soever he may have in Hand, that he has the most set his Heart upon, but when he comes to part with his Family and Friends, he will find something that troubles him within ; and though he refrains his Tears, yet he puts Foot i'th' Stirrup, with a sad and cloudy Countenance, and what gentle Flame soever may have warm'd the Heart of modest, and well-born Virgins, yet are they fain to be forc'd from about their Mothers Necks, to be put to Bed to their Husbands, whatever this boon Companion is pleas'd to say ;

*Esse novis nuptis odio Venus, anne parentum
Frustrantur falsis gaudia lachrymalis,
Uberrim Thalami quas intra limina fundunt ?
Non, ita me Divi, vera gemunt, juverint *.*

Does the fair Bride the Sport so mainly dread,
That she takes on so when she's put to Bed ?
Her Parents Joys t'allay with a feign'd Tear,
* She does not cry in Earnest, I dare swear.

Neither is it strange to lament a Person, whom a Man would by no Means wish to be alive : When I rattle my Man, I do it with all the Mettle I have, and load him with no feign'd, but downright real Curses ; but the Heat being over, if he should stand in Need of me, I should be very ready to do him Good : For I instantly turn the Leaf. When I call him Calf and Coxcomb, I do not pretend to entail those Titles upon him for ever ; neither do I think I give myself the Lie in calling him an honest Man presently after. Were it not the Sign of a Fool to talk to one's self, there would hardly be a Day or Hour wherein I might not be heard to grumble, and mutter to myself, and against myself, *Turd in the Fool's Teeth*, and yet I do not think that to be my Character. Who for seeing me one while cold, and presently very kind to my Wife, believes the one or the other to be counterfeit, is an Ass. Nero taking Leave of his Mother, whom he sent to be drown'd, was

* *Catul. Numb. 67.*

nevertheless sensible of some Emotion at this Farewel, and was struck with Horror and Pity. 'Tis said, that the Light of the Sun is not one continuous Thing, but that he darts new Rays so thick one upon another, that we cannot perceive the Intermiffion.

*Largus enim liquidi fons luminis æthereus Sol
Irrigat assidue cælum candore recenti,
Suppetit atque novo confestim lumine lumen*.*

For the æthereal Sun that shines so bright,
Being a Fountain large of liquid Light,
With fresh Rays sprinkles still the chearful Sky,
And with new Light the Light does still supply.

Just so the Soul variously and imperceptibly darts out her Passions. *Artabarus* surprizing once his Nephew *Xerxes*, chid him for the sudden Alteration of his Countenance. As he was considering the immeasurable Greatness of his Forces passing over the *Hellepont*, for the *Grecian* Expedition, he was first seiz'd with a Palpitation of Joy, to see so many Millions of Men under his Command, which also appear'd in the Gaiety of his Looks: But his Thoughts at the same Instant suggesting to him, that of so many Lives, there would not be one left, in a Century at most, he presently knit his Brows, and grew sad, even to Tears. We have resolutely pursu'd the Revenge of an Injury receiv'd, and been sensible of a singular Satisfaction at the Victory: But we shall weep notwithstanding: 'Tis not for the Victory, that we shall weep; there is nothing alter'd by that: But the Soul looks upon Things with another Eye, and represents them to itself with another kind of Face; for every Thing has many Faces, and several Aspects, Relations, old Acquaintance, and Friendships, possess our Imaginations, and make them tender for the Time: But the Counterturn is so quick, that 'tis gone in a Moment.

*Nil à Deo fieri celeri ratione videtur,
Qua si mens fieri proponit, & inchoat ipsa.*

* *Lucret. l. 5.*

*Ocius ergo animus quam res se perciet ulla,
Ante oculos quarum in promptu natura videtur *.*

No Motions seem so brisk, and quick as those
The working Mind does to be done propose.
Which once propos'd, her violent Motions are
Swifter than any Thing we know by far.

And therefore, while we would make one continued Thing
of all this Succession of Passion, we deceive ourselves.
When *Timoleon* laments the Murther he had committed
upon so mature and generous Deliberation, he does not
lament the Liberty restor'd to his Country, he does not
lament the Tyrant, but he laments his Brother: One Part
of his Duty is perform'd, let us give him Leave to per-
form the other.



C H A P. XXXVIII.

Of Solitude.

LET us pass over that old Comparifon, betwixt the
active and the solitary Life, and as for the fine
Saying, with which Ambition and Avarice palliate their
Vices, *That we are not born for our Selves, but for the Pub-
lick*, let us boldly appeal to those who are most interested
in publick Affairs, let them lay their Hands upon their
Hearts, and then say, whether, on the contrary, they do
not rather aspire to Titles and Offices, and that Tumult
of the World, to make their private Advantage at the
publick Expence. But we need not ask them the Question;
for the corrupt Ways by which they arrive at the Height
to which their Ambitions aspire, do manifestly enough

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

declare that their Ends cannot be very good. Let us then tell Ambition, that it is she herself that gives us a Taste of Solitude; for what does she so much avoid as Society? What does she so much seek as Elbow-room? A Man may do well, or ill every where: But if what *Bias* says be true, that the greatest Part is the worse, or what the Preacher says, that there is not one good of a Thousand;

*Rari quippe boni numero vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostia Nili†.*

Because the Number of the Good's as few
As *Thebes* fair Gates, or rich *Nile* Mouths do spew.

The Contagion is very dangerous in the Crowd. A Man must either imitate the Vicious, or hate them: Both are dangerous, either to resemble them, because they are many, or to hate many, because they are unresembling. And Merchants that go to Sea are in the Right, when they are cautious that those who embark with them in the same Bottom, be neither dissolute Blasphemers, nor vicious otherways; looking upon such Society as unfortunate. And therefore it was, that *Bias* pleasantly said to some, who being with him in a dangerous Storm, implor'd the Assistance of the Gods, *Peace, speak softly*, said he, *that they may not know you are here in my Company*: And of more pressing Example, *Albuquerque* Vice-Roy in the *Indies* for *Emanuel* King of *Portugal*, in an extreme Peril of Shipwreck, took a young Boy upon his Shoulders, for this only End, that in the Society of their common Danger, his Innocency might serve to protect him, and to recommend him to the divine Favour, that they might get safe to Shore: 'Tis not that a wise Man may not live every where content, either alone, or in the Crowd of a Palace: But if it be left to his own Choice, he will tell you, that he would fly the very Sight of the latter; he can endure it if need be; but if it be referred to him, he will chuse

† *Juven. Sat. 13.*

the first. He cannot think himself sufficiently rid of Vice, if he must yet contend with it in other Men: *Charondas* punish'd those for ill Men, who were convict of keeping ill Company. There is nothing so unfociable, and sociable as Man, the one by his Vice, the other by his Nature. And *Antisthenes*, in my Opinion, did not give him a satisfactory Answer, who reproach'd him with frequenting ill Company, by saying, *That the Physicians liv'd well enough amongst the Sick*: For if they contribute to the Health of the Sick, no doubt, but by the Contagion, continual Sight of, and Familiarity with Diseases, they must of Necessity impair their own. Now the End I suppose is all one, to live at more Leisure, and at greater Ease: But Men do not always take the right Way; for they often think they have totally taken Leave of all Business when they have only exchange'd one Employment for another. There is little less trouble in governing a private Family, than a whole Kingdom: Wherever the Mind is perplex'd, it is in an entire Disorder, and domestick Employments are not less troublesome, for being less important. Moreover, for having shak'd off the Court and publick Employments, we have not taken Leave of the principal Vexations of Life.

— *Ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert §.*

Reason and Prudence, our Affections ease,
Not remote Voyages on unknown Seas.

Our Ambition, our Avarice, Irresolution, Fears, and inordinate Desires, do not leave us when we forsake our native Country:

*Et post equitem sedet atra cura *.*

And who does mount his Horse to this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care behind.

§ *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 11.*
VOL. I.

* *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 1.*
T

She

She often follows us even to Cloisters, and philosophical Schools; nor Deserts, nor Caves, Hair-shirts, nor Fasts, can disengage us from her :

————— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo* *.

The fatal Shaft sticks to the wounded Side.

One telling *Socrates*, that such a one was nothing improv'd by his Travels. *I very well believe it*, said he, *for he took himself along with him.*

*Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patria quis exul
Se quoque fugit †.*

To change our native Soil, why should we run
To seek out one warm'd by another Sun?
For yet what banish'd Man could ever find,
When farthest sent, he left himself behind?

If a Man do not first discharge both himself and his Mind, of the Burden with which he finds himself oppress'd, Motion will but make it press the harder, and sit the heavier, as the Lading of a Ship is of less Incumbrance, when fast, and bestow'd in a settled Posture; you do a sick Man more Harm than Good, in removing him from Place to Place; you fix and establish the Disease by Motion, as Stoops dive deeper into the Earth by being mov'd up and down in the Place where they are design'd to stand. And therefore it is not enough to get remote from the Public; 'tis not enough to shift the Soil only, a Man must fly from the popular Dispositions that have taken Possession of his Soul, he must sequester and ravish himself from himself.

————— *Rupi jam vincula, dicas,
Nam luctata canis nodum arripit, attamen illa
Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ §.*

* *Virg. Æn. l. 4.*
§ *Perseus Sat. 5.*

† *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 16.*

Thou'lt say perhaps, that thou hast broke the Chain,
 Why, so the Dog has know'd the Knot in twain
 That ty'd him there, but as he flies, he feels
 The pond'rous Chain still rattling at his Heels.

We still carry our Fetters along with us; 'tis not an absolute Liberty; we yet cast back a kind Look upon what we have left behind us; the Fancy is still full of our old way of Living.

—*Nisi purgatam est pectus, quæ prælia nobis,
 Atque pericula tunc ingratis insinuandum?
 Quanta conscindunt hominum cupidinis acres
 Sollicitum curæ, quantique perinde timores?
 Quidve superbia, spurcitia, at petulantia quantas
 Efficiunt clades, quid luxus, desidiesque* *.

Unless the Mind be purg'd, what Conflicts streight
 And Dangers will it not insinuate?
 The lustful Man how many bitter Cares,
 Do gall, and fret, and then how many Fears?
 What horrid Mischiefs, what dire Slaughters too
 Will not Pride, Lust, and Petulancy do?
 And what from Luxury can we expect,
 And Sloth; but all the Ill, Ill can effect?

The Mind itself is the Disease, and cannot escape from itself;

In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit nunquam *.

Still in the Mind the Fault does lye,
 That never from itself can fly.

and therefore is to be call'd home, and confin'd within it self; that is the true Solitude, and that may be enjoy'd

* *Lucret. l. 5.*

† *Hor. l. 1. Ep. 14.*

even in populous Cities, and the Courts of Kings, though more commodiously apart.

Now since we will attempt to live alone, and to wave all Manner of Conversation amongst Men, let us so order it, that our Contentation may depend wholly upon ourselves, and dissolve all Obligations that ally us to others: Let us obtain this from ourselves that we may live alone in good Earnest, and live at our Ease too. *Stilpo* having escap'd from the Fire that consum'd the City where he liv'd, and where he had his Wife, Children, Goods, and every Thing he was Master of, destroy'd by the Flame; *Demetrius Poliorcetes* seeing him, in so great a Ruin of his Country, appear with so serene and undisturb'd a Countenance, ask'd him, if he had receiv'd no Loss? To which he made Answer, No; and that, Thanks be to God, nothing was lost of his; which also was the Meaning of the Philosopher *Antisthenes*, when he pleasantly said, that Men should only furnish themselves with such Things as would swim, and might with the Owner escape the Storm; and certainly a wise Man never loses any Thing, if he has himself. When the City of *Nola* was ruin'd by the *Barbarians*, *Paulinus* who was Bishop of that Place, having there lost all he had and himself a Prisoner, pray'd after this Manner, O Lord, defend me from being sensible of this Loss; for thou knowest, they have yet touch'd nothing of that which is mine; The Riches that made him rich, and the Goods that made him good, were still kept entire.. This it is to make Choice of Treasures, that can secure themselves from Plunder and Violence, and to hide them in such a Place, into which no one can enter, and that are not to be betrayed by any but ourselves. Wives, Children, and Goods must be had, and especially Health, by him that can get it; but we are not so to set our Hearts upon them, that our Happiness must have it's Dependance upon any of these; we must reserve a Back-shop, a With-drawing-Room, wholly our own, and entirely free wherein to settle our true Liberty, our principal Solitude and Retreat. And in this, we must for the most Part entertain ourselves with ourselves, and so privately, that no Knowledge or Communication, of any exotick Concern, be admitted there, there to laugh and to talk, as if without Wife, Children, Goods, Train,

or Attendance; to the End, that when it shall so fall out, that we must lose any, or all of these, it may be no new thing to be without them. We have a Mind pliable of itself, that will be Company; it has wherewithal to attack, and to defend, to receive and to give: Let us not then fear in this Solitude, to languish under an uncomfortable Vacancy.

In solis sis tibi turba locis.

In solitary Places be
Unto thyself good Company.

Virtue is satisfied with herself, without Discipline, without Words, without Effects. In our ordinary Actions, there is not one of a Thousand that concerns ourselves: He that thou seest scrambling up the Ruins of that Wall, furious and transported, against whom so many *Musket* Shot are levell'd; and that other all over Scars, pale, and fainting with Hunger, and yet resolv'd rather to die, than to open his Gate to him, dost thou think that these Men are there upon their own Account? No, peradventure in the Behalf of one whom they never saw, and that never concerns himself for their Pains, and Danger, but lyes wallowing the while in Sloth and Pleasure: This other blear-ey'd, slovenly Fellow, that thou seest come out of his Study after Midnight, dost thou think he has been tumbling over Books, to learn how to become a better Man, wiser and more content: No such Matter, he will there end his Days, but he will teach Posterity the Measure of *Plautus's* Verses, and the Orthography of a Latin Word: Who is it that does not voluntarily exchange his Health, his Repose, and his very Life for Reputation, and Glory? The most useless, frivolous, and false Coin that passes current amongst us: Our own Death does not sufficiently terrify, and trouble us, let us moreover charge ourselves with those of Wives, Children, and Family: Our own Affairs do not afford us Anxiety enough, let us undertake those of our Neighbours and Friends, still more to break our Brains, and to torment us.

*Vab quemquamne hominem in animum instituere aut
Parare, quod sit charius, quam ipse est sibi * ?*

Alas? What Mortal will be so unwise
Any Thing dearer than himself to prize?

Solitude seems to me to have the best Pretence in such as have already employed their most active and flourishing Age in the World's Service; by the Example of *Thales*. We have lived enough for others, let us at least live out the small Remnant of Life for our Selves; let us now call in our Thoughts and Intentions to our Selves, and to our own Ease, and Repose: 'tis no light Thing to make a sure Retreat, it will be enough to do without mixing other Enterprises and Designs, since God gives us Leisure to prepare for, and to order our Remove, let us make ready pack up our Baggage, take Leave betimes of the Company; let us disentangle ourselves from those violent Importunities that engage us elsewhere, and separate us from ourselves: We must break the Knot of our Obligations, how strong soever, and hereafter love this, or that; but espouse nothing, but ourselves: That is to say, let the Remainder be our own, but not so join'd and close, as not to be forc'd away without slaying us, or tearing Part of the whole Piece. The greatest Thing in the World is for a Man to know, that he is his own: 'Tis Time to wean ourselves from Society, when we can no more add any Thing to it; and who is not in a Condition to lend, must forbid himself to borrow. Our Forces begin to fail us, and are of no more Use for foreign Offices; let us call them in, and lock them up at Home; He that can within himself cast off, and disband the Offices of so many Friendships, and that Tumult of Conversation he has contracted in the busy World, let him do it: In this Decay of Nature, which renders him useless, burthensom, and importunate to others, let him have a Care of being useless, burthensom, and importunate to himself: Let him sooth, and caress himself, and above all Things be sure to govern himself with Reverence to his Reason and

* *Ter. Adel. Act. 1. Sc.*

Conscience.

Conscience, to that Degree, as to be ashamed to make a false Step in their Presence. *Rarum est enim, ut satis se quisque vereatur* ||. For 'tis rarely seen that Men have Respect, and Reverence enough for themselves. Socrates says, that Boys are to cause themselves to be instructed, Men to exercise themselves in well doing, and old Men to retire from all Civil and military Employments, living at their own Discretion, without the Obligation to any certain Office. There are some Complexions more proper for these Precepts of Retirement, than others, such as are of a soft and faint Apprehension, and of a tender Will, and Affection, as I am, will sooner encline to this Advice, than active and busy Souls, who embrace all, engage in all, and are hot upon every Thing, who offer, present, and give themselves up to every Occasion. We are to serve ourselves with these accidental and extraneous Things, so far as they are pleasant to us, but by no Means to lay our principal Foundation there. This is no true one, neither Nature nor Reason can allow it so to be, and why therefore should we contrary to their Laws, enslave our own Contentment, by giving it into the Power of another? To anticipate also the Accidents of Fortune, and to deprive ourselves of those Things we have in our own Power, as several have done upon the Account of Devotion, and some Philosophers by Discourse; a Man to be his own Servant, to lye hard, to put out his own Eyes, throw Wealth into the River, and to seek out Grief, (the one by the Uneasiness and Misery of this Life, to pretend to Bliss in another; the other by laying himself low, to avoid the Danger of falling) are Acts of an excessive Nature. The stoutest and most obstinate Natures, render even their most abstruse Retirements glorious and exemplary.

—Tuta, & parvula laudo,
Cum res deficiunt, satis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contigit, & unctius idem
Hos superare, & solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis*.

|| Pythag.

* Hor. l. 1. Epist. 15.

T 4

Where

Where Plenty fails,
 A secure Competency I like well,
 And love the Man Disaster cannot quell :
 But when good Fortune with a liberal Hand
 Her Gifts bestows; those Men I understand
 Alone happy to live, and to be wise,
 Whose Money does in neat built Villa's rise.

A great deal less would serve my Turn well enough. 'Tis enough for me under Fortune's Favour to prepare myself for her Disgrace, and being at my Ease to represent to myself, as far as my Imagination can stretch, the Ill to come; as we do at Jufts, and Tiltings, where we counterfeit War in the greatest Calm of Peace. I do not think *Arcefilaus* the Philosopher, the less temperate and reform'd for knowing that he made Use of Gold, and Silver Vessels, when the Condition of his Fortune allow'd him so to do: But have a better Opinion of him, than if he had deny'd himself what he us'd with Liberality and Moderation. I see the utmost Limits of natural Necessity, and considering a poor Man begging at my Door oft-times more jocund and more healthy than I myself am, I put myself into his Place, and attempt to dress my Mind after his Mode; and running in like Manner over other Examples, though I fancy Death, Poverty, Contempt, and Sicknefs treading on my Heels, I easily resolve not to be affrighted; though a less than I am takes them with so much Patience, I am not willing to believe that a less Understanding can do more than a greater; or that the Effects of Precept cannot arrive to as great a Height, as those of Custom: And knowing of how uncertain Duration these accidental Conveniencies are, I never forget, in the Height of all my Enjoyments, to make it my chiefest Prayer to Almighty God, that he will please to render me content with myself, and the Condition wherein he has placed me. I see several young Men very gay, and frolick; who nevertheless keep a Provision of Pills in their Trunk at home, to take when the Rheum shall fall, which they fear so much the less, because they think they have Remedy at Hand: Every one should do the same, and moreover if they find themselves

themselves subject to some more violent Disease, should furnish themselves with such Medicines as may numb and stupify the Part: The Employment a Man should chuse for a sedentary Life, ought neither to be a laborious, nor an unpleasing one, otherwise 'tis to no Purpose at all to be retir'd: And this depends upon every one's Liking and Humour; mine has no Manner of Complacency for Husbandry, and such as love it, ought to apply themselves to it with Moderation.

Conantur sibi res, non se submittere rebus!*

A Man should to himself his Business fit,
But should not to Affairs himself submit.

Husbandry is otherwise a very servile Employment, as *Sallust* tells us; though some Parts of it are more excusable than the rest, as the Care of Gardens, which *Zenophon* attributes to *Cyrus*, and a Mean may be found out betwixt sordid and homely Affection, so full of perpetual Solitude, which is seen in Men who make it their entire Business and Study, and that stupid and extreme Negligence, letting all Things go at Random, we see in others.

————— *Democriti pecus edit agellos,
Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore velox†.*

Democritus's Cattle spoils his Corn,
Whilst he from thence on *Fancy's* Wings is born.

But let us hear what Advice the younger *Pliny* gives his Friend † *Cornelius Rufus*, upon the Subject of Solitude; I advise thee, in the plentiful Retirement wherein thou art, to leave to thy Hinds and inferior Servants the Care of thy Husbandry, and to addict thyself to the Study of Letters, to extract from thence something that may be entirely and absolutely thine own. By which, he means Reputation; like *Cicero*, who says, that he would employ his Solitude

* *Hor. Ep. 1.* † *Hor. Ep. 12.* ‡ *Caninius Rufus.*
and

and Retirement from publick Affairs, to acquire by his Writings an immortal Life.

Usque adeo ne
*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter * ?*

Is all thy Learning nothing, unless thou,
 That thou art knowing, make all others know ?

It appears to be Reason, when a Man talks of retiring from the World, that he should look quite out of himself. These do it but by Halves. They design well enough for themselves, 'tis true, when they shall be no more in it; but still they pretend to extract the Fruits of that Design from the World, when absented from it, by a ridiculous Contradiction. The Imagination of those who seek Solitude, upon the Account of Devotion, filling their Hopes with Certainty of divine Promises in the other Life, is much more rationally founded. They propose to themselves God, an infinite Object in Goodness and Power. The Soul has there wherewithal, at full Liberty, to satiate her Desires. Afflictions and Sufferings turn to their Advantage, being undergone for the Acquisition of an eternal Health, and everlasting Joys. Death is to be wished and longed for, where it is the Passage to so perfect a Condition. And the Tardiness of these severe Rules they impose upon themselves, is immediately taken away by Custom, and all their carnal Appetites baffled and subdued, by refusing to humour and feed them; they being only supported by Use and Exercise. This sole End therefore of another happy and immortal Life, is that which really merits, that we should abandon the Pleasures and Conveniencies of this. And who can really and constantly enflame his Soul with the Ardour of this lively Faith and Hope, does erect for himself in this Solitude a more voluptuous and delicious Life, than any other Sort of Living whatever. Neither the End then, nor the Means of this Advice of *Pliny* pleases me, for we often fall out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. This Book-Employ-

* *Pet. Sat. 1.*

ment is as painful as any other, and as great an Enemy to Health, which ought to be the first Thing in every Man's Prospect; neither ought a Man to be allured with the Pleasure of it, which is the same that destroys the wary, avaricious, voluptuous and ambitious Men. The Wise give us Caution enough to beware of the Treachery of our Desires, and to distinguish true and entire Pleasures from such as are mixed and complicated with greater Pain. For the greatest Part of Pleasures (say they) wheedle and caress only to strangle us, like those Thieves whom the *Ægyptians* called *Philiste*; and if the Head-Ach should come after Drunkenness, we should have a Care of drinking too much: But Pleasure to deceive us, marches before, and conceals her Train. Books are pleasant, but if by being over studious we impair our Health, and spoil our good Humour, two of the best Pieces we have, let us give it over; for I for my Part am one of those who think, that no Fruit derived from them can recompense so great a Loss. As Men who feel themselves weakned by a long Series of Indisposition, give themselves up at last to the Mercy of Medicine, and submit to certain Rules of Living, which they are for the future never to transgress; so he who retires, weary of, and disgusted with, the common Way of Living, ought to model this new one he enters into, by the Rules of Reason, and to institute and establish it by Premeditation, and after the best Method he can contrive. He ought to have taken Leave of all Sorts of Labour, what Advantage soever he may propose to himself by it; and generally to have shaken off all those Passions which disturb the Tranquillity of Body and Soul, and then chuse the Way that best suits with his own Humour:

Unusquisque sua noverit ire via *.

Every one best doth know,
In his own Way to go.

In Menagery, Study, Hunting, and all other Exercises, Men are to proceed to the utmost Limits of Pleasure; but

* *Propert. lib. Eleg. 25.*

must take Heed of engaging farther, where Solitude and Trouble begin to mix. We are to reserve so much Employment only, as is necessary to keep us in Breath, and to defend us from the Inconveniencies, that the other Extreme, of a dull and stupid Laziness, brings along with it. There are some sterile, knotty Sciences, and chiefly hammered out for the Crowd; let such be left to them who are engaged in the publick Service: I for my Part care for no other Books, but either such, as are pleasant and easy, to delight me, or those, that comfort and instruct me, how to regulate my Life and Death.

*Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapientem bonoque est*.*

Silently Meditating in the Groves
What best, a wise and honest Man behoves.

Wiser Men propose to themselves a Repose wholly spiritual, as having great Force and Vigour of Mind; but for me, who have a very ordinary Soul, I find it very necessary, to support myself with bodily Conveniences; and Age having of late deprived me of those Pleasures that were most acceptable to me, I instruct and whet my Appetite to those that remain, and are more suitable to this other Season. We ought to hold with all our Force, both of Hands and Teeth, the Use of the Pleasures of Life, that our Years, one after another, snatch away from us.

— *Carpamus dulcia, nostrum est,
Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fiet†.*

Let us enjoy Life's Sweetness, for shortly we,
Ashes, pale Ghosts, and Fables, all shall be.

Now as to the End that *Pliny* and *Cicero* propose to us of Glory; 'tis infinitely wide of my Account; for Ambi-

* *Hor. Ep. 44. lib. 1.*

† *Perfius, Sat. 5.*
tion,

tion, is, of all other, the most contrary Humour to Solitude; and Glory and Repose are so inconsistent, that they cannot possibly inhabit in one and the same Place; and for so much as I understand, those have only their Arms and Legs disengaged from the Crowd, their Mind and Intention remain engaged behind more than ever.

*Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas * ?.*

Dost thou, old Dotard, at these Years,
Gather fine Tales for others Ears?

They are only retired to take a better Leap, and by a stronger Motion, to give a brisker Charge into the Crowd. Will you see how they shoot short? Let us put into the Counterpoise, the Advice of two Philosophers of two very different Sects, writing the one to *Idomeneus*, the other to *Lucilius*, their Friends, to retire into Solitude from worldly Honours, and the Administration of publick Affairs. You have, say they, hitherto lived Swimming and Floating, come now and die in the Harbour: You have given the first Part of your Life to the Light, give what remains to the Shade. It is impossible to give over Business, if you do not also quit the Fruit, and therefore disengage yourselves from all the Concerns of Name and Glory. 'Tis to be feared, the Lustre of your former Actions will give you but too much Light, and follow you into your most private and obscure Retreat: Quit with other Pleasures, that which proceeds from the Approbation of another: And as to your Knowledge and Parts, never concern yourselves; they will not lose their Effect, if yourselves be ever the better for them. Remember him, who being asked, Why he took so much Pains in an Art, that could come to the Knowledge of but few Persons? A few are enough for me, reply'd he, I have enough of one, I have enough of never a one. He said true, you and a Companion are Theatre enough to one another, or you to yourself. Let us be to you the whole People, and the whole People

* *Persius Sat. 1.*

to you but one: 'Tis an unworthy Ambition, to think to derive Glory from a Man's Sloth and Privacy: You are to do like the Beasts of Chace, who put out the Track at the Entrance into their Den. You are to concern yourself no more how the World talks of you, but how you are to talk to yourself: Retire yourself into yourself, but first prepare yourself there to receive yourself: It were a Folly to trust yourself in your own Hands, if you cannot govern yourself; a Man may as well mis-carry alone, as in Company, till you have rendred yourself as such, as before whom you dare not trip, and till you have a Bashfulness and Respect for yourself, *Observantur species honestæ animo* *; *Let just and honest Things be still represented to the Mind.* Present continually to your Imagination, *Cato*, *Phocion*, and *Aristides*, in whose Presence the Fools themselves will hide their Faults: Make them Controulers of all your Intentions. Should your Intentions deviate from Virtue, your Respect to those Men will again set you right; they will keep you in the Way of being contented with yourself to borrow nothing of any other but yourself; to restrain and fix your Soul in certain and limited Thoughts, wherein she may please herself, and having understood the true and real Goods, which Men the more enjoy, the more they understand, to rest satisfied, without Desire of Prolongation of Life or Memory. This is the Precept of the true and natural Philosophy, not of a boasting and prating Philosophy, such as that of the two former.

* *Cicero Tusc. Quæst. 1. 2.*





C H A P. XXXIX.

A Consideration upon Cicero.

ONE Word more by Way of Comparison, betwixt these two. There are to be gathered out of the Writings of *Cicero*, and this younger *Pliny*, (who, in my Opinion, but little resembles his Uncle in his Humour,) infinite Testimonies of a Nature boundlessly ambitious; and amongst others, this for one, that they both, in the Sight of all the World, solicit the Historians of their Time, not to forget them in their Memoirs; and Fortune, as it were in spite, has made the Vanity of those Requests live upon Record down to this Age of ours, when she has long since damned the Histories themselves to Oblivion. But this exceeds all Meanness of Spirit in Persons of such Quality, as they were, to think to derive any great and living Renown from babling and prating; even to the publishing of their private Letters to their Friends, and so withal, that though some of them were never sent, the Opportunity being lost, they nevertheless expose them to the Light with this worthy Excuse, that they were hereafter unwilling to lose their Labours, and have their Lucubrations thrown away. Was it not very well becoming two Consuls of *Rome*, Sovereign Magistrates of the Republick that commanded the World, to spend their Time in contriving quaint and elegant Missives, thence to gain the Reputation of being Criticks in their own Mother-Tongue. What could a pitiful School-master have done worse, whose Trade it was to get his Living? If the Acts of *Xenophon*, and *Cæsar*, had not far enough transcended their Eloquence, I scarce believe they would ever have taken the Pains to have writ them. They made it their Business to recommend, not their Speaking, but their Doing. And could the Perfection of Eloquence have added any Lustre proportionable to the Merit of a great Person, certainly *Scipio* and *Lælius* had never resigned the Honour

nour of their Comedies, with all the Luxuriances and Delicacies of the *Latin* Tongue, to an *African* Slave; for that that Work was theirs, the Beauty and Excellency of it do sufficiently declare; besides, *Terence* himself confesses as much, and I should take it ill from any one that would dispossess me of that Belief. 'Tis a kind of injurious Mockery and Offence to extol a Man for Qualities misbecoming his Merit and Condition, though otherwise commendable in themselves, but such as ought not however to be his chiefest Talent: As if a Man should commend a King for being a good Painter, a good Architect, a good Marksman, or a good Runner at the Ring; Commendations that add no Honour unless mentioned altogether, and in the Train of those that are more properly applicable to him, namely, his Justice, and the Science of Governing and Conducting his People both in Peace and War. At this Rate Agriculture was an Honour to *Cyrus*, and Eloquence and the Knowledge of good Letters to *Charlemagne*. I have, in my Time, known some, who, by that Knack of Writing, having got both their Titles and Fortune, disown their Apprenticeship, purposely corrupt their Stile, and affect Ignorance in so vulgar a Quality (which also our Nation observes, to be rarely seen in very intelligent Hands) to seek a Reputation by better Qualities. The Companions to *Demosthenes* in the Embassy to *Philip*, extolling that Prince for handsom, eloquent, and a stout Drinker; *Demosthenes* reply'd, That those were Commendations more proper for a Woman, an Advocate, or a Sponge, than for a King.

*Imperet bellante prior jacentem
Lenis in hostem*.*

First let his Empire from his Valour flow,
And then by Mercy on a prostrate Foe.

'Tis not his Profession to know either how to hunt, or to dance well.

* *Horat. Carm.*

Orabunt

*Orabunt Causas alii, cœlique meatus
• Describent radio, & fulgentia sidera dicent,
Hic regere imperio populos sciat *.*

Let others plead at the litigious Bar,
Describe the Spheres, point out each twinkling Star, }
Let this Man rule a greater Art by far.

Plutarch says, moreover, that to appear so excellent in these less necessary Qualities, is to produce Witness against a Man's self, that he has spent his Time, and apply'd his Study ill, which ought to have been employ'd in the Acquisition of more necessary, and more useful Things; so that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, having heard the Great *Alexander* his Son, sing once at a Feast to the Wonder and Envy of the best Musicians there: Art not thou ashamed, said he to him, to sing so well? And to the same *Philip*, a Musician, with whom he was disputing about some Things concerning his Art: *Heaven forbid! Sir*, said he, *that so great a Misfortune should ever befall you, as to understand these Things better than I.* A King should be able to answer, as *Iphicrates* did the Orator, who pressed upon him in his Invective after this Manner: And what art thou, that thou bravest it at this Rate? Art thou a Man at Arms? Art thou an Archer? Art thou a Pike? I am none of all this; but I know how to command all these. And *Antisthenes* took it for an Argument of little Valour in *Ismenas*, that he was commended for playing excellently well upon a Flute. I know very well, that when I hear any one insist upon the Language of *Essays*, I had rather a great deal he would say nothing. 'Tis not so much to elevate the Style, as to depress the Sense, and so much the more offensively, as they do it disgracefully, and out of the Way. I am much deceived, if many other Essayists deliver more worth nothing as to the Matter, and how well or ill soever, if any other Writer has strewed them either much more material, or thicker upon his Paper than myself. To bring the more in, I only muster up the Heads; should I

* *Virg. Æn. l. 6.*

annex the Sequel, I should strangely multiply these Volumes: And how many Stories have I scattered up and down in this Book, that I only touch upon, which should any one more curiously search into, they would find Matter enough to produce infinite *Essays*: Neither those Stories, nor my Allegations, do always serve simply for Example, Authority or Ornament; I do not only regard them for the Use I make of them; they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the Seed of a richer and a bolder Matter, and sometimes collaterally a more delicate Sound both to me myself, who will express no more in this Place, and to others who shall happen to be of my Ear.

But returning to the speaking Virtue; I find no great Choice betwixt, not knowing to speak any thing but very ill, and not knowing to speak any thing but very well. *Non est Ornamentum virile Concinnitas* *: *Neatness of Style, is no manly Ornament*. The *Sages* tell us, that as to what concerns Knowledge, there is nothing but Philosophy; and to what concerns Effects, nothing but Virtue, that is generally proper to all Degrees, and to all Orders. There is something like this in these two other Philosophers, for they also promise Eternity to the Letters they write to their Friends; but 'tis after another Manner, and by accommodating themselves for a good End, to the Vanity of another; for they write to them, that if the Concern of making themselves known to future Ages, and the Thirst of Glory, do yet detain them in the Management of publick Affairs, and make them fear the Solitude and Retirement to which they would persuade them; let them never trouble themselves more about it, forasmuch as they shall have Credit enough with Posterity to assure them, that were there nothing else but the very Letters thus writ to them, those Letters will render their Names as known and famous as their own publick Actions themselves could do. And besides this Difference, these are not idle and empty Letters, that contain nothing but a fine Gingle of well-chosen Words, and fine couch'd Phrases, but rather replete and abounding with grave and learned Discourses, by which a Man may

* *Sen. Ep. 6.*

render himself not more eloquent, but more wise; and that instruct us not to speak, but to do well: Away with that Eloquence that so enchants us with it's Harmony, that we should more study it than Things. Unless you will allow that of *Cicero*, to be of so supreme a Perfection, as to form a complete Body of itself: And of him I shall farther add one Story we read of him to this Purpose, wherein his Nature will much more manifestly be laid open to us: He was to make an Oration in Publick, and found himself a little straitned in Time, to fit his Words to his Mouth, as he had a mind to do; when *Eros*, one of his Slaves, brought him Word, that the Audience was deferr'd 'till the next Day, at which he was so ravish'd with Joy, that he enfranchis'd him for the good News.

Upon this Subject of Letters, I will add this more to what has been already said, that it is a kind of Writing, wherein my Friends think I can do something; and I am willing to confess, I should rather have chose to publish my Whimsies that Way, than any other, had I had to whom to write; but I wanted such a settled Correspondency as I once had to attract me to it, to raise my Fancy, and maintain the rest against me. For to traffick with the Wind, as some others have done, and to forge vain Names to direct my Letters to, in a serious Subject, I could never do it but in a Dream, being a sworn Enemy to all Manner of Falsification: I should have been more diligent, and more confidently secure, had I had a judicious and indulgent Friend, to whom to address, than thus to expose myself to various Judgments of a whole People; and I am deceived, if I had not succeeded better: I have naturally a comick and familiar Stile; but it is a peculiar one, and not proper for publick Business, but like the Language I speak, too compact, irregular, abrupt, and singular; and as to Letters of Ceremony, that have no other Substance, than a fine Contexture of courteous and obliging Words, I am wholly to seek, I have neither Faculty nor Relish for those tedious Offers of Service and Affection; I am not good-natur'd to that Degree, and should not forgive myself, should I offer more than I intend, which is very remote from the present Practice; for there never was so abject and servile a *Prostitution of Tenders of Life, Soul, Devotion, Adoration, Vassal,*
U 2 *Slave,*

Slave, and I cannot tell what, as now ; all which Expressions are so commonly, and so indifferently posted to and fro by every one, and to every one, that when they would profess a greater and more respective Inclination upon more just Occasions, they have not wherewithal to express it : I hate all Air of Flattery to Death, which is the Cause that I naturally fall into a shy, rough, and crude Way of Speaking, that to such as do not know me, may seem a little to relish of Disdain : I honour those most to whom I shew the least Honour and Respect ; and where my Soul moves with the greatest Chearfulness, I easily forget the Ceremonies of Look and Gesture ; I offer myself faintly and bluntly, to them whose I effectually am, and tender myself the least to him, to whom I am the most devoted : Methinks they should read it in my Heart, and that my Expression would but injure the Love I have conceived within. To welcome, take Leave, give Thanks, accost, offer my Service, and such verbal Formalities as the Laws of our modern Civility enjoin, I know no Man so stupidly unprovided of Language as myself : And have never been employ'd in writing Letters of Favour and Recommendation, that he, in whose Behalf it was, did not think my Mediation cold and imperfect. The *Italians* are great Printers of Letters. I do believe I have at least an hundred several Volumes of them ; of all which those of *Hannibal Caro* seem to me to be the best : If all the Paper I have scribbled to the Ladies, all the Time when my Hand was really prompted by my Passion, were now in Being, there might peradventure be found a Page worthy to be communicated to our young Enamorato's, that are besotted with that Fury. I always write my Letters Post, and so precipitously, that though I write an intolerable ill Hand, I rather chuse to do it myself than to employ another ; for I can find none able to follow me, and never transcribe any ; but have accustomed the great Ones that know me to endure my Blots and Dashes, and upon Paper without Fold or Margent. Those that cost me the most Pains, are the worst of mine ; when I once begin to draw it in by Head and Shoulders, 'tis a Sign I am not there. I fall to without Premeditation or Design, the first Word begets the second, and so to the End of the Chapter.

The Letters of this Age consist more in fine Foldings and Prefaces, than Matter; where I had rather write two Letters, than close and fold up one, and always assign that Employment to some other; as also when the Business of my Letter is dispatch'd, I would with all my Heart transfer it to another Hand, to add those long Harangues, Offers, and Prayers that we place at the Bottom, and should be glad that some new Custom would discharge us of that unnecessary Trouble; as also superscribing them with a long Ribble-row of Qualities and Titles, which, for Fear of Mistakes, I have several Times given over Writing, and especially to Men of the long Robe. There are so many Innovations of Offices, that 'tis hard to place so many Titles of Honour in their proper and due Order, which also being so dearly bought, they are neither to be mistaken nor omitted without Offence. I find the same Fault likewise with charging the Fronts and Title-Pages of the Books we commit to the Press, with such a Clutter of Titles.



C H A P. XL.

That the Relish of Goods and Evils, does, in a great Measure, depend upon the Opinion we have of them.

MEN (says an ancient *Greek* Sentence) are tormented with the Opinions they have of Things, and not by the Things themselves. It would be a great Victory obtained for the Relief of our miserable human Condition, could this Proposition be established for certain and true throughout. For if Evils have no Admission into us, but by the Judgment we ourselves make of them, it should seem that it is then in our own Power to despise them, or to turn them to good. If Things surrender themselves

to our Mercy, why do we not convert and accommodate them to our Advantage? If what we call Evil and Torment, is neither Evil nor Torment in itself, but only that our Fancy gives it that Quality, and makes it so, it lyes in us to change and alter it; and it being in our own Choice, if there be no Constraint upon us, we must certainly be very strange Fools, to take Arms for that Side, which is most offensive to us, and to give Sickness, Want, and Contempt, a nauseous Taste, if it be in our Power to give them a more grateful Relish; and if Fortune simply provides the Matter, 'tis our Business to give it the Form. Now that which we call Evil, is not so of itself, or at least to that Degree that we make it; and that it depends upon us, to give it another Taste or Complexion, (for all comes to one) let us examine how that can be maintain'd. If the original Being of those Things we fear had Power to lodge themselves in us, by their own Authority, it would then lodge itself alike, and in like Manner in all; for Men are all of the same Kind, and saving in greater and less Proportions, are all provided with the same Utensils and Instruments to conceive and to judge; but the Diversity of Opinions we have of those Things, does clearly evidence, that they only enter us by Composition: One particular Person, peradventure, admits them in their true Being; but a Thousand others give them a new and contrary Being in them. We hold Death, Poverty, and Grief, for our principal Enemies, but this Death which some repute the most dreadful of all dreadful Things, who does not know that others call it the only secure Harbour from the Storms and Tempests of Life? The sovereign Good of Nature? The sole Support of Liberty? And the common and sudden Remedy of all Evils? And as the one expect it with Fear and Trembling, the other support it with greater Ease than Life. That Blade complains of it's Facility,

*Mors utinam parvidos vitæ subducere nolles,
Sed Virtus te sola daret*!*

* *Luc. l. 3.*

O Death!

O Death ! I wish thou wouldst the Coward spare,
That but the Daring none might thee confer.

But let us leave these glorious Courages. *Theodorus* answered *Lyfsmachus*, who threatned to kill him, Thou wilt do a brave Thing, said he, to arrive at the Force of a *Cantharides*. The greatest Part of Philosophers are observed to have either purposely prevented, or hastened and assisted their own Death. How many ordinary People do we see led to Execution, and that not to a simple Death, but mixt with Shame, and sometimes with grievous Torments, appear with such Assurance, what through Obstinacy, or natural Simplicity, that a Man can discover no Change from their ordinary Condition ; settling their domestick Affairs, recommending them to their Friends, singing, preaching, and diverting the People so much, as sometimes to fall out into Jest, and to drink to their Companions, as well as *Socrates*. One that they were leading to the Gallows, told them they must not carry him through such a Street, lest a Merchant that lived there should arrest him by the Way for an old Debt. Another told the Hangman, he must not touch his Neck, for fear of making him laugh, he was so ticklish. Another answered his Confessor, who promised him, that he should that Day sup with our Lord. Do you go then, said he, in my room ; for I for my Part keep Fast to Day. Another having called for Drink, and the Hangman having drank first, said he would not drink after him, for Fear of catching the Pox. Every Body has heard the Tale of the *Piccard*, to whom, being upon the Ladder, they presented a Whore, telling him, (as our Law does sometimes permit) that if he would marry her, they would save his Life ; he having a while considered her, and perceiving that she halted, Come, tie up, tie up, said he, she limps. And they tell another Story of the same Kind, of a Fellow in *Denmark*, who being condemned to lose his Head, and the like Condition being proposed to him upon the Scaffold, refused it, by Reason the Maid they offered him, had hollow Cheeks, and too sharp a Nose. A Servant at *Tholouse* being accused of Heresy, for the Sum of his Belief referred himself to that of his Master, a young Student Prisoner with him, chusing rather to die,

than suffer himself to be persuaded, that his Master could err. We read, that of the Inhabitants of *Arras*, when *Lewis* the Eleventh took that City, a great many let themselves be hang'd, rather than they would say, *God save the King*. And amongst that mean-soul'd Race of Men, the Buffoons, there have been some, who would not leave their Fooling at the very Moment of Death. He that the Hangman turned off the Ladder, cried, *Launch the Galley*, an ordinary foolish Saying of his; and the other, whom at the Point of Death, his Friends having laid upon a Pallet before the Fire, the Physician asking him where his Pain lay, betwixt the Bench and the Fire, said he; and the Priest, to give him the extreme Unction, groping for his Feet, which his Pain had made him pull up to him, you will find them, said he, at the End of my Legs. To one that being present exhorted him to recommend himself to God, why, who goes thither, said he? And the other replying, it will presently be yourself, if it be his good Pleasure; would I were sure to be there by To-morrow Night, said he; do but recommend yourself to him, said the other, and you will soon be there: I were best then, said he, to carry my Recommendations myself. In the Kingdom of *Narsingua* to this Day, the Wives of their Priests are buried alive with the Bodies of their Husbands, all other Wives are burnt at their Husbands Funerals, which also they not only constantly, but chearfully undergo. At the Death of their King, his Wives and Concubines, his Favourites, all his Officers and domestick Servants, which make up a great Number of People, present themselves so chearfully to the Fire where his Body is burnt, that they seem to take it for a singular Honour to accompany their Master in Death. During our late War of *Milan*, where there happened so many Takings and Retakings of Towns, the People impatient of so many various Changes of Fortune, took such a Resolution to die, that I have heard my Father say, he there saw a List taken of five and twenty Masters of Families, that made themselves away in one Week's Time: An Accident somewhat resembling that of the *Zanthians*, who being besieged by *Brutus*, precipitated themselves, Men, Women, and Children, into such a furious Appetite of dying, that
nothing

nothing can be done to evade Death, which they did not put in Practice to avoid Life; insomuch, that *Brutus* with all his Endeavours could save but a very small Number. Every Opinion is of Force enough, to make itself to be espoused at the Expence of Life. The first Article of that valiant Oath that *Greece* took and observ'd in the *Median War*, was, that every one should sooner exchange Life for Death, than their own Laws for those of *Persia*. What a World of People do we see in the Wars betwixt the *Turks* and the *Greeks*, rather embrace a cruel Death, than to uncircumcise themselves to admit of Baptism. An Example of which no Sort of Religion is incapable. The Kings of *Castile* having banish'd the *Jews* out of their Dominions, *John*, King of *Portugal*, in Consideration of eight Crowns a Head, sold them a Retirement into his, for a certain limited Time; upon Condition that the Time prefix'd coming to expire, they should be gone; and he to furnish them with Shipping, to transport them into *Africk*. The limited Day came, which once laps'd they were given to understand, that such as were afterwards found in the Kingdom should remain Slaves: Vessels were very slenderly provided, and those who embark'd in them, were rudely and villainously us'd by the Seamen, who besides other Indignities, kept them cruising upon the Sea, one while forwards, and another backwards 'till they had spent all their Provisions, and were constrain'd to buy of them at so dear Rates, and so long withal, that they set them not on Shore, 'till they were all stript to their very Shirts. The News of this inhuman Usage being brought to those who remain'd behind, the greater Part of them resolv'd upon Slavery, and some made a Shew of changing their Religion. *Emanuel*, the Successor of *John*, being come to the Crown, first set them at Liberty; and afterwards altering his Mind, order'd them to depart his Country, assigning three Ports for their Passage. Hoping (says the Bishop of *Osnaburg*, no contemptible Latin Historian of these latter Times) that the Favour of the Liberty he had given them, having fail'd of converting them to Christianity; yet the Difficulty of committing themselves to the Mercy of the Mariners, and of abandoning a Country they were now habituated to, and were grown very rich in, to go and expose themselves in strange and unknown Regions, would

would certainly do it: But finding himself deceiv'd in his Expectation, and that they were all resolv'd upon the Voyage, he cut off two of the Ports he had promised them, to the End, that the Length and Incommodity of the Passage might reduce some; or that he might have Opportunity, by crowding them all into one Place, the more conveniently to execute what he had designed; which was to force all the Children under fourteen Years of Age, from the Arms of their Fathers and Mothers, to transport them from their Sight and Conversation, into a Place where they might be instructed, and brought up in our Religion. He says that this produc'd a most horrid Spectacle; the natural Affection, betwixt the Parents and their Children, and moreover their Zeal to their ancient Belief, contending against this violent Decree. Fathers and Mothers were commonly seen making themselves away, and by a yet much more rigorous Example, precipitating out of Love and Compassion, their young Children into Wells and Pits, to avoid the Severity of this Law. As to the Remainder of them, the Time that had been prefix'd being expir'd, for want of Means to transport them, they again return'd into Slavery. Some also turned Christians, upon whose Faith, as also that of their Posterity even to this Day, which is a hundred Years since, few *Portuguese* can yet rely or believe them to be real Converts; though Custom, and Length of Time, are much more powerful Counsellors in such Changes, than all other Constraints whatever. In the Town of *Castlenau-Darry*, fifty Hereticks, *Albigenfis*, at one Time suffer'd themselves to be burnt alive in one Fire, rather than they would renounce their Opinions. *Quoties non modo ductores nostri, dicit Cicero, sed universi etiam exercitus, ad non dubiam mortem concurrerunt? How oft, have not only our Leaders, but whole Armies, run to a certain and apparent Death?* I have seen an intimate Friend of mine, with a real Affection, that was rooted in his Heart by divers plausible Arguments, which he would never permit me to dispossess him of, run headlong upon Death upon the first honourable Occasion that offer'd itself to him, to precipitate himself into it; and that too, without any Manner of visible Reason, with an obstinate and ardent Desire of dying.

We

We have several Examples of our own Times of those, even among little Children, who for Fear of a Whipping, or some such little Thing, have dispatch'd themselves. And, what shall we not fear, (says one of the Ancients to that Purpose) if we dread that which Cowardice itself has chosen for it's Refuge? Should I here produce a tedious Catalogue of those of all Sexes, and Conditions, and of all Sorts, even in the most happy Ages, who have either with great Constancy look'd Death in the Face, or voluntarily sought it; and sought it not only to avoid the Evils of this Life, but some purely to avoid the Satiety of living; and others, for the Hope of a better Condition elsewhere, I should never have done. Nay, the Number is so infinite, that in Truth, I should have a better Bargain on't, to reckon up those who have fear'd it. This one therefore shall serve for all; *Pyrrho*, the Philosopher, being one Day in a Boat, in a very great Tempest, shew'd to those he saw the most affrighted about him, and encourag'd them by the Example of a Hog, that was there, nothing at all concern'd at the Storm. Shall we then dare to say, that this Advantage of Reason, of which we so much boast, and upon the Account of which we think ourselves Masters and Emperors over the rest of the Creatures, was given us for a Torment? To what End serves the Knowledge of Things, if it renders us more unmanly? If we lose the Tranquillity and Repose we should enjoy without it? And if it puts us into a worse Condition than *Pyrrho's* Hog? Shall we employ the Understanding that was conferr'd upon us for our greatest Good, to our own Ruin? Setting ourselves against the Design of Nature, and the universal Order of Things, which intend that every one should make Use of the Faculties, Members and Means he has, to his own best Advantage? But it may peradventure be objected against me your Rule is true enough as to what concerns Death: But what will you say of Necessity? What will you moreover say of Pain, that *Aristippus*, *Hieronymus*, and almost all the wise Men have reputed the worst of Evils? And those who have deny'd it by Word of Mouth, did however confess it in Effects. *Possidonius* being extremely tormented with a sharp and painful Disease, *Pompeius* came to visit him, excusing himself, that he had taken so unseasonable a Time to
2
come

come to hear him discourse of Philosophy; God forbid, said *Possidonius* to him again, that Pain should ever have the Power to hinder me from talking, and thereupon fell immediately upon a Discourse of the Contempt of Pain: But in the mean Time, his own Infirmary was playing it's Part, and plagu'd him to the Purpose; to which he cry'd out, thou may'st work thy Will, Pain, and torment me with all the Power thou hast, but thou shalt never make me say, that thou art an Evil. This Story that they make such a Clutter withal, what is there in it, I fain would know, to the Contempt of Pain? It only fights it with Words, and in the mean Time, if the Shootings and Dolours he felt, did not move him, why did he interrupt his Discourse? Why did he fancy he did so great a Thing, in forbearing to confess it an Evil? All does not here consist in the Imagination, our Fancies may work upon other Things: But this here is a certain Science that is playing it's Part, of which our Senses themselves are Judge.

Qui nisi sunt veri, ratio quoque falsa sit omnis *.

Which if it be not here most true;
Reason itself must be false too.

Shall we persuade our Skins, that the Jerks of a Whip tickle us? Or our Taste, that a Potion of Aloes is *Graves* Wine. *Pyrrho's* Hog is here in the same Predicament with us; he is not afraid of Death, 'tis true, but if you beat him, he will cry out to some Purpose: Shall we force the general Law of Nature, which in every living Creature under Heaven is seen to tremble under Pain? The very Trees seem to groan under the Blows they receive. Death is only felt by Discourse, forasmuch as it is the Motion of an Instant.

*Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil est præsentis in illa,
Morsque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis habet* ||.

* *Luc. 4.*

|| *Ovid. Epist. Ariad.*

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Death's always past, or coming on, in this
There never any thing of Present is:
And the Delays of Death more painful are,
Than Death itself, and Dying is by far.

A Thousand Beasts, a Thousand Men, are sooner dead than threatned. That also which we principally pretend to fear in Death is Pain, the ordinary Forerunner of it: Yet, if we may believe a holy Father, *Malam mortem non facit, nisi quod sequitur mortem.* Nothing makes Death Evil, but what follows it. And I should yet say more probably, that neither that which goes before, nor that which follows after, are at all the Appendants of Death: We excuse ourselves safely. And I find by Experience, that it is rather our Impatience at the Imagination of Death, that makes us impatient of Pain; and that we find it doubly grievous, as it threatens us with Death. But Reason accusing our Cowardice, for fearing a Thing so sudden, so unavoidable, and so insensible, we take the other as the more excusable Pretence. All Ills that carry no other Danger along with them, but simply the Evils themselves, we despise as Things of no Danger. The Tooth-Ach, or the Gout, as painful as they are, being yet not reputed mortal, who reckons them in the Catalogue of Diseases? But let us presuppose, that in Death we principally regard the Pain, as also, there is nothing to be fear'd in Poverty, but the Miseries it brings along with it, of Thirst, Hunger, Cold, Heat, Watching, and the other Inconveniences it makes us suffer, yet still we have nothing to do with any Thing but Pain. I will grant, and very willingly, that it is the worst Accident of our Being, (for I am the Man upon Earth that the most hates and avoids it, considering, that hitherto I thank God I have had so little Commerce with it) but still it lyes in us, if not to annihilate, at least to lessen it by Patience, and though the Body should mutiny, to maintain the Soul nevertheless in a good Temper. And were it not so, who would ever have given Reputation to Virtue, Valour, Force, Magnanimity, and Resolution? Where were their Parts to be plaid, if there were no Pain to be defied? *Avida est periculi virtus**. *Virtue is greedy of Danger.*

* *Seneca.*

Were there no lying upon the hard Ground, no enduring, armed at all Points, the Southern and Mid-day Heats, no feeding upon the Flesh of Horses and Asses, no seeing ourselves hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, no suffering a Bullet to be pulled out from amongst the shattered Bones, the stitching up, cauterising, and searching of Wounds, by what Means were the Advantage we covet to have over the Vulgar to be acquired? 'Tis far from flying Evil and Pain, what the Sages say, that of Actions equally good, a Man should most covet to perform that wherein there is greatest Labour and Pain. *Non est enim hilaritate, nec lascivia, nec risu, aut joco comite levitatis, sed sæpe etiam tristes firmitate, Et constantia sunt beati**: For Men are not only happy by Mirth and Wantonness, neither by Laughter and Jesting, the Companion of Levity, but very often the graver and more melancholick Sort of Men reap Felicity from their Steadiness and Constancy. And for this Reason it ever was impossible to persuade our Fore-fathers, but that the Victories obtained by Dint of Force, and the Hazard of War, were still more honourable than those gained with great Security, by Stratagem or Practice.

Lætiùs est, quoties magno sibi constat honestum†.

A handsom Act more handsom does appear,
By how much more it cost the Doer dear.

Besides, this ought to be our Comfort, that naturally, if the Pain be violent, 'tis but short; and if long, nothing violent: *Si gravis, brevis: Si longus, levis*‡. Thou wilt not feel it long, if thou feelest it too much, it will either put an End to itself, or to thee; if thou can'st not support it, it will export thee. *Memineris maximos morte finire; parvos multa habere intervalla requietis: Mediocrum nos esse dominos: Ut si tolerabiles sint, feramus; sin minus, è vita, quam ea non placeat tanquam è theatro exeamus*||: Remember, that great Ones are terminated by Death, that small

* Cicero de fin. l. 2.
|| Cicero de fin.

† Luc. lib. 9.

‡ Cicero.

have long Intermissions of Repose, and that we are Masters of the moderate Sort: So that, if tolerable, we may bear them, if not, we can go out of Life as from a Theatre, where the Entertainment does not please us; that which makes us suffer Pain with so much Impatience, is the not being accustomed to repose our chiefest Contentment in the Soul, that we do not enough rely upon her who is the sole and sovereign Mistress of our Condition. The Body, saving in greater or less Proportion, has but one and the same Bent and Bias; whereas the Soul is variable into all Sorts of Forms, and subjects to herself, and to her own Empire, all Things whatsoever; both the Senses of the Body, and all other Accidents: And therefore it is, that we ought to study her, to enquire into her, and to rouse up all her powerful Faculties. There is neither Reason, Form, nor Prescription, that can any thing prevail against her Inclination and Choice; of so many Thousands of Biasses that she has at her Disposal, let us give her one proper to our Repose and Conversation, and then we shall not only be sheltered and secured from all Manner of Injury and Offence, but moreover gratified and obliged, if we will, with Evils and Offences. She makes her Profit indifferently of all Things. Error and Dreams serve her to good Use, as a loyal Matter to lodge us in Safety and Contentment. 'Tis plain enough to be seen, that 'tis the Sharpness of our Conceit that gives the Edge to our Pains and Pleasures. Beasts that have no such Thing, leave to their Bodies their own free and natural Sentiments, and consequently, in every Kind, very near the same, as appears by the resembling Application of their Motions. If we would not disturb, in our Members, the Jurisdiction that appertains to them in this, 'tis to be believed, it would be the better for us, and that Nature has given them a just and moderate Temper, both to Pleasure and Pain; neither can it fail of being just, being equal, and common. But seeing we have enfranchis'd ourselves from these Rules, to give ourselves up to the rambling Liberty of our own Fancies, let us at least help to incline them to the most agreeable Side. *Plato* fears our too vehemently engaging ourselves with Grief and Pleasure, forasmuch as these two much knit and ally the Soul to the Body: Whereas I rather quite contrary, by Reason it too much

much separates and disunites them. As an Enemy is made more fierce by our Flight, so Pain grows proud to see us truckle under it. She will surrender upon much better Terms to them who make Head against her: A Man must oppose, and stoutly set himself against it. In retiring and giving Ground, we invite and pull upon ourselves the Ruin that threatens us. As the Body is more firm in an Encounter, the more stiffly and obstinately it applies itself to it; so it is with the Soul. But let us come to Examples, which are the proper Commodity for Fellows of such feeble Reins as myself; where we shall find, that it is with Pain as with Stones that receive a more spritely, or a more languishing Lustre, according to the Foil they are set upon, that it has no more Room in us than we are pleased to allow it. *Tantum doluerunt, quantum doloribus se inseruerunt* *: *They grieved so much the more, by how much they set themselves to grieve.* We are more sensible of one little Touch of a Chirurgeon's Lancet, than of twenty Wounds with a Sword in the Heat of Fight. The Pains of Child-bearing, said by the Physician, and even by God himself, to be very great, and which our Women keep so great a Clutter about, there are whole Nations that make nothing of them. To say nothing of the *Lacedæmonian* Women, what Alteration can you see in our *Switzers* Wives of the Guard, saving, as they trot after their Husbands, you see them To-day with the Child hanging at their Backs, that they carried Yesterday in their Bellies? And the counterfeit Gypsies we have amongst us, go themselves to wash their's as soon as they come into the World, in the first River they meet. Besides so many Whores as daily steal their Children out of their Womb, as before they stole them in; that fair and noble Wife of *Sabinus*, a Patrician of *Rome*, for another's Interest alone, without Help, without crying out, or so much as a Groan, endured the Bearing of Twins. A poor simple Boy of *Lacedæmon*, having stole a Fox, (for they more fear the Shame of their Knavery in Stealing, than we do the Punishment of our Knavery) and having got him under his Coat, did rather endure the Tearing out of

* *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

his Bowels than he would discover his Theft. And another cursing at a Sacrifice, suffered himself to be burnt to the Bone, by a Coal that fell into his Sleeve, rather than disturb the Ceremony. There have been a great Number, for a sole Trial of Virtue, who, following their Instructions, have at seven Years old endured to be whipt to Death, without changing their Countenance: And *Cicero* has seen them fight in Parties, with Fists, Feet and Teeth, 'till they have fainted and sunk down, rather than confess themselves overcome. Custom would never conquer Nature, for she is ever invincible, but we have infected the Mind with Shadows, Delights, Wantonness, Negligence and Sloth; and with vain Opinions, and corrupt Manners, render'd it effeminate and mean. Every one knows the Story of *Scævola*, who having slipt into the Enemies Camp to kill their General, and missing his Blow, to repair his Fault, by a more strange Invention, and to deliver his Country, he boldly confessed to *Porfenna*, (who was the King he had an Intent to kill) not only his Design, but moreover added, That there were then in his Camp a great Number of *Romans*, his Accomplices in the Enterprize, as good Men as he, and to shew what a one he himself was, having caused a Pan of burning Coals to be brought, he saw and endured his Arm to broil and roast, 'till the King himself conceiving Horror at the Sight, commanded the Pan to be taken away. What would you say of him, that would not vouchsafe to respite his reading in a Book, whilst he was under Incision? And of the other that persisted to mock and laugh, in Contempt of the Pains inflicted upon him; so that the provok'd Cruelty of the Executioners that had him in handling, and all the Inventions of Tortures redoubled upon him one after another, spent in vain, gave him the Bucklers? But he was a Philosopher. A Fencer of *Cæsar's* endur'd, and laughing all the while, his Wounds to be searched, lanced and laid open. *Quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit? Quis vultum mutavit unquam? Quis non modo stetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter? Quis cum decubisset, ferrum recipere jussus, collum contraxit?* *? What

* *Cicero Tusc. l. 2.*

mean Fencer ever so much as gave a Groan? Which of them ever so much as changed his Countenance? Which of them standing or falling did either with Shame? Which of them, when he was down, and commanded to receive the Blow of the Sword, ever shrunk in his Neck? Let us bring in the Women too. Who has not heard at *Paris* of her who caused her Face to be flea'd, only for the fresher Complexion of a new Skin? There are some who have drawn good and sound Teeth, to make their Voices more soft and sweet, or to place them in better Order. How many Examples of the Contempt of Pain have we in that Sex? What can they not do? What do they fear to do, for never so little Hopes of an Addition to their Beauty?

*Vellere quis cura est albos à stirpe capillos,
Et faciem dempta pelle referre novam*.*

Who pluck'd their gray Hairs by the Roots, and try
An old Head, Face, with young Skin to supply.

I have seen some of them swallow Sand, Ashes, and do their utmost to destroy their Stomachs, to get pale Complexions. To make a fine *Spanish* Boy, what Racks will they not endure of Tweaking and Bracing, 'till they have Notches in their Sides, cut into the very quick Flesh, and sometimes to Death? It is an ordinary Thing with several Nations at this Day, to hurt themselves in good Earnest, to gain Credit to what they profess, of which our King relates notable Examples of what he has seen in *Poland*, and done towards himself. But besides this, which I know to have been imitated by some in *France*, when I came from that famous Assembly of the Estates at *Blois*, I had a little before seen a Maid in *Picardy*, who, to manifest the Ardour of her Promises, as also her Constancy, gave herself, with a Bodkin she wore in her Hair, four or five good lusty Stabs into the Arm, 'till the Blood gushed out to some Purpose. The *Turks* make themselves great Scars in Honour of their Mistresses, and to the End they may the longer remain,

* *Tib. lib. 1. Eleg. 9.*

they presently clap Fire to the Wound, where they hold it an incredible Time to stop the Blood, and form the Cicatrice; People that have been Eye-Witnesses of it, have both writ and sworn it to me. But for ten Aspers, there are there every Day Fellows to be found, that will give themselves a good deep Slash in the Arms or Thighs. I am willing, though, to have the Testimonies nearest to us, when we have most Need of them; for Christendom does furnish us with enough. And after the Example of our blessed Guide, there have been many who would bear the Cross. We learn by Testimony, very worthy of Belief, that the King St. *Lewis* wore a Hair-Shirt, 'till in his old Age his Confessor gave him a Dispensation to leave it off; and that every *Friday* he caused his Shoulders to be drubbed by his Priest with six small Chains of Iron, which were always carried about amongst his Night Accoutrements for that Purpose. *William*, our late Duke of *Guienne*, the Father of this *Eleanor*, who has transmitted this Dutchy into the Houses of *France* and *England*, continually for ten or twelve Years before he died, wore a Suit of Armour under a religious Habit, by Way of Penance. *Fulk*, Count of *Anjou*, went as far as *Jerusalem*, to cause himself to be whipt there by two of his Servants, with a Rope about his Neck, before the Sepulchre of our Lord: But do we not, moreover, every *Good-Friday*, in several Places, see great Numbers of Men and Women, beat and whip themselves 'till they lacerate and cut the Flesh to the very Bones? I have often seen this, and without Enchantment, when it was said, there were some amongst them, (for they go disguised) who for Money undertook by this Means to save harmless the Religion of others, by a Contempt of Pain, so much the greater, as the Incentives of Devotion are more effectual, than those of Avarice. *Q. Maximus* buried his Son when he was a Consul, and *M. Cato* his when Prætor elect; and *L. Paulus* both his, within a few Days one after another, with such a Countenance as expressed no Manner of Grief. I said once merrily of a certain Person, that he had disappointed the divine Justice: For the violent Death of three grown up Children of his, being one Day sent him, for a severe Scourge, as it is to be supposed, he was so far from being afflicted at the Accident, that he rather took it for a

particular Grace and Favour of Heaven. I do not follow these monstrous Humours, though I lost two or three at Nurse, if not without Grief, at least, without repining, and yet there is hardly any Accident that pierces nearer to the Quick. I see a great many other Occasions of Sorrow, that should they happen to me, I should hardly feel; and have despised some when they have befallen me, to which the World has given so terrible a Figure, that I should blush to boast of my Constancy. *Ex quo intelligitur, non in Natura, sed in Opinione esse Aegritudinem**: By which it is understood, that the Grief is not in Nature, but Opinion. Opinion is a powerful Party, bold, and without Measure; who ever so greedily hunted after Security and Repose, as *Alexander* and *Cæsar* did after Disturbances and Difficulties? *Terex*, the Father of *Sitalces*, was wont to say, that when he had no Wars, he fancied there was no Difference betwixt him and his Groom. *Cato* the Consul, to secure some Cities of *Spain* from Revolt, only interdicting the Inhabitants from wearing Arms, a great many killed themselves: *Ferox gens, nullam vita rati sine Armis esse*: A fierce People, who thought there was no Life without Arms. How many do we know, who have forsaken the Calms and Sweets of a quiet Life, at home amongst their Acquaintance, to seek out the Honour of uninhabitable Deserts; and having precipitated themselves into so abject a Condition, as to become the Scorn and Contempt of the World, have hugged themselves with the Conceit, even to Affectation. Cardinal *Barromeus*, who died lately at *Milan*, in the Midst of all the Jollity that the Air of *Italy*, his Youth, Birth and great Riches invited him too, kept himself in so austere a Way of Living, that the same Robe he wore in Summer, served him for Winter too; had only Straw for his Bed, and his Hours of Vacancy from the Affairs of his Employment, he continually spent in Study upon his Knees, having a little Bread and a Glass of Water set by his Book, which was all the Provision of his Repast, and all the Time he spent in Eating. I know some who consentingly have acquired both Profit and Advancement from Cuckoldry, of which the

* *Cicero*.

bare Name only affrights so many People. If the Sight be not the most necessary of all our Senses, 'tis at least the most pleasant: But the most pleasant and the most useful of all our Members, seem to be those of Generation, and yet a great many have conceived a mortal Hatred against them, only for this, that they were too amiable; and have deprived themselves of them, only for their Value. As much thought he of his Eyes, that put them out. The Generality and more solid Sort of Men look upon Abundance of Children as a great Blessing; I, and some others, think it as great a Benefit to be without them. And when you ask *Thales*, why he does not marry, he tells you, because he has no Mind to leave any Posterity behind him. That our Opinion gives the Value to Things, is very manifest in a great many of these which we do not so much regard to prize them, but ourselves; and never consider, either their Virtues, or their Use; but only how dear they cost us: As though that were a Part of their Substance: And we only repute for Value in them, not what they bring to us, but what we add to them. By which I understand, that we are great Managers of our Expence. As it weighs, it serves for so much as it weighs; our Opinion will never suffer it to want of it's Value. The Price gives Value to the Diamond, Difficulty to Virtue, Suffering to Devotion, and Gripping to Physick. A certain Person to be poor, threw his Crowns into the same Sea to which so many came from all Parts of the World to fish and rifle for Riches. *Epicurus* says, That to be rich, is no Advantage, but only an Alteration of Affairs. In plain Truth, it is not Want, but rather Abundance that creates Avarice. Neither will I stick to deliver my own Experience concerning this Affair.

I have since my Childhood lived in three Sorts of Conditions; the first, which continued for twenty Years, I past over without any other Means but what were accidental, and depending upon the Allowance and Assistance of others, without Stint or certain Revenue. I then spent my Money so much the more chearfully, and with so much the less Care how it went, as it wholly depended upon my over Confidence of Fortune; and never lived more at my Ease, I never had the Repulse of finding the Purse of any of my Friends shut against me, having enjoined myself this

Necessity above all other Necessities whatever, by no Means to fail of Payment at the appointed Time, which also they have a thousand Times respited, seeing how careful I was to satisfy them ; so that I practised at once a thrifty, and withal, a Kind of alluring Honesty. I naturally feel a Kind of Pleasure in Paying, as if I eased my Shoulders of a troublesome Weight, and in freeing myself from that Image of Slavery ; as also, that I had a ravishing Kind of Satisfaction, in pleasing another by doing a just Action. Those Kind of Payments excepted, where the Trouble of Reckoning and Dodging are required, and in such Cases, where I can meet with no Body to ease me of that hateful Torment, I avoid them, how scandalously and injuriously soever, all I possibly can, for fear of those little wrangling Disputes, for which, both by Humour, and Way of Speaking, are so totally improper and unfit. There is nothing I hate so much, as driving on a Bargain ; 'tis a mere Traffick of Cozenage and Impudence ; where, after an Hour's Cheapning and Dodging, both Parties abandon their Word and Oath for five Sols Profit or Abatement. And yet I always borrowed at great Disadvantage, for wanting the Confidence to speak to the Person myself, I committed my Request to the Persuasion of a Letter, which usually is no very successful Advocate, and is of very great Advantage to him who has a Mind to deny. I in those Days more jocundly and freely referred the Conduct of my Affairs to the Stars, than I have since done to my own Providence and Judgment. Most good Husbands look upon it as a horrible Thing to live always thus in Uncertainty, and are not angry in the first Place, that the greatest Part of the World live so. How many worthy Men have wholly slighted and abandoned the Certainty of their own Estates, and yet daily do it, to trust to the inconstant Favour of Princes and fickle Fortune ? *Cæsar* ran above a Million of Gold, more than he was worth, in Debt, to become *Cæsar*. And how many Merchants have begun their Traffick by the Sale of their Farms, which they sent into the *Indies* ?

*Tot per impetentia freta * ?*

* *Cat. Epig. 4.*

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In so great a Dearth of Devotion, as we see in these Days, we have a thousand and a thousand Colleges that pass it over commodiously enough, expecting every Day their Dinner from the Liberality of Heaven. Secondly, They do not take Notice, that this Certitude, upon which they so much rely, is not much less uncertain and hazardous than Hazard itself. I see Misery as near beyond two thousand Crowns a Year, as if it stood close by me; for besides, that it is in the Power of Chance to make a hundred Breaches to Poverty, through the greatest Strength of our Riches (there being very often no Mean betwixt the highest and the lowest Fortune.)

Fortuna vitrea est: Tum, quum splendet, frangitur.*

Fortune is Glass, the brighter it doth shine
More frail, and soonest broken when most fine.

And to turn all our Barricado's and Bulwarks Topsy-Turvy, I find that by divers Causes, Indigence is as frequently seen to inhabit with those who have Estates, as with those that have none; and, peradventure, it is then far less grievous when alone, than when accompany'd with Riches; which flow more from good Management than Income. *Faber est suæ quisque Fortunæ†: Every one is the Hammerer of his own Fortune*; and an uneasy, necessitous, busy Man, seems to me more miserable, than he that is simply poor. *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egestatis gravissimum est. Poor in the Midst of Riches, which is the most insupportable Kind of Poverty.* The greatest and most wealthy Princes are by Poverty and Want driven to the most extreme Necessity: For can there be any more Extreme, than to become Tyrants and unjust Usurpers of their Subjects Goods and Estates?

My second Condition of Life was, to have Money of my own; wherein I so ordered the Matter, that I had soon laid up a very notable Sum out of so mean a Fortune; considering with myself, that that only was to be reputed

* *Sen. Provid.*

† *Sen. Ep. 4.*

having, which a Man reserved from his ordinary Expence, that a Man could not absolutely rely upon Revenue to receive, how clear soever his Estate might be. For what, said I, if I should be surprized by such or such an Accident; and after such like vain and vicious Imaginations, would very learnedly, by this Hoarding of Money, provide against all Inconveniencies; and could moreover answer, such as objected to me, that the Number of them was too infinite, that I could not lay up for all, I could however do it at least for some, and for many. Yet was not this done without a great deal of Solicitude and Anxiety of Mind. I kept it very close, and though I dare talk so boldly of myself, never spoke of my Money, but falsely, as others do, who being rich, pretend to be poor, and being poor, pretend to be rich, dispensing with their Consciences from ever telling sincerely what they have. A ridiculous and shameful Prudence. Was I to go a Journey? methought I was never enough provided; and the more I loaded myself with Money, the more also was I loaded with Fear, one while the Danger of the Roads, another of the Fidelity of him who had the Charge of my Baggage, of whom, as some others that I know, I was never sufficiently secure, if I had him not always in my Eye. If I chanced to leave the Key of my Cabinet behind me, what strange Jealousies and Anxiety of Mind did I enter into? And which was worse, without daring to acquaint any Body with it. My Mind was eternally taken up with such Things as these, so that all Things considered, there is more Trouble in keeping Money, than in getting it. And if I did not altogether so much as I say, or was not effectually so scandalously solicitous of my Money, as I have made myself; yet it cost me something at least to govern myself from being so. I reaped little or no Advantage by what I had, and my Expences seemed nothing less to me, for having the more to spend: For, as *Bion* said, The hairy Men are as angry as the bald to be pulled; and after you are once accustomed to it, and have once set your Heart upon your Heap, it is no more at your Service, you cannot find in your Heart to break it: 'Tis a Building that you will fancy, must of Necessity all tumble down to Ruin, if you stir but the least Pebble. Necessity

sity must first take you by the Throat, before you can prevail upon yourself to touch it: And I would sooner have pawn'd any Thing I had, or sold a House, and with much less Constraint upon myself, than have made the least Breach in that beloved Purse I had so cunningly laid by. But the Danger was, that a Man cannot easily prescribe certain Limits to this Desire, (for they are hard to find in Things that a Man conceives to be good,) and to stint this good Husbandry so, that it may not degenerate into Avarice: Men still being intent upon adding to the Heap, and increasing the Stock from Sum to Sum, 'till at last they vilely deprive themselves of the Enjoyment of their own proper Goods, and throw all in Reserve, without making any Use of them at all. According to this Rule, they are the richest People in the World, who are set to guard the Goals, and to defend the Walls of a wealthy City. All money'd Men I conclude to be covetous. *Plato* places corporal or human Riches in this Order; Health, Beauty, Strength and Riches; and Riches, says he, is not blind, but very clear sighted, when illuminated by Prudence. *Dionysius* the Son, did a very handsom Act upon this Subject. He was informed, that one of the *Syracusans* had hid a Treasure in the Earth, and thereupon sent to the Man to bring it to him, which he accordingly did, privately reserving a small Part of it only to himself, with which he went to another City, where being cured of his Appetite of Hoarding, he began to live at a more liberal Rate; which *Dionysius* hearing, caused the rest of his Treasure to be restor'd to him, saying, that since he had learnt how to use it, he very willingly returned it back unto him.

I continued some Years in this hoarding Humour, when I know not what good Genius fortunately put me out of it, as he did the *Syracusan*, and made me throw abroad all my Reserve at Random; the Pleasure of a certain Voyage I took of very great Expence, having made me spurn this fond Love of Money under Foot, by which Means I am now fallen into a third Way of Living, (I speak what I think of it) doubtless much more pleasant and moderate, which is, that I live at the Height of my Revenue, sometimes the one, sometimes the other may perhaps exceed, but 'tis very little, and but rarely that they differ at all; I
live

live from Hand to Mouth, and content myself in having sufficient for my present and ordinary Expence; for as to extraordinary Occasions, all the laying up in the World would never suffice; and 'tis the greatest Folly imaginable to expect, that Fortune should ever sufficiently arm us against herself. 'Tis with our own Arms that we are to fight her, accidental Ones will betray us in the Pinch of the Business. If I lay up, 'tis for some near and designed Expence, and not to purchase Lands, of which I have no Need, but to purchase Pleasure. *Non esse cupidum, pecunia est; non esse emacem, vestigal est**: Not to be covetous, is Money; not to be a Purchaser, is a Tribute. I neither am in any great Apprehension of wanting, nor in any Desire of getting any more; *Divitiarum fructus est in copia; copiam declarat satietas†*: The Fruits of Riches lye in abundance, Satiety declares abundance. And I am very well pleased with myself, that this Reformation in me has fallen out in an Age naturally inclined to Avarice, and that I see myself clear'd of a Folly so common to old Men, and the most ridiculous of all human Follies. *Feraulez*, a Man who had run through both Fortunes, and found that the Increase of Substance was no Increase of Appetite, either to Eating or Drinking, Sleeping, or the Enjoyment of his Wife; and who, on the other Side, felt the Care of his Economy lye heavy upon his Shoulders, as it does on mine; was resolved to please a poor young Man, his faithful Friend, who panted after Riches, by making him a Gift of all his, which was excessively great, and moreover of all he was in the daily Way of getting by the Liberality of *Cyrus*, his good Master, and by the War; conditionally that he should take Care handsomely to maintain, and plentifully to entertain him as his Host, and his Friends; which being accordingly embraced and performed, they afterwards lived very happily together, both of them equally content with the Change of their Condition. An Example that I could imitate with all my Heart. And very much approve the Fortune of an ancient *Prelate*, whom I see to have so absolutely stripped himself of his Purse, his Re-

* *Cicero Perad. Ul.*† *Ibid.*

venue, and Care of his Expence ; committing them one while to one trusty Servant, and another while to another ; that he has spun out a long Succession of Years, as ignorant by this Means of his domestick Affairs, as a mere Stranger. The Confidence of another Man's Virtue, is no light Evidence of a Man's own ; besides, God is pleased to favour such a Confidence, as to what concerns him of whom I am speaking, I see no where a better govern'd Family, nor a House more nobly and constantly maintained than his ; happy in this, to have stated his Affairs to so just a Proportion, that his Estate is sufficient to do it without his Care or Trouble, and without any Hindrance, either in the spending or laying it up, to his other more decent and quiet Employments, which are most suitable both to his Place and Liking. Plenty then and Indigence depend upon the Opinion every one has of them ; and Riches, no more than Glory or Health, have no more either Beauty or Pleasure, than he is pleased to lend them, by whom they are possess'd. Every one is well or ill at Ease, according as he finds himself : Not he whom the World believes, but he who himself believes to be so, is content ; and in him alone Belief gives itself Being and Reality. Fortune does us neither Good nor Hurt ; she only presents us the Matter and the Seed, which our Soul, more powerfully than she, turns and applies as she best pleases ; being the sole Cause and sovereign Mistress of her own happy or unhappy Condition. All external Accessions receive Taste and Colour from the internal Constitution, as Clothes warm us, not with their Heat, but our own, which they are fit to cover and keep in ; and who would cover a cold Body, would do the same Service for the Cold, for so Snow and Ice are preserved. And after the same Manner that Study is a Torment to a Truant, Abstinence from Wine to a good Companion, Frugality to the Spend-thrift, and Exercise to a Lazy tender-bred Fellow ; so it is of all the rest. The Things are not so painful and difficult of themselves, but our Weakness or Cowardice makes them so. To judge of great and high Matters, requires a suitable Soul, otherwise we attribute the Vice to them, which is really our own. A strait Oar seems crooked in the Water : It does not only import that we see the Thing, but how, and after what

what Manner we see it. But after all this, why amongst so many Discourses, that by so many Arguments persuade Men to despise Death, and endure Pain, can we not find out one that makes for us? And of so many Sorts of Imaginations as have so prevailed upon others, as to persuade them to do so, why does not every one apply some one to himself, the most suitable to his own Humour? If he cannot away with a strong working Apozem to eradicate the Evil, let him at least take a Lenitive to ease it. *Opinio est quædam effeminata, at levis: Nec in dolore magis, quam eadem in voluptate: Qua quum liquefcimus fluimusque mollitia, apud aculeum sine clamore ferre non possumus. Totum in eo est, ut tibi imperes**: There is a certain Light and effeminate Opinion, and that not more in Pain than it is even in Pleasure itself; by which, whilst we rest and wallow in Ease and Wantonness, we cannot endure so much as the Stinging of a Bee without roaring. All that lyes in it is only this, to command thyself. As to the rest, a Man does not transgress Philosophy, by permitting the Acrimony of Pains and human Frailty to prevail so much above Measure; for they will at last be reduced to these invincible Replies. If it be ill to live in Necessity, at least there is no Necessity upon a Man to live in Necessity. No Man continues ill long, but by his own Fault. And who has neither the Courage to die, nor the Heart to live: Who will neither resist nor fly, what should a Man do to him?

* Cicero *Tusc. lib. 2.*



CHAP.



C H A P. XLI.

Not to communicate a Man's Honour.

OF all the Follies of the World, that which is most universally received is the Solitude of Reputation and Glory, which we are fond of to that Degree, as to abandon Riches, Peace, Life and Health, which are effectual and substantial Goods, to pursue this vain Phantom, and empty Word, that has neither Body nor Hold to be taken of it.

*La fama ch' invaghisce a un dolce suono
Gli superbi mortali, & par' sì bella
Eun echo, un Sogno, andzi d' un Sogno un' ombra
Ch' ad ogni vento si dilegua, & sgombra *.*

Honour, that with such an alluring Sound,
Proud Mortals charms, and does appear so fair,
An Echo, Dream, Shade of a Dream is found,
Dispers'd abroad by ev'ry Breath of Air.

And of all the irrational Humours of Men, it should seem, that even the Philosophers themselves have the most ado, and do the latest disengage themselves from this, as the most resty and obstinate of human Follies. *Quia etiam bene proficientis animos tentare non cessat†*: Because it ceases not to attack even the wisest and best lettered Minds. There is not any one Vice, of which Reason does so clearly accuse the Vanity, as of that; but it is so deeply rooted in us, that I dare not determine, whether any one ever clearly sequestered himself from it or no. After you have said all, and believed all that has been said to it's Prejudice, it creates so intestine an Inclination in Opposition to your best Argu-

* *Tasso. Canto 10.*

† *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*
ments,

ments, that you have little Power and Constancy to resist it : For (as *Cicero* says) even those who most controvert it, would yet, that the Books they write should visit the Light under their own Names, and seek to derive Glory from seeming to despise it. All other Things are communicable, and fall into Commerce ; we lend our Goods, and stake our Lives for the Necessity and Service of our Friends ; but to communicate a Man's Honour, and to rob another with a Man's own Glory, is very rarely seen. And yet we have some Examples of that Kind. *Catulus Lucatius* in the *Cymbrian* War, having done all that in him lay to make his flying Soldiers face about upon the Enemy, ran himself at last away with the rest, and counterfeited the Coward, to the End his Men might rather seem to follow their Captain, than to fly from the Enemy ; which was to abandon his own Reputation, to palliate the Shame of others. When *Charles* the Fifth came into *Provence* in the Year 1537, 'tis said, that *Antonio de Leva* seeing the Emperor positively resolved upon this Expedition, and believing it would redound very much to his Honour, did nevertheless very stiffly oppose it in the Council, to the End that the entire Glory of that Resolution should be attributed to his Master ; and that it might be said, his own Wisdom and Foresight had been such, as that, contrary to the Opinion of all, he had brought about so great, and so generous an Enterprize, which was to do him Honour at his own Expence. The *Thracian* Embassadors, coming to comfort *Archileonida*, the Mother of *Brasidas*, upon the Death of her Son, and commending him to that Height, as to say, he had not left his Like behind him ; she rejected this private and particular Commendation, to attribute it to the Publick : Tell me not that (said she) I know the City of *Sparta* has several Citizens both greater, and of greater Valour than he. In the Battle of *Cressy*, the Prince of *Wales*, being then very young, had the Vant-guard committed to him, and the main Strefs of the Battle happened to be in that Place, which made the Lords that were with him, finding themselves over-match'd, to send to King *Edward*, that he would please to advance to their Relief ; who thereupon enquiring what Condition his Son was in, and being answered, that he was yet living, and on Horse-back : I should then do him

him Wrong (said the King) now to go, and deprive him of the Honour of winning this Battle he has so long, and so bravely disputed, what Hazard soever he runs, it shall be entirely his own: And accordingly would neither go nor send, knowing that if he went, it would be said all had been lost without his Succour, and that the Honour of the Victory would be wholly attributed to him. *Semper enim quod postremum adjectum est, id rem totam videtur traxisse.* For the last Stroke to a Business seems to draw along with it the Performance of the whole Action. Many at Rome thought, and would usually say, that the greatest of Scipio's Acts were, in Part, due to Lelius, whose constant Practice it was still to advance, and shoulder Scipio's Grandeur and Renown, without any Care of his own. And Theopompus, King of Sparta, to him who told him the Republick could not miscarry, since he knew so well how to command. 'Tis rather (answered he) because the People know so well how to obey. As Women succeeding to Peerages, had, notwithstanding their Sex, the Privilege to assist, and give in their Votes in the Causes that appertained to the Jurisdiction of Peers: So the Ecclesiastical Peers, notwithstanding their Profession, were obliged to assist our Kings in their Wars, not only with their Friends and Servants, but in their own Persons. As the Bishop of Beauvais did, who being with Philip Augustus at the Battle of Bouvines, had a notable Share in that Action; but he did not think it fit for him to participate in the Fruit and Glory of that violent and bloody Trade. He with his own Hand reduced several of the Enemy that Day to his Mercy, whom he delivered to the first Gentleman he met, either to kill, or to receive them to Quarter, referring the Execution to another Hand. As also did William, Earl of Salisbury, to Messire Jane de Nesle, with a like Subtlety of Conscience to the other we named before, he would kill, but not wound him, and for that Reason ever fought with a Mace. And a certain Person of my Time, being reproached by the King, that he had laid Hands on a Priest, stiffly and positively deny'd he had done any such Thing: The Meaning of which was, he had cudgell'd and kick'd him.



C H A P. XLII.

Of the Inequality amongst us.

Plutarch says somewhere, that he does not find so great a Difference betwixt Beast and Beast, as he does betwixt Man and Man. Which is said in Reference to the internal Qualities and Perfections of the Soul. And in Truth, I find, (according to my poor Judgment,) so vast a Distance betwixt *Epaminondas*, and some that I-know, (who are yet Men of common Sense,) that I would willingly enhance upon *Plutarch*, and say, that there is more Difference betwixt such and such a Man, than there is betwixt such a Man and such a Beast :

*Hem vir viro quid præstat * !*

— How much alas,
One Man another doth surpass !

And that there are as many and innumerable Degrees of Wits, as there are Cubits betwixt this and Heaven. But as touching the Estimate of Men, 'tis strange, that, ourselves excepted, no other Creature is esteemed beyond it's proper Qualities. We commend a Horse for his Strength and Sureness of Foot,

Volucrum

*Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo †.*

So we commend the Horse for being fleet,
Who many Palms by Breath and Speed does get,
And which the Trumpets in the Circle grace,
With their hoarse Clangors for his well-run Race.

* *Ter. For. Act. 5. Sc. 3.*

† *Juvenal, Sat. 8.*

and not for his rich Caparisons ; a Greyhound for his Share of Heels, not for his fine Collar ; a Hawk for her Wing, not for her Gesses and Bells. Why, in like Manner, do we not value a Man for what is properly his own ? He has a great Train, a beautiful Palace, so much Credit, so many thousand Pounds a Year, and all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a Pig in a Poke : If you cheapen a Horse, you will see him stript of his Hous-ing-clothes, you will see him naked and open to your Eye ; or if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to present them to Princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important Parts, that you may not so much consider the Beauty of his Colour, or the Breadth of his Crupper, as principally to examine his Limbs, Eyes and Feet, which are the Members of greatest Use :

*Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Suspiciunt, ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulsa pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix*.*

When Kings Steeds cloth'd, as 'tis their Manner, buy,
They straight examine very curiously,
Lest a short Head, a thin and well rais'd Crest,
A broad spread Buttock, and an ample Chest,
Should all be propt with an old beaten Hoof,
To gull the Buyer when they come to Proof.

Why in giving your Estimate of a Man, do you prize him wrapt and muffled up in Clothes ? He then discovers nothing to you, but such Parts as are not in the least his own ; and conceals those, by which alone one may rightly judge of his Value. 'Tis the Price of the Blade that you enquire into, and not of the Scabbard : You would not, peradventure, bid a Farthing for him, if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears. And as one of the Ancients very pleasantly said ; Do you know why you repute him tall ? You reckon withal the

Heighth of his Chepines, whereas the Pedestal is no Part of the Statue. Measure him without his Stilts, let him lay aside his Revenues and his Titles, let him present himself in his Shirt, then examine if his Body be sound and spritely, active and disposed to perform it's Functions? What Soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her Faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has Fortune no Hand in the Affair? Can she, without winking, stand the Lightning of Swords? Is she indifferent, whether her Life expire by the Mouth, or through the Throat? Is she settled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast Differences betwixt Man and Man. Is he

*Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, Et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari,
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna *?*

Wise, and commanding o'er his Appetite.
One whom, nor Want, nor Death, nor Bonds can fright,
To check his Lusts, and Honours scorn, so stout,
And in himself so round and clear throughout,
That no external Thing can stop his Course,
And on whom Fortune vainly tries her Force.

such a Man is raised five hundred Fathoms above Kingdoms and Dutchies, he is an absolute Monarch in and to himself.

Sapiens Pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi †.

The wise Man his own Fortune makes.

What remains for him to covet or desire?

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 7.* † *Plaut. Tri. Act. 2. Sc. 2.*

Nonne videmus
*Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi ut quoi
 Corpore sejunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur
 Jucundo sensu, cura semotus metuque * ?*

We see that Nature to no more aspires ;
 Nor to herself a greater Good requires,
 Than that, whose Body is from Dolors free,
 He should his Mind with more Serenity,
 And a more pleasing Sense enjoy, quite clear,
 From those two grand Disturbers, Grief and Fear.

Compare with such a one the common Rabble of Mankind, stupid and mean-spirited, servile, instable, and continually floating with the Tempest of various Passions, that tosses and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater Distance than betwixt Heaven and Earth ; and yet the Blindness of common Usage is such, that we make little or no Account of it. Whereas, if we consider a Peasant and a King, a Nobleman and a Clown, a Magistrate and a private Man, a rich Man and a poor, there appears a vast Disparity, though they differ no more (as a Man may say) than in their Breeches. In *Thrace* the King was distinguished from his People after a very pleasant Manner ; he had a Religion by himself, a God of his own, and which his Subjects were not to presume to adore, which was *Mercury* ; whilst, on the other Side, he disdained to have any Thing to do with theirs, *Mars, Bacchus, and Diana*. And yet they are no other than Pictures, that make no essential Dissimilitude ; for as you see Actors in a Play, representing the Person of a Duke or an Emperor, upon the Stage, and immediately after, in the Tiring-Room, return to their true and original Condition ; so the Emperor, whose Pomp and Lustre does so dazzle you in Publick,

*Silicet, & grandes viridi cum luce smaragdi
 Auro includuntur, teriturque Thalassina vestis
 Assidue, & veneris sudorem exercita petat †.*

* *Luc. l. 2.*

† *Luc. l. 4.*

Great Emeralds richly are in Gold enchast,
To dart green Lustre, and the Sea-green Vest
Continually is worn and rubb'd to Frets,
Whilst it imbibes the Juice that *Venus* sweats.

do but peep behind the Curtain, and you'll see nothing more than an ordinary Man, and peradventure more contemptible than the meanest of his Subjects. *Ille beatus introrsum est, istius bracteata felicitas est* *: True Happiness lyes within, the other is but a counterfeit Felicity. Cowardice, Irresolution, Ambition, Spite and Envy, are as predominant in him as in another.

*Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor, miseros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes †.*

For neither Wealth, Honours, nor Offices,
Can the wild Tumults of the Mind appease,
Nor chase those Cares, that with unwearied Wings
Hover about the Palaces of Kings.

Nay, Solitude and Fear attack him, even in the Center
of his Battalions.

*Reveraque metus hominum, curæque sequaces,
Nec metuunt sonitus armorum, nec fera tela,
Audaçterque inter Reges, rerumque potentes
Versantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro ‡.*

For Fears and Cares warring with human Hearts,
Fear not the Clash of Arms, nor Points of Darts;
But with great Kings and Potentates make bold,
Maugre their Purple and their glitt'ring Gold.

Do Fevers, Gouts and Apoplexies spare them any more
than one of us? When old Age hangs heavy upon a Prince's

* *Seneca, Ep. 115.* † *Horace, lib. 2. Ode 16.* ‡ *Luc. l. 2.*
Shoulders,

Shoulders, can the Yeomen of his Guard ease him of the Burthen? When he is astonish'd with the Apprehension of Death, can the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber comfort and assure him? When Jealousy, or any other Capricio, swims in his Brain, can our Compliments and Ceremonies restore him to his good Humour? The Canopy embroidered with Pearl and Gold he lyes under, has no Virtue against a violent Fit of the Stone or Colick.

*Nec calidæ citius decedunt corpore febres
Textilibus si in picturis, ostroque rubenti
Facteris, quam si plebeia in veste cubandum est*.*

Nor sooner will a Calenture depart,
Altho' in figur'd Tissues lodg'd thou art,
Than if thy homely Couch were meanly spread
With poorest Blankets of the coarsest Thread.

The Flatterers of *Alexander the Great* possessed him, that he was the Son of *Jupiter*: But being one Day wounded, and observing the Blood stream from his Wound, What say you now, (my Friends) said he, is not this Blood of a crimson Colour, and purely Human? This is not of the Complexion with that which *Homer* makes to issue from the wounded Gods. The Poet *Hermedorus* had writ a Poem in Honour of *Antigonus*, wherein he called him the Son of the Sun: But he that has the emptying of my Close-stool (said *Antigonus*) will find to the contrary. He is but a Man at best, and if he be deformed, or ill qualified from his Birth, the Empire of the Universe can neither mend his Shape nor his Nature;

Puella

Hunc raptant, quidquid culcaverit hic, rosa fiat†.

Tho' Maids should ravish him, and where he goes,
In ev'ry Step he takes should spring a Rose;

* *Luc. l. 2.*

† *Perfius, Sat. 2.*

what of-all that, if he be a Fool and a Sot, even Pleasure and good Fortune are not relished without Vigour and Understanding.

*Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet,
Qui uti scit, ei bona, illi, qui non utitur recte, mala*.*

Things to the Souls of their Possessors square ;
Goods if well us'd, if ill, they Evils are.

Whatever the Benefits of Fortune are, they yet require a Palate fit to relish and taste them : 'Tis Fruition, and not Possession, that renders us happy.

*Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas, valeat possessor oportet,
Qui comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti,
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ Tabulæ, fomenta podagram †.*

Mannors, or Heaps of Brass and Gold, afford
No Ease at all to their Febrifick Lord ;
Nor can they cure his Cares ; 'tis requisite
The Good's Possessor know the Use of it.
Who fears or covets, these so help him out,
As Pictures blind Folks, Cataplasms the Gout.

He is a Sot, his Taste is palled and flat ; he no more enjoys what he has, than one that has a Cold relishes the Flavour of Canary ; or than a Horse is sensible of his rich Caparison. Plato is in the right, when he tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour and Riches, and all the other Things called Goods, are equally Evil to the Unjust, as Good to the Just, and the Evil on the contrary the same. And therefore, where either the Body or the Mind are in Disorder, to what Use serve these external Conveniencies ? Considering, that the least Prick with a Pin, or the least Passion of the Soul, is

* *Ter. Heaut. Act. 1.*

† *Horace, lib. 1. Epist. 2.*
sufficient

sufficient to deprive us of the Pleasure of being sole Monarch of the World. At the first Twitch of the Gout, it signifies much to be called Sire, and your Majesty;

Totus, & argento conflatus, totus & auro.*

Altho' his Chests are cramm'd, whilst they will hold,
With immense Sums of Silver Coin and Gold.

does he not forget his Palaces and Grandeurs? If he be angry, can his being a Prince keep him from looking red, and looking pale, and grinding his Teeth like a Mad-man? Now if he be a Man of Parts, and well descended, Royalty adds very little to his Happiness:

*Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterant regales addere majus†.*

If thou art right and sound from Head to Foot,
A King's Revenue can add nothing to't.

He discerns, 'tis nothing but Counterfeit and Gallery. Nay, perhaps, he would be of King *Seleucus's* Opinion, That he that knew the Weight of a Scepter, would not deign to stoop to take it up; which he said, in Reference to the great and painful Duty incumbent upon a good King. Doubtless it can be no easy Task to rule others, when we find it so hard a Matter to govern ourselves. And as to the Thing Dominion, that seems so sweet and charming, the Frailty of human Wisdom, and the Difficulty of Choice in Things that are new and doubtful, to us considered, I am very much of Opinion, that it is much more pleasant to follow than to lead; and that it is a great Settlement and Satisfaction of Mind, to have only one Path to walk in, and to have none to answer for, but for a Man's self;

*Ut satius multo jam sit, parere quietum,
Quam regere imperio res velle‡.*

* *Hor. lib. 1. El. 2.* † *Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 12.* ‡ *Lucret. lib. 5.*

So that 'tis better calmly to obey,
Than in the Storms of State to rule and sway.

To which we may add that Saying of *Cyrus*, That no Man was fit to rule, but he, who in his own Worth, was of greater Value than all those he was to govern: But King *Hiero* in *Xenophon*, says farther, That in the Fruition even of Pleasure itself, they are in a worse Condition than private Men; forasmuch as the Opportunities and Facility they have of commanding those Things at Will, takes off from the Delight:

*Pinguis amor, nimiumque potens, in tædia nobis
Vertitur, & Stomacho dulcis ut esca necet* *.

Too potent Love, in Loathing never ends,
As highest Sauce the Stomach most offends.

Can we think, that the Singing-Boys of the Quire take any great Delight in their own Musick? The Satiety does rather render it troublesom and tedious to them. Feasts, Balls, Masquerades and Tiltings, delight such as but rarely see, and desire to be at such Solemnities: But having been frequent at such Entertainments, the Relish of them grows flat and insipid: Nay, Women (the greatest Temptation) do not so much delight those who make a common Practice of the Sport. He who will not give himself Leisure to be thirsty, can never find the true Pleasure of Drinking. Farces and tumbling Tricks are pleasant to the Spectators, but a Pain to those by whom they are performed. And that this is effectually so, we see that Princes divert themselves sometimes in disguising their Qualities, a-while to depose themselves, and to stoop to the poor and ordinary Way of Living of the meanest of their People.

*Plerumque gratæ Principibus vires
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cæne sine aulæis, & ostro,
Sollicitum explicuere frontem* †.

* *Ovid. Amor, l. 2. Eleg. 19.* † *Hor. car. lib. 3. Ode 29.*
E'en

E'en Princes with Variety tempted are,
Which makes them oft feed on clean homely Fare,
In a poor Hut, laying aside the State,
Purple and Pomp, which should on Grandeur wait,
In such a Solitude to smoothe the Frown,
Forc'd by the weighty Pressure of a Crown.

Nothing is so distastful and disappointing, as Abundance. What Appetite would not be baffled, to see three hundred Women at his Mercy, as the *Grand Seigneur* has in his *Seraglio*? And what Fruition of Pleasure, or Taste of Recreation of his Ancestors, did he reserve to himself, who never went a Hawking without seven thousand Falconers? And besides all this, I fancy that this Lustre of Grandeur brings with it no little Disturbance and Uneasiness upon the Enjoyment of the most tempting Pleasures: They are too conspicuous, and lye too open to every one's View. Neither do I know to what End they should any more require them to conceal their Errors, since what is only reputed Indiscretion in us, they know very well the People brand with the Names of Tyranny, and Contempt of the Laws in them; and besides their Proclivity to Vice, are apt to censure that as a heightning Pleasure to themselves to insult over the Laws, and to trample upon public Ordinances. *Plato*, indeed, in his *Gorgeas* defines a Tyrant to be one, who in a City has Licence to do whatever his own Will leads him to. And by reason of his Impunity, the over-acting and Publication of their Vices, does oft-times more Mischief than the Vice itself. Every one fears to be pry'd into, and discover'd in their evil Courses; but Princes are, even to their very Gestures, Looks, and Thoughts, the People conceiving they have Right and Title to censure, and be Judges of them: Besides, that the Blemishes of the Great, naturally appear greater, by reason of the Eminency and Lustre of the Place where they are seated; and that a Mole or a Wart appears greater in them, than the greatest Deformity in others. And this is the Reason why the *Poets* feign the Amours of *Jupiter* to be perform'd in the Disguises of so many borrow'd Shapes, that amongst the many amorous Practices they lay to his Charge, there is only
one,

one, as I remember, where he appears in his own Majesty and Grandeur. But let us return to *Hiero*, who complains of the Inconveniencies he found in his Royalty, in that he could not look abroad, and travel the World at Liberty, being as it were a Prisoner to the Bounds and Limits of his own Dominion : And that in all his Actions he was evermore surrounded with an importunate Crowd. And in Truth, to see our Kings sit all alone at Table, environed with so many People prating about them, and so many Strangers staring upon them, as they always are, I have often been mov'd, rather to pity than to envy their Condition. King *Alphonfus* was wont to say, that in this, Asses were in a better Condition than Kings, their Masters permitting them to feed at their own Ease and Pleasure ; a Favour that Kings cannot obtain of their Servants. And it would never come into my Head, that it could be of any great Benefit to the Life of a Man of Sense, to have twenty People prating about him, when he is at Stool ; or that the Services of a Man of ten thousand *Livres* a Year, or that has taken *Casal*, or defended *Siena*, should be either more commodious or more acceptable to him, than those of a good Groom of the Chamber, that understands his Place. The Advantages of Sovereignty are but imaginary upon the Matter : Every Degree of Fortune has in it some Image of Principality. *Cæsar* calls all the Lords of *France*, having Free-Franchise within their own Demains *Roylets* ; and in Truth, the Name of *Sire* excepted, they go pretty far towards Kingship ; for do but look into the Provinces remote from Court, as *Brittany* for Example, take Notice of the Attendance, the Vassals, the Officers, the Employments, Service, Ceremony and State of a Lord that lives retir'd from Court, is constant to his own House, and that has been bred up amongst his own Tenants and Servants ; and observe withal, the Flight of his Imagination, there is nothing more royal ; he hears talk of his Master once a Year, as of a King of *Persia*, or *Peru*, without taking any farther Notice of him, than some remote Kindred, his Secretary keeps in some musty Record. And, to speak the Truth, our Laws are easy enough, so easy, that a Gentleman of *France* scarce feels the Weight of Sovereignty pinch his Shoulders above twice in his Life. Real and effectual

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Subjection only concerns such amongst us as voluntarily thrust their Necks under the Yoke, and who design to get Wealth and Honours by such Services: For a Man that loves his own Fire-side, and can govern his House without falling by the Ears with his Neighbours, or engaging in Suits of Law, is as free as a Duke of *Venice*. *Paucos servitus, plures servitutum tenet. Servitude seizes on few, but many seize on her.* But that which *Hiero* is most concern'd at, is, that he finds himself stripp'd of all Friendship, and depriv'd of all natural Society, wherein the true and most perfect Fruition of human Life consists. For what Testimony of Affection and good Will can I extract from him, that owes me, whether he will or no, all that he is able to do? Can I form any Assurance of his real Respect to me, from his humble Way of speaking, and submissive Behaviour, which when they are Ceremonies, it is not in his Choice to deny? The Honour we receive from those that fear us, is not Honour, those Respects are paid to my Royalty, and not to me.

*Maximum hoc Regni bonum est,
Quod facta domini cogitur populus sui
Quam ferre, tam laudare*.*

'Tis the great Benefit of Kings, that they,
Who are by Law subjected to their Sway,
Are bound in all their Princes say or do,
Not only to submit, but praise it too.

Do I not see, that the wicked and the good King, he that is hated and he that is belov'd, has the one as much Reverence paid him as the other? My Predecessor was, and my Successor shall be serv'd with the same Ceremony and State. If my Subjects do me no Harm, 'tis no Evidence of any good Affection; why should I look upon it as such, seeing it is not in their Power if they would? No one follows me, or obeys my Commands upon the Account of any Friendship betwixt him and me; there can be no contract-

* *Seneca Theist. Act. 2. Scen. 1.*

ing of Friendship, where there is so little Relation and Correspondence: My own Height has put me out of the Familiarity of, and Intelligence with Men: There is too great Disparity and Disproportion betwixt us; they follow me either upon the Account of Decency and Custom: or rather my Fortune than me, to encrease their own: All they say to me, or do for me, is forc'd and dissembled, their Liberty being on all Parts restrain'd by the great Power and Authority I have over them. I see nothing about me but what is dissembled and disguised. The Emperor *Julian* being one Day applauded for his exact Justice; I should be proud of these Praises, said he, did they come from Persons that durst condemn, or disapprove the contrary, in Case I should do it. All the real Advantages of Princes are common to them with Men of meaner Condition. 'Tis for the Gods to mount winged Horses, and feed upon *Ambrosia*: Earthly Kings have no other Sleep, nor other Appetite than we; the Steel they arm themselves withal, is of no better Temper than that we also use; their Crowns do neither defend them from the Rain, nor Sun. *Dioclesian*, who wore a Crown so fortunate and rever'd, resign'd it, to retire himself to the Felicity of a private Life: And some Time after, the Necessity of publick Affairs requiring that he should re-assume his Charge, he made Answer to those who came to court him to it, You would not offer, (said he) to persuade me to this, had you seen the fine Order of Trees I have planted in my Orchard, and the fair Melons I have sowed in my Garden. In the Opinion of *Anacharsis*, the happiest State of Government would be, where all other Things being equal, Precedency should be measur'd out by the Virtues, and Repulses by the Vices of Men. When King *Pyrrhus* prepar'd for his Expedition into *Italy*, his wife Counsellor *Cyneas*, to make him sensible of the Vanity of his Ambition: Well, Sir, (said he) to what End do you make all this mighty Preparation? To make myself Master of *Italy*, (reply'd the King). And what after that is done, (said *Cyneas*?) I will pass over into *Gaul* and *Spain*, said the other. And what then? I will then go to subdue *Africk*; and lastly, when I have brought the whole World to my Subjection, I will sit down, and rest content at my own Ease. For God Sake, Sir, (reply'd *Cyneas*) tell me what

what hinders you, if you please, from being now in the Condition you speak of? Why do you not now at this Instant, settle yourself in the State you seem to aim at, and spare the Labour and Hazard you interpose?

*Nimirum quia non bene norat quæ esset habendi
Finis, & omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas*.*

The End of being rich he did not know;
Nor to what Pitch Felicity should grow.

I will conclude with an old Versicle, that I think very pat to the Purpose.

Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam.*

Himself, not Fortune, ev'ry one must blame,
Since Men's own Manners do their Fortunes frame.



CHAP. XLIII.

Of Sumptuary Laws.

THE Way by which our Laws attempt to regulate idle and vain Expences in Meat and Clothes, seem to be quite contrary to the End design'd. The true Way would be to beget in Men a Contempt of Silks and Gold, as vain, frivolous, and useles; whereas we augment to them the Honours and enhance the Value of such Things, which sure is a very improper Way to create a Disgust. For to enact, that none but Princes shall eat Turbes, shall wear Velvet, or Gold Lace, and interdict these Things to the People, what is it but to bring them into a greater Esteem, and to set every one more agog to eat and wear them? Let Kings (in God's Name) leave off these Ensigns of Grandeur, they have others enough besides; those Excesses are more excusable in any other, than a Prince. We may learn by

* *Lucret. l. 5.* § *Corn Nep. in vit. A. Hici.*

the Example of several Nations, better Ways of exterior Distinction of Quality (which truly I conceive to be very requisite in a State) enough, without fostering up this Corruption, and manifest Inconvenience to this Effect. 'Tis strange, how suddenly, and with how much Ease, Custom, in these different Things, establishes itself, and becomes Authority. We had scarce worn Cloth a Year (in Compliance with the Court) for the Mourning of *Henry* the Second, but that Silks were already grown into such Contempt with every one, that a Man so clad, was presently concluded a Citizen. The Silks were divided betwixt the Physicians and Chirurgeons, and though all other People almost went in the same Habit, there was notwithstanding in one Thing or other, sufficient Distinction of the Calling, and Conditions of Men. How suddenly do greasy *Chamois* Doublets become the Fashion in our Armies, whilst all Neatness and Riches of Habit fall into Contempt? Let Kings but lead the Dance, and begin to leave off this Expence, and in a Month the Business will be done throughout the Kingdom without an Edict; we shall all follow. It should be rather proclaim'd on the contrary, that no one should wear Scarlet or Goldsmith's Work, but Whores and Tumblers. *Zeleucus*, with the like Invention, reclaim'd the corrupted Manners of the *Locrians*; whose Laws were, That no free Women should be allow'd any more than one Maid to follow her, unless she was drunk: Nor was to stir out of the City by Night, wear Jewels of Gold about her, or go in an embroidered Robe, unless she was a profess'd and publick Whore: The Bravo's, and Ruffians excepted, no Man was to wear a Gold Ring, nor be seen in one of those effeminate Vests woven in the City of *Miletum*. By which infamous Exceptions, he discreetly diverted his Citizens from Superfluities and pernicious Pleasures, and it was a Project of great Utility to attract Men by Honour and Ambition to their Duty and Obedience. Our Kings may do what they please in such external Reformatations, their own Inclinations stand in this Case for a Law. *Quicquid Principes faciunt, præcipere videntur* *. What Princes themselves do, they seem

* *Quint. Decla. 4.*

to enjoin others. Whatever is done at Court, passes for a Rule through the rest of *France*. Let the Courtiers but fall out with these abominable Breeches, that discover so much of those Parts which should be conceal'd : These great-bellied Doublets, that make us look like I know not what ; and are so unfit to admit of Arms ; these long effeminate Locks of Hair ; this foolish Custom of kissing what we present to our Equals, and our Hands in saluting them ; a Ceremony in former Times only due to Princes : And that a Gentleman shall appear in Place of Respect without his Sword, unbuttoned and untruss'd, as though he came from the House-of-Office ; and that, contrary to the Custom of our Fore-fathers, and the particular Privilege of the Nobles of this Kingdom, we shall stand a long Time bare to them in what Place soever, and the same to a hundred others, so many Tierces and Quarts of Kings we have got now-a-days, and also other the like Innovations and degenerate Customs ; they will see them all presently vanish'd and cry'd down. These are, 'tis true, but superficial Errors ; but however, of ill Consequence ; and 'tis enough to inform us, that the whole Fabrick is crazy and tottering, when we see the rough-Cast of our Walls to cleave and split. *Plato* in his Laws, esteems nothing of more pestiferous Consequence to his City, than to give Young Men the Liberty of introducing any Change in their Habits, Gestures, Dances, Songs and Exercises, from one Form to another ; shifting from this to that, hunting after Novelties, and applauding the Inventers ; by which Means Manners are corrupted, and the old Institutions come to be nauseated and despised. In all Things, saving only in those that are evil, a Change is to be fear'd ; even the Change of Seasons, Winds, Viands and Humours. And no Laws are in their true Credit, but such to which God has given so long a Continuance, that no one knows their Beginning, or that there ever was any other.



C H A P. XLIV.

Of Sleep.

Reaſon directs, that we ſhould always go the ſame way ; but not always the ſame Pace. And conſequently though a wiſe Man ought not ſo much to give the Reins to human Paſſions, as to let them deviate him from the right Path ; he may, notwithstanding, without Prejudice to his Duty, leave it to them to haſten, or to ſlacken his Speed, and not fix himſelf like a motionleſs, and inſenſible Coloffus. Could Virtue itſelf put on Fleſh and Blood, I believe the Pulse would beat faſter going on to an Aſſault, than in going to Dinner : That is to ſay, there is a Neceſſity ſhe ſhould beat, and be mov'd upon this Account. I have taken Notice, as of an extraordinary Thing, of ſome great Men, who in the higheſt Enterprizes, and greateſt Dangers, have detain'd themſelves in ſo ſettled and ſerene a Calm, as not at all to hinder their uſual Gaiety, or break their Sleep. *Alexander* the Great on the Day assigned for that furious Battle betwixt him and *Darius*, ſlept ſo profoundly, and ſo long in the Morning, that *Parmenio* was forc'd to enter his Chamber, and coming to his Bed-side to call him ſeveral Times by his Name, the Time to go to fight compelling him ſo to do. The Emperor *Otho*, having put on a Reſolution to kill himſelf the ſame Night, after having ſettled his domeſtick Affairs, divided his Money amongst his Servants, and ſet a good Edge upon a Sword he had made Choice of for the Purpoſe, and now ſtaying only to be ſatiſfied whether all his Friends were retir'd in Safety, he fell into ſo ſound a Sleep, that the Gentlemen of his Chamber heard him ſnore. The Death of this Emperor has in it Circumſtances paralleling that of the great *Cato*, and particularly this before related : For *Cato* being ready to diſpatch himſelf, whiſt he only ſtaid his Hand in Expectation of the Return of a Meſſenger he had ſent, to bring him News whether the

Senators

enators he had sent away, were put out from the Port of *Utica*, he fell into so sound a Sleep, that they heard him into the next Room; and he whom he had sent to the Port, having awak'd him to let him know, that the tempestuous Weather had hindred the *Senators* from putting to Sea; he dispatch'd away another Messenger, and composing himself again in the Bed, settled again to Sleep, and did so, till by the Return of the last Messenger, he had certain Intelligence they were gone. We may here further compare him with *Alexander* too, in that great and dangerous Storm that threatned him by the Sedition of the Tribune *Metellus*, who attempting to publish a Decree for the calling in of *Pompey* with his Army into the City, at the Time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy, was only, and that stoutly oppos'd by *Cato*, so that very sharp Language and bitter Menaces pass'd betwixt them in the Senate about that Affair; but it was the next Day in the Fore-noon, that the Controversy was to be decided; where *Metellus*, besides the Favour of the People, and of *Cæsar*, (at that Time of *Pompey's* Faction) was to appear accompanied with a Rabble of Slaves and Fencers; and *Cato* only fortified with his own Courage and Constancy; so that his Relations, Domesticks, and several virtuous People of his Friends were in great Apprehensions for him. And to that Degree, that some there were, who pass'd over the whole Night without Sleep, Eating, or Drinking, for the manifest Danger they saw him running into; of which his Wife and Sisters did nothing but weep, and torment themselves in his House; whereas he, on the contrary, comforted every one, and after having supp'd after his usual Manner, went to Bed, and slept profoundly till Morning, that one of his Fellow-Tribunes rous'd him to go to the Encounter. The Knowledge we have of the Greatness of this Man's Courage, by the rest of his Life, may warrant us securely to judge, that his Indifference proceeded from a Soul so much elevated above such Accidents, that he disdain'd to let it take any more hold of his Fancy, than any other ordinary Adventure. In the Naval Engagement, which *Augustus* won against *Sextius Pompeius* in *Sicily*, just as they were to begin the Fight, he was so fast asleep, that his Friends were compell'd to wake him to give the Signal of Battle: And this

was it that gave *Mark Anthony* afterwards occasion to reproach him, that he had not the Courage so much as with open Eyes, to behold the Order of his own Squadrons, and not to have dar'd to present himself before the Soldiers, till first *Agrippa* had brought him News of the Victory obtain'd. But as to the Business of young *Marius*, who did much worse (for the Day of the last Battle, against *Sylla*, after he had order'd his Army, given the Word and Signal of Battel, he laid him down under the Shade of a Tree to repose himself, and fell so fast asleep, that the Rout, and Flight of his Men could hardly awake him, having seen nothing of the Fight) he is said to have been at that Time so extremely spent, and worn out with Labour and want of Sleep that Nature could hold out no longer. Now upon what has been said, the Physicians may determine, whether Sleep be so necessary that our Lives depend upon it: For we read that King *Perseus* of *Macedon* being Prisoner at *Rome*, was wak'd to Death: but *Pliny* instances such as have lived long without Sleep. *Herodotus* speaks of Nations, where the Men sleep and wake by half Years: And they who write the Life of the wise *Epimenides*, affirm, that he slept seven and fifty Years together.



C H A P. XLV.

Of the Battle of Dreux.

OUR Battle of *Dreux*, is remarkable for several extraordinary Accidents: But such Men as have no great Kindness for the Duke of *Guise*, nor much favour his Reputation, are willing to have him thought to blame, and that his making a Halt, and delaying Time with the Forces he commanded, whilst the Constable who was General of the Army was raked through and through with the Enemies Artillery, his Battalion routed, and himself taken Prisoner; is not to be excus'd: And that he had much better have ran the Hazard of charging the Enemy in the Flank, than staying for the Advantage of falling in upon the
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the Rear; to suffer so great and so important a Loss. But, besides what the Event demonstrated, who will consider it without Passion or Prejudice, will easily be induced to confess, that the Aim and Design not of a Captain only, but of every private Soldier ought to look at the Victory in general; and that no particular Occurrences, how nearly soever they may concern his own Interest, should divert him from that Pursuit. *Philopæmen*, in an Encounter with *Machanidas*, having sent before a good strong Party of his Archers, to begin the Skirmish, which were by the Enemy routed and pursued; who pursuing them, and pushing on the Fortune of their Arms in the Heat of Victory; and in that Pursuit passing by the Battalion where *Philopæmen* was, though his Soldiers were impatient to fall on, yet he was better temper'd, and did not think fit to stir from his Post, nor to present himself to the Enemy to relieve his Men, but having suffer'd them to be chas'd about the Field, and cut in Pieces before his Face, then charged in upon their Body of Foot, when he saw them left naked by their Horse; and notwithstanding that they were *Lacedæmonians*, yet taking them in the Nick, when thinking themselves secure of the Victory, they began to disorder their Ranks, he did his Business with great Facility, and then put himself in Pursuit of *Machanidas*: Which Case is very like that of *Monsieur de Guise*. In that bloody Battle betwixt *Agésilas*, and the *Bæotians*, which *Xenophon*, who was present at it, reports to be the rudest and most bloody that he had ever seen, *Agésilas* wav'd the Advantage that Fortune presented him, to let the *Bæotians* Battalion pass by, and then to charge them in the Rear, how certain soever he made himself of the Victory, judging it would rather be an Effect of Conduct than Valour, to proceed that Way: And therefore to shew his Prowess, rather chose, with a wonderful Ardour of Courage to charge them in the Front; but he was well beaten, and wounded for his Pains, and constrain'd at last to disengage himself, and to take the Course he had at first neglected, opening his Battalion to give Way to this Torrent of the *Bæotians* Fury, and being past by, taking Notice that they march'd in Disorder, like Men that thought themselves out of Danger, he then pursu'd, and charg'd them in Flank and Rear;

yet could not prevail so far as to bring it to so general a Rout, but that they leisurely retreated, still facing about upon him, till they were retired into Safety.



C H A P. XLVI.

Of Names.

WHAT Variety of Herbs soever are shuffled together in the Dish, yet the whole Mass is swallow'd up in one Name of a Sallet. In like Manner, under the Consideration of Names, I will make a Hodge-podge of differing Articles. Every Nation has certain Names, that, I know not why, are taken in no good Sense, as with us, *John*, *William*, and *Benedict*. In the Genealogy of Princes also there seems to be certain Names fatally affected, as the *Ptolemies* of *Ægypt*, the *Henry's* of *England*, the *Charles's* of *France*, the *Baldwins* of *Flanders*, and the *Williams* of our ancient *Aquitaine*, from whence 'tis said, the Name of *Guyenne* has it's Derivation; which would seem far fetch'd, were there not as rude Derivations in *Plato* himself. 'Tis a very frivolous Thing in itself, but nevertheless worthy to be recorded for the Strangeness of it, which is writ by an Eye-witness; that *Henry* Duke of *Normandy*, Son of *Henry* the Second, King of *England*, making a great Feast in *France*, the Concourse of Nobility and Gentry was so great, that being, for Sports Sake, divided into Troops, according to their Names, in the first Troop, which consisted of *Williams*, there were found an hundred and ten Knights sitting at the Table of that Name, without reckoning the ordinary Gentlemen, and their Servants. It is as pleasant to distinguish the Tables by the Names of the Guests, as it was in the Emperor *Geta*, to distinguish the several Courses of his Meat, by the first Letters of the Meats themselves, where those that began with *B*, were serv'd up together, as *Brawn*, *Beef*, *Bream*, *Buttards* and *Beccaficos*, and so of others. Now there is a Saying, that it is a good thing to have a good Name, that is to say, Credit, and a good Repute: But besides this, it
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is really convenient, to have such a Name as is easy of Pronunciation, and easy to be remembred; by Reason, that Kings, and other great Persons, do by that Means the more easily know, and the more hardly forget us; and indeed, of our own Servants, we more frequently call and employ those, whose Names are most ready upon the Tongue. I myself have seen *Henry* the Second, when he could not for his Heart hit of a Gentleman's Name of our Country of *Gascony*; and moreover was fain to call one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, by the general Name of her Family, her own being so difficult to pronounce or remember. And *Socrates* thinks it worthy a Father's Care, to give fine Names to his Children. 'Tis said, that the Foundation of *Nostre Dame la Grande*, at *Poitiers*, took it's Original from hence, that a debauch'd young Fellow formerly living in that Place, having pick'd up a Whore, and at her first coming in, asking her Name, and being answer'd, that it was *Mary*, he felt himself so suddenly darted through with the Awe of Religion, and the Reverence to that sacred Name of the blessed Virgin, that he not only immediately put his lewd Mistress away from him, but became a reformed Man, and so continued the Remainder of his Life: And that in Consideration of this Miracle, there was erected upon the Place, where this young Man's House stood, first a Chapel dedicated to our Lady, and afterwards the Church that we now see standing there. This auricular Reproof wrought upon the Conscience, and that right into the Soul. This that follows, insinuated itself merely by the Sense. *Pythagoras* being in Company with some wild young Fellows, and perceiving that, heated with the Feast, they plotted to go violate an honest House, commanded the Singing-Wench to alter her wanton Airs; and by a solemn, grave, and spondaick Musick, gently enchanted and laid asleep their Ardour. Will not Posterity * say, that our modern Reformation has been wonderfully exact, in having not only scuffled with, and overcome Errors and Vice, and fill'd the World with Devotion, Humility, Obedience, Peace,

* This Paragraph seems to be foisted in, and none of Montaigne's, who was himself a Papist.

and all Sorts of Virtue ; but to have proceeded so far, as to quarrel with the ancient Baptismal Names of *Charles*, *Lewis*, and *Francois*, to fill the World with *Metbusalems*, *Ezekiels*, and *Malachies*, of a more spiritual Sound ? A Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, a great Admirer of Antiquity, and who was always preferring the Excellency of preceding Times, in Comparison with this present Age of ours, did not (amongst the rest) forget to magnify the lofty and magnificent Sound of the Gentlemen's Names of those Days, *Don Grumedan*, *Quadregan*, *Angefilan*, &c. which but to hear nam'd, he perceiv'd to be other kind of Men, than *Pierre*, *Guillot* and *Michel*. I am mightily pleas'd with *Jaques Amiot*, for leaving throughout a whole *French* Oration, the *Latin* Names entire, without varying and dissecting them, to give them a *French* Termination. It seem'd a little harsh and rough at first ; but already Custom, by the Authority of *Plutarch*, (whom he took for his Example) has overcome that Novelty. I have often wish'd, that such as write Chronicle Histories in *Latin*, would leave our Names as they find them, and as they are, and ought to be, for in making *Vaudemont*, *Vallemontance*, and Metamorphosing Names, to make them suit better with the *Greek* or *Latin*, we know not where we are, and with the Persons of the Men, lose the Benefit of the Story. To conclude, 'tis a scurvy Custom, and of very ill Consequence, which we have in our Kingdom of *France*, to call every Man by the Name of his Mannor, or Seigneury, and the Thing in the World that does the most Prejudice, and most confound Families and Descents. A younger Brother of a good Family, having a Mannor left him by his Father, by the Name of which he has been known and honour'd, cannot handsomly leave it ; ten Years after his Decease, it falls into the Hand of a Stranger, who does the same : Do but judge whereabouts we shall be, concerning the Knowledge of these Men. We need look no farther for Examples, than our own royal Family, where every Partage creates a new Sirname, whilst in the mean Time the Original of the Family is totally lost. There is so great Liberty taken in these Mutations, that I have not in my Time seen any one advanc'd by Fortune to any extraordinary Condition, who has not presently had genealogick Titles added to him, new,
and

and unknown to his Father, and who has not been inoculated into some illustrious Stem; and by good Luck, the obscurest Families are the most proper for Falsification. How many Gentlemen have we in *France*, who, by their own Talk, are of royal Extraction? More I think than of those that will confess they are not. Was it not a pleasant Passage of a Friend of mine? There were a great many Gentlemen assembled together, about the Dispute of one Lord of a Mannor, with another; which other had in Truth, some Pre-eminence of Titles and Alliances, above the ordinary Scheme of Gentry. Upon the Debate of this Priority of Place, every one standing up for himself, to make himself equal to him, alledging One one Extraction, Another another; One the near Resemblance of Name; Another of Arms; Another an old worm-eaten Patent; and the last of them, Great-Grandchild to some foreign King. When they came to sit down to Dinner, my Friend, instead of taking his Place amongst them, retiring with most profound Congees, entreated the Company to excuse him, for having hitherto liv'd with them at the saucy Rate of a Companion: But being now better inform'd of their Quality, he would begin to pay them the Respect due to their Birth and Grandeur, alledging that it would ill become him to sit down among so many Princes; and ended the Farce with a thousand Reproaches. Let us in God's Name satisfy ourselves with what our Fathers were contented with, and with what we are: We are great enough, if we rightly understand how to maintain it: Let us not disown the Fortune and Condition of our Ancestors, but lay aside these ridiculous Pretences, that can never be wanting to any one that has the Impudence to alledge them. Arms have no more Security, than Surnames. I bear *Azure powdered with Trefoils, Or, with a Lion's Paw of the same armed Gules in Fesse.* What Privilege to continue particularly in my House and Name? A Son-in-Law will transport it into another Family; or some poultry Purchaser will make them his first Arms; there is nothing wherein there is more Change and Confusion. But this Consideration leads me per-force into another Subject. Let us pry a little narrowly into, and, in God's Name, examine upon what Foundation we erect this Glory and Reputation, for

which the World is turn'd topsy-turvy: Wherein do we place this Renown, that we hunt after with so great Flagrancy, and through so many Impediments, and so much Trouble? It is, in Conclusion, *Peter* or *William* that carries it, takes it into his Possession, and whom it only concerns. O what a valiant Faculty is Hope, that in a mortal Subject, and in a Moment, makes nothing of usurping Infinity and Immensity, and of supplying her Master's Indigence at her Pleasure, with all Things he can imagine or desire! Nature has given us this Passion for a pretty Toy to play withal. And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a Sound, when all is done? Or three or four Dalhes with a Pen, so easy to be vary'd, that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the Glory of so many Victories, to *Guesquin*, to *Glesquin*, or to *Guaquin*? And yet there would be something of greater Moment in the Case, than in *Lucian*, that *Sigma* should serve *Tau* with a Process for,

—Non levia, aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia *.

To do brave Acts, who has the noble Spirit,
Slights mean Rewards, as Things below his Merit.

The Chace is there in very good earnest: The Question is, which of these Letters is to be rewarded for so many Sieges, Battles, Wounds, Imprisonments, and Services done to the Crown of *France*, by this famous Constable, *Nicholas Deniset* never concern'd himself further than the Letters of his Name, of which he has altered the whole Contexture to build up by Anagram the Count of *Assinois*, whom he has celebrated with the utmost Force and Glory of his *Poetry* and *Painting*. And the Historian *Suetonius* could be satisfied with nothing he writ, unless it might redound to his own particular Honour, which made him cashier his Father's Sirname *Lewis*, to leave *Tranquillus* Successor to the Reputation of his Writings. Who would believe, that Captain *Bayard* should have no Honour, but what he de-

* *Æneid. lib. 12.*

rives from *Peter Terrail*; and that *Antonio Escalin* should suffer himself to his Face, to be robb'd of the Honour of so many Navigations and Commands at Sea and Land by Capt. *Paulin*, and the Baron *De la Garde*? These are Injuries of the Pen, common to a thousand People. How many are there in every Family of the same Name and Sirname? And how many more in several Families, Ages and Countries? History tells us of three of the Name of *Socrates*, of five *Platos*, of eight *Aristotles*, of seven *Xenophons*, of twenty *Demetrius's*, and of twenty *Theodores*; and how many more she was not acquainted with, we may imagine. Who hinders my Groom from calling himself *Pompey the Great*? But after all, by what Virtue, what Authority, or what secret Conveyances are there, that fixed upon my deceased Groom, or the other *Pompey*, who had his Head cut off in *Ægypt*, this glorious Renown, and these so much honoured Flourishes of the Pen, so as to be of any Advantage to them?

*Id cinerem, & manes credis curare sepultos *?*

Can we believe the Dead regard such Things?

What Sense have the two Collegues of the greatest Esteem amongst Men? *Epaminondas* of this glorious Verse, that has been so many Ages current in his Praise;

Consiliis nostris laus est attrita Laconum;

One *Sparta* by my Counsels is o'erthrown.

Or *Africanus* of this other?

*A sole ex oriente, supra Mæotis Paludes
Nemo est, qui factis me æquiparare queat.*

From early Dawn, unto the setting Sun,
No none can match the Deeds that I have done.

* *Æneid. lib. 4.*

Survivors indeed tickle themselves with these Praises, and by them incited to Jealousy or Desire, inconsiderately, and according to their own Fancy, attribute to the Dead those Virtues themselves pretend to most: God knows how vainly flattering themselves, that they shall one Day in Turn be capable of the same Characters: However,

Ad hæc se
 Romanus, Grajusque & Barbarus, *Induperator*
Erexit; causas discriminis, atque laboris
Inde habuit, tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis †.

Greek, Roman, and Barbarian Chiefs to these,
 Devote their Valour and Contrivances,
 And to the Greediness of Glory woe
 The Dangers and Fatigues they undergo;
 So much more potent is the Thirst of Fame
 Than that of Virtue.



C H A P. XLVII.

Of the Uncertainty of our Judgment.

IT was well said of the Poet,

Ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νόμος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα †.

There is every where Liberty of Arguing enough, and enough to be said on both Sides: For Example;

Vince Annibal', & non seppe usar' poi
Ben la vittoriosa sua ventura †.

* *Juvenal. Sat. 10.* † *Homer. Iliad. 20.* † *Vetrar. Son. 83.*

Hannibal

Hannibal conquered ; but was not wise
To make the best Use of his Victories.

Such as would improve this Argument, and condemn the Oversight of our Leaders, in not pushing home the Victory at *Moncontour* ; or accuse the King of *Spain* of not knowing how to make his best Use of the Advantage he had against us at St. *Quintin*, may conclude these Oversights to proceed from a Soul already drunk with Success, or from a Courage, which being full, and over-gorged with this Beginning of good Fortune, had lost the Appetite of adding to it, having already enough to do to digest what it had taken in : He has his Arms full, and can embrace no more : Unworthy of the Benefit conferred upon him, and the Advantage she had put into his Hands : For what Utility does he reap from it, if, notwithstanding, he gives his Enemy Respite to rally, recover his Astonishment, and to make head against him ? What Hope is there, that he will dare at another Time to attack an Enemy re-united and re-composed, and armed a-new with Spite and Revenge, who did not dare to pursue him when routed, and unmanned by Fear ?

Dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror *.

Whilst Fortune's in the Heat, and Terror does,
More than their sharpest Swords, subdue their Foes.

But withal, what better Opportunity can he expect, than that he has lost : 'Tis not here, as in Fencing, where the most Hits gain the Prize : For so long as the Enemy is on Foot, the Game is new to begin, and that is not to be called a Victory, that puts an End to the War. In the Encounter where *Cæsar* had the worse, near to the City of *Oricum*, he reproached *Pompey's* Soldiers, that he had been lost, had their General known how to overcome ; and afterwards beat him in his Turn. But why may not a Man also argue on the contrary, that it is the Effect of a precipitous and

* *Lucret. l. 7.*

insatiate

insatiate Spirit, not to know how to bind and restrain it's Ardour: That it is to abuse the Favours of God, to exceed the Measure he has prescribed them: And that again, to throw a Man's self into Danger, after a Victory obtained, is again to expose himself to the Mercy of Fortune: And that it is one of the greatest Discretions in the Rule of War, not to drive an Enemy to Despair. *Sylla* and *Marius*, in the Associate War, having defeated the *Marsians*; seeing yet a Body of Reserve, that, prompted by Despair, was coming on like enraged Brutes to charge in upon them, thought it not convenient to stand their Charge. Had not Monsieur *De Foix*'s Ardour transported him so precipitously to pursue the Remains of the Victory of *Ravenna*, he had not obscur'd it by his own Death. And yet the recent Memory of his Example served to preserve Monsieur *d'Anguien* from the same Misfortune at the Battle of *Serisoles*. 'Tis dangerous to attack a Man you have deprived of all Means to escape, but by his Arms: For Necessity teaches violent Resolutions: *Gravissimi sunt morsus irritatae Necessitatis**: Enrag'd Necessity bites deep.

Vincitur haud gratis jugulo qui provocat hostem†.

The Foe that meets the Sword ne'er *gratis* dies.

This was that made *Pharax* with-hold the King of *Lacedæmon*, who had won a Battle of the *Mantineans*, from going to charge a thousand *Argians*, who were escaped in an entire Body from the Defeat; but rather let them steal off at Liberty, that he might not encounter Valour whetted and enraged by Mischance; *Clodomire*, King of *Aquitaine*, after his Victory pursuing *Gondemar*, King of *Burgundy*, beaten, and making off as fast as he could for Safety, compelled him to face about, and make head, wherein his Obstinacy deprived him of the Fruit of his Conquest; for he there lost his Life.

In like Manner, if a Man were to chuse, whether he would have his Soldiers *Ainquant*, and richly accouter'd with Damask Arms, or armed only for necessary Defence;

* *Part. Lat. in Decla.*

† *Luc. lib. 4. Mayes Luc.*

this

this Argument would step in, in Favour of the first (of which Opinion was *Sertorius*, *Philopæmen*, *Brutus*, *Cæsar*, and others) that it is to a Soldier an Enflaming of Courage, and a Spur to Glory, to see himself brave, and withal an Imitation to be more obstinate in Fight, having his Arms, which are in a Manner his Estate, and whole Inheritance, to defend; which is the Reason, says *Xenophon*, why those of *Asia* carried their Wives, Concubines, with their choicest Jewels, and greatest Wealth, along with them to the Wars. But then these Arguments would be as ready to stand up for the other Side; that a General ought rather to render his Men careless and desperate, than to increase their Solicitude of preserving themselves: That by this Means they will be in a double Fear of hazarding their Persons; as it will be a double Temptation to the Enemy to fight with greater Resolution, where so great Booty and so rich Spoils are to be obtained: And this very Thing has been observed in former Times, notably to encourage the *Romans* against the *Samnites*. *Antiochus* shewing *Hannibal* the Army he had raised, wonderfully splendid, and rich in all Sorts of Equipage, asked him, If the *Romans* would be satisfied with that Army? Satisfied! replied the other, yes, doubtless, were their Avarice never so great. *Lycurgus* not only forbid his Soldiers all Manner of Bravery in their Equipage, but moreover to strip their conquer'd Enemies, because he would (as he said) that Poverty and Frugality should shine with the rest of the Battle.

At Sieges and elsewhere, where Occasion draws us near to the Enemy, we willingly suffer our Men to brave, rate, and affront the Enemy with all Sorts of injurious Language; and not without some Colour of Reason: For it is of no little Consequence to take from them all Hopes of Mercy and Composition, in representing to them, that there is no fair Quarter to be expected from an Enemy they have incensed to that Degree, nor other Remedy remaining, but in the Victory. And yet *Vitellius* found himself deceived in his Way of Proceeding; for having to do with *Otho*, weaker in the Valour of his Soldiers, long unaccustom'd to War, and effeminated with the Delights of the City; he so nettled them at last with injurious Language, reproaching them with Cowardice, and the Regret of the
Mistresses,

Mistresses, and Entertainments they had left behind at *Rome*, that by this Means he inspired them with such Resolution, as no Exhortation would have had the Power to have done; and himself made them fall upon him, with whom their own Captains before could by no Means prevail. And, indeed, when they are Injuries that touch to the Quick, it may very well fall out, that he who went but ill-favouredly to work in the Behalf of his Prince, will fall to't with another Sort of Mettle when the Quarrel is his own.

To consider of how great Importance is the Preservation of the General of an Army, and that the universal Aim of an Enemy is levelled directly at the Head, upon which all the others depend; the Advice seems to admit of no Dispute, which we know has been taken by so many great Captains, of changing their Habit, and disguising their Persons, upon the Point of going to engage. Nevertheless the Inconvenience a Man, by so doing, runs into, is not less than that he thinks to avoid: For the Captain by this Means being concealed from the Knowledge of his own Men, the Courage they should derive from his Presence and Example, happens by degrees to cool and to decay; and not seeing the wonted * Marks and

* *As at the Battle of Ivry, in the Person of Henry the Great.*

Ensigns of their Leader, they presently conclude him either dead, or that, despairing of the Business, he is gone to shift for himself; and Experience shews us that both these Ways have been both successful, and otherwise. What befel *Pyrrhus* in the Battle he fought against the Consul *Levinus* in *Italy*, will serve us to both Purposes: For though by shrouding his Person under the Arms of *Demogacles*, and making him wear his own, he undoubtedly preserved his own Life, yet by that very Means he was withal very near running into the other Mischief of losing the Battle. *Alexander, Caesar, and Lucullus*, loved to make themselves known in a Battle, by rich Furniture, and Arms of a particular Lustre and Colour: *Agis, Agesilaus*, and that great *Gilippus*, on the contrary, used to fight obscurely armed, and without any imperial Attendance or Distinction.

Amongst other Over-sights *Pompey* is charged withal at the Battle of *Pharsalia*, he is condemned for making his Army

Army stand still to receive the Enemies Charge; by Reason that (I shall here steal *Plutarch's* own Words, that are better than mine) he, by so doing, deprived himself of the violent Impression the Motion of running adds to the first Shock of Arms, and hindred the Juffle of the Combatants (who were wont to give great Impetuosity and Fury to the first Encounter; especially when they came to rush in with their utmost Vigour, their Courages increasing by the Shouts and the Career) thereby rendering his Soldiers Animosity and Ardour, as a Man may say, more reserved and cold. This is what *Plutarch* says: But if *Cæsar* had come by the worse, why might it not as well have been urged by another, That, on the contrary, the strongest and most steady Posture of Fighting, is that wherein a Man stands planted firm without Motion; and that they, who make a Halt upon their March, closing up, and reserving their Force within themselves for the Push of the Business, have a great Advantage against those who are disordered, and who have already spent half their Breath in running on precipitously to the Charge: Besides, that an Army being a Body made up of so many individual Members, it is impossible for it to move in this Fury with so exact a Motion as not to break the Order of Battle, and that the best of the Foot are engaged before their Fellows can come in to relieve them. In that unnatural Battle betwixt the two *Persian* Brothers, the *Lacedæmonian Clearchus*, who commanded the *Greeks* of *Cyrus's* Party, led them on softly, and without Precipitation, to the Charge; but coming within fifty Paces, hurry'd them on full Speed, hoping in so short a Career, both to look to their Order, to husband their Breath, and, at the same Time, to give an Advantage of Violence and Impression both to their Persons and their missive Arms: Others have regulated this Question in charging thus; if your Enemy come running upon you, stand firm to receive him; if he stand to receive you, run full drive upon him.

In the Expedition of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth into *Provence*, King *Francis* was put to chuse either to go meet him in *Italy*, or to expect him in his own Dominions; wherein, though he very well considered of how great Advantage it was to preserve his own Territories entire, and clear from the Troubles and Inconveniencies of the War, to
the

the End, that being unexhausted of her Stores, it might continually supply Men and Money at Need, that the Necessity of War requires at every Turn to spoil, and lay waste the Country before them, which cannot very well be done upon one's own; to which may be added, that the Country People do not so easily digest such a Havock by those of their own Party, as from an Enemy, so that Seditions and Commotions might by such Means be kindled amongst us; that the Licence of Pillage and Plunder (which are not to be tolerated at home) is a great Ease and Refreshment against the Fatigues and Sufferings of War; and that he who has no other Prospect of Gain than his bare Pay, will hardly be kept from running Home, being but two Steps from his Wife and his own House; that he who lays the Cloth, is ever at the Charge of the Feast: That there is more Alacrity in Assaulting than Defending; and that the Loss of a Battle in our own Bowels gives so violent a Shock, as to endanger the disjointing of the whole Body, there being no Passion so contagious as that of Fear, that is so easily believed, or that so suddenly diffuses it's Poison; and that the Cities that should hear the Rattle of this Tempest, that should take in their Captains and Soldiers, yet trembling and out of Breath, would be in Danger, in this Heat and Hurry, to precipitate themselves upon some untoward Resolution: Notwithstanding all this, so it was, that he chose to recal the Forces he had beyond the Mountains, and to suffer the Enemy to come to him. For he might, on the other Side, imagine, that being at Home, and amongst his Friends, he could not fail of Plenty of all Manner of Conveniencies; the Rivers and Passes he had at his Devotion, would bring him in both Provisions and Money in all Security, and without the Trouble of Convoy; that he should find his Subjects by so much the more affectionate to him, by how much their Danger was more near and pressing; that having so many Cities and Stops to secure him, it would be in his Power to give the Law of Battle at his own Opportunity and best Advantage; and if it pleased him to delay the Time, that, under Covert, and at his own Ease, he might see his Enemy founder, and defeat himself with the Difficulties he was certain to encounter, being engaged in an Enemy's Country, where before, behind,

behind, and on every Side, War would be upon him; no Means to refresh himself, or to enlarge his Quarters, should Diseases infest them, or to lodge his wounded Men in Safety: No Money, no Victuals, but all at the Point of the Lance; no Leisure to repose and take Breath; no Knowledge of the Ways or Country, to secure him from Ambushes and Surprizes: And in Case of losing a Battle, no possible Means of saving the Remains. Neither is there Want of Example in both these Cases. *Scipio* thought it much better to go and attack his Enemy's Territories in *Africk*, than to stay at home to defend his own, and fight him in *Italy*; and it succeeded well with him: But, on the contrary, *Hannibal*, in the same War, ruin'd himself, by abandoning the Conquest of a strange Country, to go defend his own. The *Athenians* having left the Enemy in their own Dominions, to go over into *Sicily*, were not favoured by Fortune in their Design; but *Agathocles*, King of *Syracuse*, found her favourable to him, when he went over into *Africk*, and left the War at home. By which Examples, and divers others, we are wont to conclude, and with some Reason, that Events, especially in War, do for the most Part depend upon Fortune, who will not be govern'd by, nor submit unto human Prudence, according to the Poet,

*Et male consultis pretium est, prudentia fallax,
Nec fortuna probat causas, sequiturque merentes:
Sed vaga per cunctos nullo discrimine fertur.
Scilicet est aliud quod nos cogatque, regatque
Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges*.*

Prudence deceitful and uncertain is,
Ill Counsels sometimes hit, where good Ones miss;
Nor yet does Fortune the best Cause approve,
But wildly does, without Distinction, rove.
So that some greater and more constant Cause,
Rules and subjects us to more powerful Laws:

But if Things hit right, it should seem that our Counsels and Deliberations depend as much upon Fortune, as any

* *Manil. Astron. lib. 4.*

Thing else we do, and that she engages our very Reason and Arguments in her Uncertainty and Confusion. We argue rashly and adventurously, says *Timæus* in *Plato*, by Reason that, as well as ourselves, our Discourses have great Participation with the Temerity of Chance.



C H A P. XLVIII.

Of Horses dressed to the Manage, called Destriers.

I AM now become a *Grammarians*; I, who never learned any Language but by rote, and who do not yet know *Adjective*, *Conjunctive*, or *Ablative*, think I have read, that the Romans had a Sort of Horses by them called *Funales*, or *Dextrarios*, which were either Led-Horses, or Horses laid in at several Stages to be taken fresh upon Occasion; and thence it is, that we call our Horses of Service, *Destriers*: And our Romances commonly use the Phrase of *Destrier* for *Accompagner*, to accompany. They also called these Horses *Desultorios Equos*, which were taught to run full Speed Side by Side, without Bridle or Saddle, so as that the Roman Gentlemen armed at all Pieces, would shift and throw themselves from the one to the other. The *Numidian* Men at Arms had always a Led-Horse in one Hand, besides that they rode upon, to change in the Heat of Battle: *Quibus, Desultorum in modum, binos trahentibus equos, inter acerrimam saepe pugnam in recentam equum ex fesso armatis, transfultare, mos erat. Tanta velocitas ipsis, tamque docile equorum genus**. Whose Custom it was, leading along two Horses, after the Manner of the *Desultorum*, armed as they were, in the Heat of Fight, to vault from a tired Horse to a fresh one; so active were the Men, and the Horses so docile. There are many Horses trained up to help their Riders, so as to run upon any one that appears with a drawn Sword, to fall

* *Liv. l. 23.*

both with Mouth and Heels upon any that front or oppose them : But it oft falls out, that they do more Harm to their Friends than their Enemies, considering that you cannot loose them from their Hold, to reduce them again into Order, when they are once engaged and grappled; by which Means you remain at the Mercy of their senseless Quarrel. It happened very ill to *Artibius*, General of the *Persian* Army, fighting Man to Man with *Onesilus*, King of *Salamis*, to be mounted upon a Horse taught after this Manner, it being the Occasion of his Death; the 'Squire of *Onesilus* cleaving him down with a Scythe betwixt the Shoulders, as the Horse was reared up upon his Master. And what the *Italians* report, That in the Battle of *Fornoua*, King *Charles's* Horse, with Kicks and Plunges, disengag'd his Master from the Enemy that press'd upon him, without which he had been slain, sounds odly, and he ran a very great Hazard, and came strangely off, if it be true. The *Mamelukes* made their Boast, that they had the most ready Horses of any Cavalry in the World; that by Nature and Custom they were taught to know and distinguish the Enemy they were to fall foul upon with Mouth and Heels, according to a Word or Sign given: As also to gather up with their Teeth, Darts and Lances scattered upon the Field, and present them to their Riders, as they should have Occasion to use them. 'Tis said both of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, that, amongst other excellent Qualities they were Masters of, they were both excellent Horse-Men, and particularly of *Cæsar*, that in his Youth, being mounted on the bare Back, without Saddle or Bridle, he could make him run, stop, and turn, and perform all his Airs, with his Hands behind him. As Nature designed to make of his Person, and of *Alexander*, two Miracles of Military Art, so we may say, she had done her utmost to arm them after an extraordinary Manner: For every one knows, that *Alexander's* Horse, *Bucephalus*, had a Head inclining to the Shape of a Bull, that he would suffer himself to be mounted and governed by none but his Master, and that he was so honoured after his Death, as to have a City erected to his Name. *Cæsar* had also another, that had Fore-feet like the Hands of a Man, his Hoof being divided in the Form of Fingers, and likewise was not to be ridden by any but

Cæsar himself; who, after his Death, dedicated his Statue to the Goddess *Venus*. I do not willingly alight when I am once on Horse-back; for it is the Place where, whether well or sick, I find myself most at Ease. *Plato* recommends it for Health; and also *Pliny* says, it is good for the Stomach and the Joints. We read in *Xenophon*, a Law, forbidding any one, who was Master of a Horse, to travel on Foot. *Trogus* and *Justinus* say, That the *Parthians* were wont to perform all Offices and Ceremonies, not only in War, but also all Affairs, whether publick or private, make Bargains, confer, entertain, take the Air, and all on Horse-back; and that the greatest Distinction betwixt Freemen and Slaves amongst them, was, that the one rode on Horse-back, and the other went on Foot: An Institution of which King *Cyrus* was the Founder. There are several Examples in the *Roman History* (and *Suetonius* more particularly observes it in *Cæsar*) of Captains, who, in pressing Occasions, commanded their Cavalry to alight, both by that Means to take from them all Hopes of Flight, as also for the Advantage they hoped for in this Sort of Flight. *Quo haud dubie superat Romanus*: Wherein the Romans did, questionless, excel: So says *Livy**; however, the first Thing they did to prevent the Mutinies and Insurrections of Nations of late Conquest, was to take from them their Arms and Horses: And therefore it is that we so often meet in *Cæsar*; *Arma proferri, jumenta produci, obsides dari jubet*†: He commanded the Arms to be produced, the Horses brought out, and Hostages to be given. The *Grand Seignior*, to this Day, suffers not a *Christian* or a *Jew* to keep a Horse of his own throughout his Empire. Our Ancestors, at the Time they had War with the *English*, in all their greatest Engagements and pitch'd Battles, fought for the most Part on Foot, that they might have nothing but their own Force, Courage, and Constancy to trust to, in a Quarrel of so great Concern as Life and Honour. You stake (whatever *Chryses* in *Xenophon* says to the contrary) your Valour and your Fortune, upon that of your Horse; his Wound or Death brings your Person into the same Danger;

* *Liv.* i. 3.† *Cæsar's Com.*

his Fear or Fury shall make you be reputed rash or cowardly; if he have an ill Mouth, or will not answer to the Spur, your Honour must answer it: And therefore I do not think it strange, that those Battles I spoke of before were more firm and furious than those that are fought on Horse-back.

—Cedebant pariter, pariterque ruebant
Victores victique, neque his fuga nota, neque illis*.

They charg'd together, and did so retreat
The Victors, and the vanquished; nor yet
The Knack of running was unto the one,
Or to the other of the Parties known.

Their Battles were much better disputed: Now-a-days there are nothing but Routs; *Primus clamor, atque impetus rem decernit*: The first Shout, or the first Charge, puts an End to the Business: And the Arms we choose to make Use of in so great a Hazard, should be as much as possible at our own Command: Wherefore I should advise to choose them of the shortest Sort, and such of which we are able to give the best Account. A Man may repose more Confidence in a Sword he holds in his Hand, than in a Bullet he discharges out of a Pistol, wherein there must be a Concurrence of several Executions, to make it perform it's Office, the Powder, the Stone, and the Wheel, if any of which fail, it at least endangers your Fortune: A Man strikes much surer than the Air directs him.

*Et quo ferre velint permittere vulnera ventis,
Ensis habet vires, & gens quæcunque virorum est
Bella gerit gladiis†.*

Far off with Bows
They shoot, and where it lists the Wind bestows
Their Wounds; but Fight of Sword does Strength require,
All manly Nations the Sword-Fight desire †.

* *Virg. Æneid. lib. 10.*

† *Lucan. l. 8.*

‡ Mr. May's Transf.

But of that Weapon I shall speak more fully, when I come to compare the Arms of the Ancients with those of modern Use, though by the Way, the Astonishment of the Ear abated, which every one grows familiar with in a little Time. I look upon it as a Weapon of very little Execution, and hope we shall one Day lay it aside. That missile Weapon which the *Italians* formerly made Use of both with Fire and without, was much more terrible: They called a certain Kind of *Javelin* armed at the Point with an Iron three Foot long, that it might pierce through and through an armed Man, *Phalarica*, which they sometimes in Field-service darted by Hand: Sometimes from several Sorts of Engines for the Defence of beleagured Places: The Shaft whereof being rolled round with Flax, Wax, Rosin, Oil, and other combustible Matter, took Fire in it's Flight, and lighting upon the Body of a Man, or his Target, took away all the Use of Arms and Limbs. And yet coming to close fight, I should think they should also endamage the Assailant, and that the Camp being as it were planted with these Flaming *Truncheons*, should produce a common Inconvenience to the whole Crowd.

—*Magnum stridens contorta Phalarica venit,
Fulminis acta modo*——*.

—The Comet like *Phalarica* does fly,
With a huge Noise like Lightning through the Sky.

They had moreover other Devices which Custom made them perfect in (which will seem incredible to us who have not seen them) by which they supply'd the Effects of our Powder and Shot. They darted their Piles with so great Violence, as oft-times transfix'd two Targets, and two armed Men at once, and pinned them together. Neither was the Effect of their Slings less certain of Execution, or of shorter Carriage: *Saxis globosis funda, mare apertum incessantes; coronas modici circuli magno ex intervallo loci affueti trajicere; non capita modo hostium vulnerabant, sed quem*

* *Virg. Æneid. 9.*

*locum destinassent**: Culling round Stones from the Shore for their Slings: And with them practising at a great Distance to throw through a Circle of very small Circumference, they would not only wound an Enemy in the Head, but hit any other Part at Pleasure. Their Pieces of Battery had not only the Execution, but the Thunder of our Cannon also: *Ad ictus mœnium cum terribili sonitu editos, pavor & trepidatio cœpit*†: At the Battery of the Walls, which is performed with a dreadful Noise, the Defendants began to fear and tremble within. The Gauls, our Kinsmen in Asia, abominated these treacherous missile Arms, it being their Use to fight with greater Bravery Hand to Hand. *Non tam patentibus plagis moventur, ubi latior, quam altior plaga est, etiam gloriosius se pugnare putant; iidem quum aculeus sagittæ aut glandis abditæ introrsus tenui vulnere in speciem urit; tum in rabiem & pudorem tam parva perire pestes versi, prosterunt corpora humi*‡: They are not so much concerned at large Wounds; when a Wound is wider than deep, they think they have fought with greater Glory: But when they find themselves tormented within, under the Aspect of a slight Wound, with the Point of a Dart, or some concealed glandulous Body, then transported with Fury and Shame, to perish by so small and contemptible an Officer of Death, they fall to the Ground; an Expression of something very like a Musket-Shot. The ten thousand Greeks in their long and famous Retreat, met with a Nation who very much galled them with great and strong Bows, carrying Arrows so long, that taking them up one might return them back like a Dart, and with them pierce a Buckler, and an armed Man through and through. The Engines of *Dyonisius's* Invention at *Syracuse*, to shoot vast massy Darts, and Stones of a prodigious Greatness with so great Impetuosity, and at so great a Distance, came very near to our modern Inventions. But in this Discourse of Horses and Horsemanship, we are not to forget the pleasant Posture of one *Maistre Pierre Pol*, a Doctor of Divinity, upon his Mule, whom *Mensirelet* reports always to have rid aside through the Streets of *Paris* like a Woman. He

* *Liv. l. 38.*† *Id. Ibid.*‡ *Id. Ibid.*

says also elsewhere, that the *Gascons* had terrible Horses, that would wheel, and make the *Pirouette* in their full Speed, which the *French*, *Piccards*, *Dutch*, and *Brabanters* looked upon as a Miracle, having never seen the like before; which are his very Words. *Cæsar* speaking of the *Swedes*, in the Charges they make on Horse-back, says he, they often throw themselves off to fight on Foot, having taught their Horses not to stir in the mean Time from the Place, to which they presently run again upon Occasion; and according to their Custom nothing is so unmanly and so base as to use Saddles or Pads, and they despise such as make Use of those Conveniencies: Insomuch that being but a very few in Number, they fear not to attack a great many. That which I have formerly wondered at, to see a Horse made to perform all his *Airs* with a Switch only, and the Reins upon his Neck, was common with the *Massilians*, who rid their Horses without Saddle or Bridle,

*Et gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso,
Ora levi flectit, frænorum nescia virga,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt*.*

Massilians who on the bare Backs do ride,
And with a Switch, not knowing Bridle's Guide
The manag'd Steed, and fierce *Numidians* too
That use no Rein, begirt us round.

Equi sine frænis deformis ipse cursus, ridiga cervice, & extenso capite currentium†: The Career of a Horse without a Bridle must needs be ungrateful, his Neck being extended stiff, and his Nose thrust out. King *Alphonso*, he who first instituted the Order *des Chevaliers de la Bande*, or *de l'Escherpe* in Spain, amongst other Rules of the Order gave them this, That they should never ride Mule or Mulet, upon Penalty of a Mark of Silver; which I had lately out of *Guevara's* Letters, which whoever gave them the Title of golden Epistles, had another Kind of Opinion of them

* *Æneid*. l. 4.

† *Liv*. l. 35.

than

than I have, and perhaps saw more in them than I do. The Courtier says, that till his Time it was a Disgrace to a Gentleman to ride one of those Creatures: But the *Abyssines* on the contrary, as they are nearer advanc'd to the Person of *Preſtor John*, do affect to be mounted upon large Mules, for the greater Dignity and Grandeur. *Xenophon* tells us, that the *Aſſyrians* were fain to keep their Horses fetter'd in the Stable, they were ſo fierce and vicious: And that it required ſo much Time to looſe and harneſs them, that to avoid any Diſorder this tedious Preparation might bring upon them, in caſe of Surprise, they never ſat down in their Camp, till it was firſt well fortified with Ditches and Rampiers. His *Cyrus*, who was ſo great a Maſter in all manner of Horſe Service, kept his Horses to their Ordinary, and never ſuffer'd them to have any Thing to eat till firſt they had earn'd it by the Sweat of ſome kind of Exerciſe. The *Scythians*, when in the Field, and in Scarcity of Proviſions, uſ'd to let their Horses Blood, which they drank and ſuſtain'd themſelves by that Diet.

Venit & epoto Sarmata paſtus equo.*

The *Scythian* alſo comes without Remorſe,
Having before quaſt up his bleeding Horſe.

Thoſe of *Crotta* being beſieg'd by *Metellus*, were in ſo great Neceſſity for Drink, that they were fain to quench their Thirſt with their Horses Urine: And to ſhew how much better cheap, the *Turkiſh* Armies ſupport themſelves than our *European* Forces, 'tis ſaid, that beſides that the Soldiers drink nothing but Water and eat nothing but Rice and Salt Fleſh pulveriz'd (of which every one may eaſily carry about with him a Month's Proviſion) they know how to feed upon the Blood of their Horses, as well as the *Muscovite* and *Tartar*, and ſalt it for their Uſe. Theſe new diſcover'd People of the *Indies*, when the *Spaniards* firſt landed amongſt them, had ſo great an Opinion both of the Men and Horses, that they look'd upon the firſt as Gods,

* *Mart. l. 2.*

and the other Animals ennobled above their Nature. Inso-much that after they were subdu'd, coming to sue for Peace, and to bring them Gold and Provisions, they fail'd not to present the same to the Horses, with the same kind of Harangue to them, which they had made to the other; interpreting their Neighing for a Language of Truce and Friendship. In these nearer *Indies*, to ride upon an Elephant was the first Place of Honour, the second to ride in a Coach with four Horses, the third to ride upon a Camel, and the last to be carried, or drawn by one Horse only. Some one of our late Writers tells us, that he has been in a Country in those Parts, where they ride upon Oxen with Pads, Stirrups, and Bridles, and very much at their Ease. *Quintus Fabius Maximus Rutilianus*, in a Battle with the *Samnites*, seeing his Cavalry, after three or four Charges, had fail'd of breaking into the Enemies main Body, took this Course to make them unbridle all their Horses; so that having nothing to check their Career, they might through Weapons and Men, open the Way for his Foot, who by that Means gave them a bloody Defeat. The same Command was given by *Quintus Fulvius Flaccus* against the *Celtiberians*: *Id cum majore vi equorum facietis, si effrænatos in hostes equos immittatis; quod sæpe Romanos equites cum laude fecisse memoriæ proditum est. Detractisque frænis bis ultro citroque cum magna strage hostium, infractis omnibus bastis, transcurrerunt* *. You will do your Business with greater Advantage of your Horses Strength, if you spur them unbridled upon the Enemy, as it is recorded the Roman Horse to their great Glory have often done. And their Bits being pull'd off without breaking a Lance, to have charg'd through and through, with great Slaughter of the Enemy: The Duke of Muscovy was anciently oblig'd to pay this Reverence to the *Tartars*, that when they sent any Embassy to him, he went out to meet the Embassadors on Foot, and presented them with a Mazer, or Goblet of Mare's Milk (a Beverage of greatest Esteem among them) and so great, that if in drinking, a Drop fell by Chance upon the Horse's Main, they thought themselves indispen-

* *Liv. l. 40.*

fably bound to lick it off with their Tongue: The Army that *Bajazet* had sent into *Russia*, was overwhelm'd with so dreadful a Tempest of Snow, that to shelter, and preserve themselves from starving, many ript up, and embowell'd their Horses, to creep into their Bellies, and enjoy the Benefit of that vital Heat. *Bajazet*, after that furious Battle wherein he was overthrown by *Tamerlane*, was in a hopeful Way of securing his own Person by the Fleetness of an *Arabian* Mare he had under him, had he not been constrain'd to let her drink her Fill at the Ford of a River in his Way, which render'd her so heavy and indispos'd, that he was afterwards easily overtaken by those that pursu'd him: They say indeed that to let a Horse stale takes him off his Mettle, but I should rather have thought that drinking would have refresh'd her, and reviv'd her Spirits: *Cræsus* marching his Army through certain Furzs, near *Sardis*, met with an infinite Number of Serpents, which the Horses devoured with great Appetite, and which *Herodotus* says was a Prodigy of ominous Portent to his Affairs. We call a Horse *Cheval entier*, that has his Main, Ears, and other Parts entire, and no other will pass Muttter. The *Lacedæmonians* having defeated the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, returning triumphant from the Victory into the City of *Syracusa*, amongst other Insolencies, caus'd all the Horses they had taken to be shorn, and led in Triumph. *Alexander* fought with a Nation call'd *Dææ*; a People whose Discipline it was to march two and two together, arm'd on Horse-back to the War, and being in Fight one always alighted, and so they fought one while on Horse-back and another on Foot, one after another by Turns. I do not think that for graceful Riding, any Nation in the World excels the *French*; though a good Horseman, according to our Way of speaking, seems rather to respect the Courage of the Man than his Horsemanship and Address in riding, Of all that ever I saw the most knowing in that Art, that had the best Seat, and the best Method in breaking Horses, was *Monsieur de Carnevalet*, who served our King *Henry the Second*: I have seen a Man ride with both his Feet upon the Saddle, take off the Saddle, and at his Return take it up again, refit, and remount it, riding all the while full Speed: Having gallop'd over a Bonnet, make at it
I
very

very good Shots, backward with his Bow, take up any thing from the Ground, setting one Foot down, and the other in the Stirrup; with twenty other Apes-tricks, which he got his living by. There has been seen, in my Time, at *Constantinople*, two Men upon an Horse, who in the Height of his Speed would throw themselves off, and into the Saddle again by Turn, and one who bridled and saddled his Horse with nothing but his Teeth. Another who betwixt two Horses, one Foot upon one Saddle, and another upon the other, carrying another upon his Shoulders; would ride full Career, the other standing bolt upright upon him, making very good Shots with his Bow. Several who would ride full Speed with their Heels upwards, and their Hands upon the Saddle betwixt several *Scymiters*, with the Points upward fix'd in the Harness. When I was a Boy, the Prince of *Salmona*, riding a rough Horse at *Naples* to all his Airs, held Reals under his Knees and Toes; as if they had been nail'd there, to shew the Firmness of his Seat.



C H A P. XLIX.

Of Ancient Customs.

I Should willingly pardon our People for admitting no other Pattern, or Rule of Perfection, than their own peculiar Manners, and Customs. It being a common Vice, not of the Vulgar only, but almost of all Men, to walk in the beaten Road their Ancestors have trod before them: I am content when they see *Fabricius* or *Lælius*, that they look upon their Countenance and Behaviour as barbarous, seeing they are neither clothed nor fashion'd according to our Mode. But I find Fault with their Singularity, when it arrives to that Degree of Indiscretion, as to suffer themselves to be so impos'd upon by Authority of the present Custom, as every Month to alter their Opinion, if Custom so require, and that they should so vary their Judgment in their own particular Concern: When they wore the Belly-pieces of their

their Doublets up as high as their Breasts, they stiffly maintain'd that they were in their proper Place : Some Years after they were slipt down between their Thighs, and then they could laugh at the former Fashion as uneasy and intolerable. The Fashion now in Use makes them absolutely condemn the other two, with so great Indignation, and so universal Contempt, that a Man would think, there was a certain kind of Madness crept in amongst them, that infatuates their Understandings, to this strange Degree. Now seeing that our Change of Fashions is so prompt and sudden, that the Inventions of all the Taylors in the World cannot furnish out new Whim-whams enough to feed our Vanity withal ; there will often be a Necessity, that the despised ones must again come in Vogue, and even those immediately after fall into the same Contempt ; and that the same Judgment must, in the Space of fifteen or twenty Years, take up not only different, but contrary Opinions, with an incredible Lightness and Inconstancy : There is not any of us so cautious and discreet, that suffers not himself to be gull'd with this Contradiction, and both in external and internal Sight to be insensibly blinded. I will here muster up some old Customs, that I have in Memory, some of them the same with ours, the other different, to the End, that bearing in Mind this continual Variation of human Things, we may have our Judgments clearer, and more firmly settled : The thing in use amongst us of fighting with Rapier and Cloak, was in Practice amongst the Romans also, *Sinistris sagos involvant, gladiosque distringunt* *. They wrapp'd their Cloaks upon the Left Arm, and handled the Sword with the Right, says Cæsar ; And I observe an old vicious Custom of our Nation, which continues yet amongst us, which is to stop Passengers we meet upon the Road, to compel them to give an Account who they are ; and to take it for an Injury, and just Cause of Quarrel, if they refuse to do it : At the Bath, which the Ancients made Use of every Day before they went to Dinner, and as frequently as we wash our Hands, they at first only bath'd their Arms and Legs, but afterwards,

* Cæsar de bello civili, lib. 1.

and

and by a Custom that has continued for many Ages in most Nations of the World, they bath'd stark naked in mix'd and perfum'd Water : The most delicate and affected, perfum'd themselves all over three or four Times a Day. They often caus'd their Hair to be pinch'd off; as the Women of *France* have some Time since, taken up a Custom to do their Foreheads.

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis *.

How dost thou twitch thy Breast, thy Arms and Thighs.

Though they had Ointments proper for that Purpose.

Pfilotro nitet, aut arida latet abdita creta §.

This in Wild-vine shines, or else doth calk,
Her Rank pores up in a dry Crust of Chalk.

They delighted to lye soft, and pretended it for a great Testimony of Hardiness, to lye upon a Matraß. They did eat lying upon Beds, much after the Manner of the *Turks* in this Age.

Inde thoro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto †.

Then thus *Æneas* from his Bed of State,
Begun *Troy's* woful Story to relate.

And 'tis said of the younger *Cato*, that after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, being entered into a melancholick Disposition, at the ill Posture of the publick Affairs he took his Repose always sitting, assuming a strict and severe Course of Life. It was also their Custom to kiss the Hands of great Persons; the more and better to honour and carefs them: And meeting with their Equals, they always kiss'd in Salutation, as do the *Venetians*.

* *Mart. lib. 2. Epig. 62.*

§ *Id. lib. 6. Epi. 93.*

† *Æneid. l. 2.*

*Gratatusque darem cum dulcibus oscula verbis **

And kindest Words I would with Kisses mix.

In petitioning, or saluting any great Man, they us'd to lay their Hands upon his Knees. *Fasicles*, the Philosopher and Brother of *Crates*, instead of laying his Hand upon the Knee, laid it upon his private Parts, and being rudely repuls'd by him to whom he made that indecent Compliment; What, said he, is not that Part your own as well as the other? They us'd to eat their Fruits as we do after Dinner. They wiped their Arses (let the Ladies, if they please, mince it smaller) with a Sponge; which is the Reason that *Spongia* is a smutty Word in *Latin*; which Sponge was also fastened to the End of a Stick, as appears by the Story of him, who, as he was led along to be thrown to the wild Beasts in the Sight of the People, asking Leave to do his Business, and having no other Ways to dispatch himself, forc'd the Sponge and Stick down his own Throat and choaked himself. They us'd to terge after Coition with perfum'd Wool.

At tibi nil faciam, sed lota mentula lana †.

They used in the Streets of *Rome* to place certain Vessels and little Tubs for Passengers to piss in.

*Pueri sæpe lacum propter, se ac dolia curta,
Somno devincti credunt, extollere vestem §.*

Boys dream of pissing in the Tub and Lake,
And find themselves bepiss'd when they awake.

They used to collation betwixt Meals, and had in Summer Cellars of Snow to cool their Wine; and some there were

* *Ovid de pont. lib. 4. Eleg. 9.* † *Mart. lib. 11. Epist. 50.*
§ *Lucret. l. 4.*

who

who made Use of Snow in Winter, not thinking their Wine cool enough at that cold Season of the Year. The Men of Quality had their Cup-bearers and Carvers, and their Buffoons to make them Sport : They had their Meat served up in Winter upon a Sort of Chafing-Dishes ; which were set upon the Table, and had portable Kitchens (of which I myself have seen some) wherein all their Service was carried after them.

*Has vobis epulas habete lauti.
Nos offendimus ambulante Cæna **

Those Feasts, by you indeed, are highly priz'd,
At walking Suppers we are scandaliz'd.

In Summer they had a Contrivance to bring fresh and clear Rills through their lower Rooms, wherein were great Store of living Fish, which the Guests took out with their own Hands to bedress'd ; every Man according to his own Liking. Fish has ever had this Pre-eminence, and keeps it still, that the great ones all pretend to be Cooks in their Favour ; and indeed, the Taste is more delicate than that of Flesh, at least to me. But in all Sorts of Magnificence, Debauchery, and voluptuous Inventions of Effeminacy and Expence, we do, in Truth, all we can to parallel them ; for our Wills are as corrupt as theirs : But we want Power to reach them ; and our Force is more able to reach them in their vicious, than in their virtuous Qualities ; for both the one and the other proceed from a Vigour of Soul, which was without Comparison greater in them than in us : And Souls by how much the weaker they are, by so much have they less Power to do, very well, or very ill : The highest Place of Honour amongst them was the Middle ; the Name going before, and that following after, either in Writing or Speaking, had no Signification of Grandeur, as is evident by their Writings ; they will sooner say *Oppius* and *Cæsar*, than *Cæsar* and *Oppius*, and me and thee, than thee and me, which is the Reason that made me formerly

* *Mart. l. 7. Epig. 47.*

take Notice in the Life of *Flaminius*, in our *French Plutarch*, of one Passage, where it seems as if the Author, speaking of the Jealousy of Honour, betwixt the *Ætolians* and *Romans*, about the winning of a Battle they had with their joint Forces obtain'd, made it of some Importance, that in the *Greek Songs* they had put the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*: If there be no Amphibology, or double Dealing in the Words of the *French Translation*; an Instance of which I present you out of *Plutarch*, though *Monsieur de Montaigne* did not think it worth repeating.

*Here, friendly Passenger, we buried lye,
Without Friends, Tears, or Fun'ral Obsequy,
Full thirty thousand Men in Battle slain
By the Ætolians, on Thessalian Plain;
And Latines, whom Flaminius led on,
And brought from Italy to Macedon.
With his fierce Valour, when faint Philip fled
With greater Speed to save his tim'rous Head,
Than Hart or Hind, when Dogs upon the Trace,
Through Woods pursue them with a full Cry Chace*.*

The Ladies in their Baths made no Scruple of admitting Men amongst them, and moreover made Use of their Serving-Men to rub and anoint them:

*Inguina succinctus nigra tibi servus allata
Stat, quoties calidis nuda foveris aquis §.*

They all powdered themselves with a certain Powder, to moderate their Sweats. The ancient *Gauls*, says *Sidonius Apollinaris*, wore their Hair long before, and the hinder Part of the Head cut short, a Fashion that begins to be reviv'd in this vicious and effeminate Age. The *Romans*

* *Plut. vit. Tit. Quint. Flaminius.* § *Mart. lib. Epig. 34.*
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used to pay the Watermen their Fare at their first stepping
into the Boat, which we never do 'till after landing.

*Dum as exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora* *.

Whilst the Fare's paying, and the Mule is ty'd,
A whole Hour's Time, at least, away doth slide.

The Women used to lye on that Side the Bed next the Wall;
And for that Reason they call'd *Cæsar*, *Spondam Regis Ni-*
comedis, one of the greatest Blemishes in his Life, and that
gave Occasion to his Soldiers to sing to his Face,

Gallias Cæsar subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem †.

*Cæsar the Gauls subdu'd, 'tis true,
But Nicomedes Cæsar did subdue.*

*Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias,
Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem ‡.*

See *Cæsar* triumphs now for conqu'ring *Gaul*,
For conqu'ring him, King *Nicomede* at all
No Triumph has.

They took Breath in their Drinking, and dash'd their
Wine,

————— *Quis puer ocios
Restinguet ardentis falerni
Pocula prætereunte lymphe* || ?

What pretty Boy's at Leisure to come in,
And cool the Heat of the *Falernian* Wine,
With the clear gliding Stream?

* *Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 5.* † *Suet. in vita Cæs.* ‡ *Id. eod.*
not quoted by *Montaigne.* || *Hor. lib. 7. Ode. 11.*

Of Democritus and Heraclitus. 363

And the roguish Looks and Gestures of our Lacqueys was also in Use amongst them.

O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinxit,
Nec manus auriculus imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ quantum sitiet canis Apula tantum *.

O Janus, who both Ways a Spy dost wear,
So that no Scoffer, though behind thee, dare
Make a Stork's-Bill, Ass-Ears, or far more long,
Than thirsty panting Curs shoot out their Tongue.

The *Argian* and *Roman* Ladies always mourn'd in White, as ours did formerly here; and should do still, were I to govern in this Point. But there are whole Books of this Argument.



C H A P. L.

Of Democritus and Heraclitus.

THE Judgment is an Utenfil proper for all Subjects, and will have an Oar in every Thing; which is the Reason, that in these Essays I take Hold of all Occasions; where, though it happen to be a Subject I do not very well understand, I try however, sounding it at a Distance, and finding it too deep for my Stature, I keep me on the firm Shore: And this Knowledge that a Man can proceed no farther, is one Effect of it's Virtue, even in the most inconsidering sort of Men. One while in an idle and frivolous Subject, I try to find out Matter whereof to compose a Body, and then to prop and support it. Another while I employ it in a noble Subject, one that has been tost and tumbled by a thousand Hands, wherein a Man can

* *Persius, Sat. 1.*

hardly possibly introduce any Thing of his own, the Way being so beaten on every Side, that he must of Necessity walk in the Steps of another. In such a Case, 'tis the Work of the Judgment to take the Way that seems best, and of a thousand Paths, to determine that this or that was the best chosen. I leave the Choice of my Arguments to Fortune, and take what she first presents me with; they are all alike to me, I never design to go through any of them; for I never see all of any Thing: Neither do they who so largely promise to shew it to others. Of a hundred Members and Faces that every Thing has, I take one, one while to look it over only, another while to ripple up the Skin, and sometimes to pinch it to the Bones: I give a Stab, not so wide but as deep as I can; and am for the most Part tempted to take it in Hand by some absolute Gracefulness I discover in it. Did I know myself less, I might, perhaps, venture to handle something or other to the Bottom, and to be deceiv'd by my own Inability; but sprinkling here one Word, and there another, Patterns cut from several Pieces and scatter'd without Design, and without engaging myself too far, I am not responsible for them, or oblig'd to keep close to my Subject, without varying at my own Liberty and Pleasure, and giving up myself to Doubt and Incertainty, and to my own governing Method, Ignorance. All Motions discover us. The very same Soul of *Cæsar*, that made itself so conspicuous in marshalling and commanding the Battle of *Pharsalia*, was also seen as solicitous and busy in the softer Affairs of Love. A Man makes a Judgment of a Horse, not only by seeing his Menage in his Airs, but by his very Walk; nay, and by seeing him stand in the Stable. Amongst the Functions of the Soul, there are some of a lower and meaner Form, and he that does not see her in those inferior Offices, as well as those of nobler Note, never fully discover her; and peradventure, she is best discover'd where she moves her own natural Pace. The Winds of Passion take most Hold of her in her highest Flights; and the rather, by reason that she wholly applies herself to, and exercises her whole Virtue upon every particular Subject, and never handles more than one Thing at a Time, and that not according to it, but according to herself. Things in respect to themselves, have, peradventure, their Weight,

Measures

Measures and Conditions; but when we once take them into us, the Soul forms them as she pleases. Death is terrible to *Cicero*, coveted by *Cato*, and indifferent to *Socrates*. Health, Conscience, Authority, Knowledge, Riches, Beauty, and their Contraries, do all strip themselves at their entering into us, and receive a new Robe, and of another Fashion, from every distinct Soul, and of what Colour, Brown, Bright, Green, Dark; and Quality, Sharp, Sweet, Deep, or Superficial, as best pleases them; for they are not yet agreed upon any common Standard of Forms, Rules, or Proceedings; every one of them is a Queen in her own Dominions. Let us therefore no more excuse ourselves upon the external Qualities of Things; it belongs to us to give ourselves an Account of them. Our Good or Ill has no other Dependance but on ourselves. 'Tis there that our Offerings and our Vows are due, and not to Fortune: She has no Power over our Manners; on the contrary, they draw and make her follow in their Train, and cast her in their own Mould. Why should not I censure *Alexander*, roaring and drinking at the prodigious Rate he sometimes used to do? Or, if he plaid at Chess, what String of his Soul was not touched by this idle and childish Game? I hate and avoid it, because it is not Play enough, that it is too grave and serious a Diversion, and I am ashamed to lay out as much Thought and Study upon that, as would serve to much better Uses. He did not more pump his Brains about his glorious Expedition into the *Indies*; and another whom I will not name, took no more Pains to unravel a Passage, upon which depends the Safety of all Mankind. To what a Degree then does this ridiculous Diversion molest the Soul, when all her Faculties shall be summon'd together upon this trivial Account? And how fair an Opportunity she herein gives every one to know, and to make a right Judgment of himself? I do not more thoroughly sift myself in any other Posture than this. What Passion are we exempted from in this insignificant Game? Anger, Spite, Malice, Impatience, and a vehement Desire of getting the better in a Concern, wherein it were more excusable, to be ambitious of being overcome: For to be eminent, and to excel above the common Rate in frivolous Things, is nothing graceful in a Man of Quality and Honour. What I say in this Example,

may be said in all others. Every Particle, every Employment of Man, does exalt or accuse him, equally with any other. *Democritus* and *Heraclitus* were two Philosophers, the first of whom finding human Condition ridiculous and vain, never appear'd abroad but with a jeering and laughing Countenance: Whereas *Heraclitus* commiserating that Condition of ours, appear'd always with a sorrowful Look, and Tears in his Eyes.

Alter

Ridebat quoties à limine moverat unum

*Protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius alter *.*

One always, when he o'er his Threshold slept,
Laugh'd at the World, the other always wept.

I am clearly for the first Humour; not because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is ruder, and expresses more Contempt than the other; because I think we can never be sufficiently despised to our Desert. Compassion and Bewailing seem to employ some Esteem of, and Value for the Thing bemoan'd: Whereas the Things we laugh at, are by that expressed to be of no Moment or Repute. I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have in us so much Malice as Folly; we are not so full of Mischief as Inanity; nor so miserable as we are vile and mean. And therefore *Diogenes*, who past away his Time in rolling himself in his Tub, and made nothing of the great *Alexander*, esteeming us no better than Flies, or Bladders puffed up with Wind, was a sharper and more penetrating, and consequently, in my Opinion, a juster Judge, than *Timon*, firam'd the *Man-bater*; for what a Man hates, he lays to Heart: This last was an Enemy to all Mankind, did positively desire our Ruin, and avoided our Conversation as dangerous, proceeding from wicked and deprav'd Natures: The other valu'd us so little, that we could neither trouble nor infect him by our Contagion; and left us to herd with one another, not out of Fear, but Contempt

* *Juven. Sat. 10.*

of our Society: Concluding us as incapable of doing Good as Ill. Of the same Strain was *Statilius's* Answer, when *Brutus* courted him into the Conspiracy against *Cæsar*: He was satisfy'd that the Enterprize was just; but he did not think Mankind so considerable, as to deserve a wise Man's Concern: According to the Doctrine of *Hegesias*; who said, That a wise Man ought to do nothing but for himself, forasmuch as he only was worthy of it: And to the Saying of *Theodorus*, That it was not reasonable a wise Man should hazard himself for his Country, and endanger Wisdom for a Company of Fools. Our Condition is as ridiculous as risible.



CH A P. LI.

Of the Vanity of Words.

A Rhetorician of Times past, said, That to make little Things appear great, was his Profession. This also a Shoemaker can do; he can make a great Shoe for a little Foot: They would in *Sparta* have sent such a Fellow to be whipp'd, for making Profession of a lying and deceitful Art: And I fancy, that *Archidamus*, who was King of that Country, was a little surpriz'd at the Answer of *Thucydides*, when enquiring of him, which was the better Wrestler, *Pericles* or he; he reply'd, That it was hard to affirm; for when I have thrown him, said he, he always persuades the Spectators that he had no Fall, and carries away the Prize. They who paint, pounce and plaister up the Ruins of Women, filling up their Wrinkles and Deformities, are less to blame; because it is no great Matter, whether we see them in their natural Complexions or not. Whereas these make it their Business to deceive, not our Sight only but our Judgments, and to adulterate and corrupt the very Essence of Things. The Republicks that have maintain'd themselves in a regular and well-modell'd Government, such as those of *Lacedæmon* and *Crete*, had Orators in no very great Esteem. *Aristo* did wisely define *Rhetorick* to be a

Science to persuade the People; *Socrates* and *Plato*, an Art to flatter and deceive: And those who deny it in the general Description, verify it throughout in their Precepts. The *Mahometans* will not suffer their Children to be instructed in it, as being useless; and the *Athenians* perceiving of how pernicious Consequence the Practice of it was, it being in their City of universal Esteem, order'd the principal Part, which is to move Affections, with their Exordiums and Perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an Engine invented to manage and govern a disorderly and tumultuous Rabble, and is never made Use of but, like Physick to the Sick, in the Paroxisms of a discomposed State. In those States, where the Vulgar or the Ignorant, or both together, have been all powerful, and able to give Law, as in *Athens*, *Rhodes* and *Rome*, and where the Publick Affairs have been in a continual Tempest of Commotion, to such Places have the Orators always repair'd. And, in Truth, we find few Persons in those Republicks, who have push'd their Fortunes to any great Degree of Eminence, without the Assistance of Elocution: *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Crassus*, *Lucullus*, *Lentulus* and *Metellus*, have thence taken their chiefest Spring to mount to that Degree of Authority, to which they did at last arrive; making it of greater Use to them than Arms, contrary to the Opinion of better Times. For *L. Voluminius* speaking publicly in Favour of the Election of *Q. Fabius* and *Pub. Decius*, to the Consular Dignity: These are Men, said he, born for War, and great in Execution, in the Combat of the Tongue altogether to seek; Spirits truly consular. The Subtle, Eloquent and Learned, are only good for the City, to make Prætors of, to administer Justice. Eloquence flourish'd most at *Rome*, when the publick Affairs were in the worst Condition, and the Republick most disquieted with intestine Commotions, as a frank and untill'd Soil bears the worst Weeds. By which it should seem, that a Monarchical Government has less Need of it than any other: For the Brutality and Facility, natural to the common People, which render them subject to be turn'd and twin'd, and led by the Ears by this charming Harmony of Words, without weighing or considering the Truth and Reality of Things by the Force of Reason; This Facility, I say, is not easily found in a single Person,

and

and it is also more easy, by good Education and Advice, to secure him from the Impression of this Poison. There never was any famous Orator known to come out of *Persia* or *Macedon*.

I have entered into this Discourse upon the Occasion of an *Italian* I lately received into my Service, who was Clerk of the Kitchen to the late Cardinal *Caraffa* till his Death. I put this Fellow upon an Account of his Office: Where he fell to discourse of this Palate-Science, with such a settled Countenance, and magisterial Gravity, as if he had been handling some profound Point of Divinity. He made a learned Distinction of the several Sorts of Appetites, of that which a Man has before he begins to eat, and of those after the second and third Service: The Means simply to satisfy the first, and then to raise and quicken the other two: The ordering of the Sauces, first in general, and then proceeded to the Qualities of the Ingredients, and their Effects: The Differences of Sallets, according to their Seasons, which of them ought to be served up hot, and which cold: The Manner of their Garnishment and Decoration, to render them yet more acceptable to the Eye: After which he entered upon the Order of the whole Service, full of weighty and important Considerations,

——— *Nec minimo sane discrimine refert
Quo gestu lepores, & quo gallina secetur*.*

Nor with less Criticism did observe
How we a Hare, and how a Hen should carve.

And all this set out with lofty and magnifick Words; the very same we make Use of, when we discourse of the Government of an Empire. Which learned Lecture of my Man, brought this of *Terence* into my Memory.

*Hoc falsum est, hoc adustum est, hoc lautum est parum,
Illud rectè iterum sic memento, sedulo
Moneo quæ possum pro mea sapientia.
Postremo tanquam in speculum, in patinas, Demea,
Inspicere jubeo, & moneo quid factò usus sit †.*

* *Juven. Sat. 5.*

† *Ter. Adelph. Act 3. Sc. 5.*

This

This is too salt, this burnt, this is too plain,
 That's well, remember to do so again.
 Thus do I still advise to have Things fit,
 According to the Talent of my Wit.
 And then (my *Demea*) I command my Cook,
 That into ev'ry Dish he pry and look,
 As if it were a Mirror, and go on
 To order all Things as they should be done.

And yet even the *Greeks* themselves did very much admire, and highly applaud the Order and Disposition that *Paulus Emilius* observed in the Feast he made for them at his Return from *Macedon*: But I do not here speak of Effects, I speak of Words only. I do not know whether it may have the same Operation upon other Men that it has upon me: But when I hear our Architects thunder out their bombast Words of *Pilasters*, *Architraves*, and *Cornices*, of the *Corinthian* and *Dorick* Orders, and such like Stuff, my Imagination is presently possessed with the Palace of *Apollidonius* in *Amadis de Gaul*; when, after all, I find them but the poultry Pieces of my own Kitchen-Door. And to hear Men talk of *Metonymies*, *Metaphors*, and *Allegories*, and other Grammar Words, would not a Man think they signify'd some rare and exotick Form of Speaking? And this other is a Gullery of the same Stamp, to call the Offices of our Kingdom by the lofty Titles of the *Romans*, though they have no Similitude of Function, Authority, or Power. And this also, which I doubt will one Day turn to the Reproach of our present polite Age, unworthily and indifferently to confer upon any we think fit, the most glorious Surnames with which Antiquity honoured but one or two Persons in several Ages. *Plato* carried away the Surname of Divine by so universal a Consent, that never any one repined at it, or attempted to take it from him: And yet the *Italians*, who pretend, and with good Reason, to more sprightly Wits and sounder Discourses than the other Nations of their Time, have lately honoured *Aretine* with the same Title; in whose Writings, except it be a tumid Phrase, set out with some smart Periods, ingenious indeed, but far fetch'd and fantastick, and the Eloquence (be it what it will) I see nothing in him above the

the ordinary Writers of his Time, so far is he from approaching the ancient Divinity. And we make nothing of giving the Sirname of *Great*, to Princes that have nothing in them above a popular Grandeur.



C H A P. LII.

Of the Parsimony of the Ancients.

A *Tilius Regulus*, General of the Roman Army in *Africk*, in the Height of all his Glory and Victories over the *Carthaginians*, writ to the Republick to acquaint them, that a certain Peasant whom he had left in Trust with his whole Estate, which was in all but seven Acres of Land, was run away with all his Instruments of Husbandry, entreating therefore, that they would please to call him Home, that he might take Order in his own Affairs, lest his Wife and Children should suffer by this Disaster: Whereupon the Senate appointed another to manage his Business, caused his Losses to be made good, and ordered his Family to be maintained at the publick Expence. The elder *Cato* returning Consul from *Spain*, sold his War-Horse, to save the Money it would have cost in bringing him back by Sea into *Italy*; and being Governor of *Sardinia*, made all his Visits on Foot, without other Attendants, than one Officer of the Republick, to hold up the Train of his Gown and carry a Censer for Sacrifices; and, for the most Part, carried his Mail himself. He bragged, that he had never worn a Gown that cost above ten Crowns, nor had ever sent above Ten-pence to the Market for one Day's Provision; and that as to his Country Houses, he had not one that was rough cast on the Out-side. *Scipio Æmilianus*, after two Triumphs, and two Consulships, went an Embassy with no more than seven Servants in his Train. 'Tis said, that *Homer* had never more than one, *Plato* three, and *Zeno*, Founder of the Sect of *Stoicks*, none at all. *Tiberius Gracchus* was allowed but Five-pence Half-

Half-penny a Day, when employed as publick Minister about the publick Affairs, and being at that time the greatest Man of *Rome*.



C H A P. LIII.

Of a Saying of Cæsar.

IF we would sometimes bestow a little Consideration upon ourselves, and employ that Time in examining our own Abilities which we spend in prying into other Men's Actions, and discovering Things without us, we should soon perceive of how infirm and decaying Materials this Fabrick of ours is composed. Is it not a singular Testimony of Imperfection, that we cannot establish our Satisfaction in any one Thing, and that even our own Fancy and Desire should deprive us of the Power to choose what is most proper and useful for us? A very good Proof of this, is the great Dispute that has ever been amongst the Philosophers, of finding out a Man's principal and sovereign Good; that Dispute continues yet, and will eternally continue, without Solution or Agreement.

—*Dum abest quod avemus, id exuperare videtur,
Cætera, post aliud cum contigit illud avemus,
Et sitis æqua tenet* *.

The absent we covet, best doth seem,
The next that comes captivates our Esteem
At the same rate.

Whatever that is that falls into our Knowledge and Possession, we find it satisfies not, and still pant after Things to come, and unknown; and these because the present

* *Lucret. l. 3.*

do not fatiate and glut us ; not that, in my Judgment, they have not in them wherewith to do it, but because we seize them with an unruly and immoderate Haste.

*Nam cum vidit hic ad victum quæ flagitat usus,
Et per quæ possent vitam consistere tutam,
Omnia jam firme mortalibus esse parata :
Divitiis homines, & honore & laude potentis
Affluere, atque bona natorum excellere fama,
Nec minus esse domi cuiquam tamen anxia corda,
Atque animum infestis cogi servire querelis :
Intellexit ibi vitium vas facere ipsum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpitur intus
Quæ collata foris, & commoda quæque venirent*.*

For when he saw all Things that had regard
To Life's Subsistence for Mankind prepar'd,
That Men in Wealth and Honours did abound,
Had hopeful Issue set their Tables round ;
And yet had Hearts as anxious as before,
Murmuring amidst their Happiness and Store :
He then perceiv'd the Vessel was to blame,
And gave a Smatch to all that in it came,
That neither from without him was convey'd,
To have him happy and contented made.

Our Appetite is irresolute and fickle, it can neither keep nor enjoy any thing graceful, and as it should : And Man concluding it to be the Fault of the Things he is possessed of, fills himself with, and feeds himself upon the Idea of Things he neither knows nor understands, to which he devotes his Hopes and his Desires, paying them all Reverence and Honour, according to the Saying of Cæsar, *Communi fit vitio naturæ, ut invisibilibus latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiusque exterreamur.* 'Tis the common Vice of Nature, that we repose most Confidence, and receive the greatest Apprehensions, from Things unseen, concealed, and unknown.

* *Lucret.*



C H A P. LIV.

Of vain Subtilties.

THere are a Sort of little Knacks, and frivolous Subtilties, from which Men sometimes expect to derive Reputation and Applause: As the Poets, who compose whole Poems, with every Line beginning with the same Letter: We see the Shapes of Eggs, Globes, Wings and Hatchets cut out by the ancient *Greeks*, by the Measure of their Verses, making them longer or shorter, to represent such or such a Figure. Much in this Manner did he spend his Time, who made it his Business to compute into how many several Orders the Letters of the Alphabet might be transposed, and found out that incredible Number mention'd in *Plutarch*. I am mightily pleas'd with the Humour of the Gentleman, who, having a Man brought before him, that had learn'd to throw a Grain of Millet with such Dexterity as never to miss the Eye of a Needle; and being afterwards desired to give something for the Reward of so rare a Performance, he pleasantly, and in my Opinion ingeniously, ordered a certain Number of Bushels of the same Grain to be delivered to him, that he might not want where-withal to exercise so famous an Art. 'Tis a strong Evidence of a weak Judgment, when Men approve of Things for their being rare and new, or yet for the Difficulty; where Virtue and Usefulness are not conjoined to recommend them. I come just now from playing with my own Family, at who could find out the most Things, that had their principal Force in their two Extremities; as, *Sire*, which is a Title given to the greatest Person in the Nation, the King, and also to the Vulgar, as Pedlars and Mechanicks, but never to any Degree of Men between. The Women of great Quality are all called *Madam*, inferior Gentlewomen, *Mademoiselle*, and the meanest Sort of Women, *Madam*, as the first. The Canopy of State over
I
Tables

Tables are not permitted, but in the Palaces of Princes and Taverns. *Democritus* said, that Gods and Beasts had a more exact and perfect Sense than Men, who are of a middle Form. The *Romans* wore the same Habit at Funerals and Feasts; and it is most certain, that an extreme Fear, and an extreme Ardour of Courage, do equally trouble and lax the Belly. The Nickname of Trembling with which they surnamed *Sancho XII*, King of *Navarre*, sufficiently informeth, that Valour will cause a Trembling in the Limbs, as well as Fear. The Friends of that King, or of some other Person, who upon the like Occasion was wont to be in the same Disorder, tried to compose him, by representing the Danger less, he was going to engage himself in: You understand me ill, said he, for could my Flesh know the Danger my Courage will presently carry it into, it would sink down to the Ground. The Faintness that surprizes us from Frigidity, or dislike in the Exercises of *Venus*, are also occasioned by a too violent Desire, and an immoderate Heat. Extreme Coldness, and extreme Heat, boil and roast. *Aristotle* says, that Sows of Lead will melt, and run with Cold, in the Extremity of Winter, as well as with a vehement Heat. Desire and Satiety fill all the Gradations above and below Pleasure with Grief. Brutality and Wisdom meet in the same Center of Sentiment and Resolution, in the suffering of human Accidents; the Wise controul and triumph over Ill; the others know it not: These last are, as a Man may say, on this Side of Accidents, the other are beyond them; who after having well weighed and considered their Qualities, measured and judged them what they are, by Virtue of a vigorous Soul leap out of their Reach. They disdain and trample them under Foot, having a solid and well fortified Soul, against which the Darts of Fortune coming to strike they must of Necessity rebound and blunt themselves, meeting with a Body upon which they can fix no Impression; the ordinary and middle Conditions of Men are lodged betwixt these two Extremes, consisting of such, who perceive Evils, feel them, and are not able to support them. Infancy and Decrepitude meet in the Imbecillity of the Brain: Avarice and Profusion in the same Thirst and Desire of getting. A Man may say, with some Colour of Truth, that there

is an *Abecedarian* Ignorance that precedes Knowledge, and a *Doctoral* Ignorance that comes after it; an Ignorance which Knowledge creates and begets, at the same time that she dispatches and destroys the first. Of mean Understandings, little inquisitive, and little instructed, are made good Christians, who by Reverence and Obedience implicitly believe, and are constant in their Belief. In the moderate Understandings, and the middle sort of Capacities, the Error of Opinions is begot, and they have some Colour of Reason on their Side, to impute our walking on in the old beaten Path to Simplicity, and Brutishness, I mean in us who have not informed ourselves by Study. The higher and nobler Souls, more solid and clear sighted, make up another sort of true Believers; who by a long and religious Investigation of Truth, have obtained a clearer and more penetrating Light into the Scriptures, and have discovered the Mysterious and Divine Secret of our Ecclesiastical Polity. And yet we see some, who, by this middle Step are arrived to that supreme Degree with marvellous Fruit and Confirmation; as to the utmost Limit of Christian Intelligence, and enjoying their Victory with great spiritual Consolation, humble Acknowledgment of the Divine Favour, exemplary Reformation of Manners, and singular Modesty. I do not intend with these to rank some others, who to clear themselves from all Suspicion of their former Errors, and to satisfy us, that they are sound and firm to us, render themselves extreme indiscreet and unjust, in the carrying on our Cause, and by that Means blemish it with infinite Reproaches of Violence and Oppression. The simple Peasants are good People, and so are the Philosophers: Men of strong and clear Reason, and whose Souls are enrich'd with an ample Instruction of profitable Sciences. The *Mongrels* who have disdained the first Form of the Ignorance of Letters, and have not been able to attain the other, (sitting betwixt two Stools, as I and a great many more of us do,) are dangerous, foolish, and importunate; these are they that trouble the World. And therefore it is, that I, for my own Part, retreat as much as I can towards my first and natural Station, from whence I so vainly attempted to advance. The vulgar and purely natural Poesy, has in it certain Proprieties and
Graces,

Graces, by which she may come into some Comparifon with the greateft Beauty of a Poesy perfected by Art: As is evident in our *Gascon* Villanels and Songs, that are brought us from Nations that have no Knowledge of any Manner of Science, nor so much as the Use of Writing. The indifferent and middle Sort of Poesy betwixt these two, is despised, of no Value, Honour, or Esteem. But seeing that the Ice being once broke, and a Path laid open to the Fancy, I have found, as it commonly falls out, that what we make Choice of for a rare and difficult Subject, proves to be nothing so, and that after the Invention is once warm, it finds out an infinite Number of parallel Examples. I shall only add this one; that were these Effays of mine considerable enough to deserve a Censure, it might then I think fall out, that they would not much take with common and vulgar Capacities, nor be very acceptable to the singular and excellent Sort of Men; for the first would not understand them enough, and the last too much, and so they might hover in the middle Region.



C H A P. LV.

Of Smells.

IT has been reported of others, as well as of *Alexander the Great*, that their Sweat exhaled an odoriferous Smell, occasioned by some very uncommon and extraordinary Constitution, of which *Plutarch* and others have been inquisitive into the Cause. But the ordinary Constitution of human Bodies is quite otherwise, and their best and chiefest Excellency is to be exempt from Smells: Nay, the Sweetness even of the purest Breaths has nothing in it of greater Perfection, than to be without any offensive Smell, like those of healthful Children; which made *Plutarch* say,

Muliere tum bene olet, ubi nihil olet.*

That Woman we a sweet one call,
Whose Body breathes no Scent at all.

And such as make Use of these exotick Perfumes, are with good Reason to be suspected of some natural Imperfection, which they endeavour by these Odours to conceal, according to that of Mr. *Johnson*, which, without Offence to Monsieur de *Montaigne*, I will here presume to insert, it being at least as well said, as any of those he quotes out of the ancient Poets,

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a Feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though Art's hid Causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not found †.

As may be judged by these following,

*Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes :
Malo quam bene olere, nil olere ‡.*

Because thou, *Coracinus*, still dost go
With Musk and Ambergrease perfumed so,
We under thy Contempt, forsooth, must fall ;
I'd rather than smell sweet, not smell at all :

And elsewhere,

Posthume, non bene olet, qui bene semper olet ¶.

He does not naturally smell well,
Who always of Perfumes does smell.

* *Plaut. Molest. Art. 1. Sc. 3.*

‡ *Mart. lib. 6. Epig. 55.*

† *Ben Johnson.*

¶ *Id. lib. 2. Ep. 12.*

I am

I am, nevertheless, a strange Lover of good Smells, and as much abominate the ill Ones, which also I reach at a greater Distance, I think, than other Men :

*Namque sagacius unus odoror,
Polypus, an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quam canis acer ubi lateat sus †.*

For I can smell a putrid Polypus,
Or the rank Arm-pits of a Red-hair'd Fufs,
As soon as best nos'd Hound the stinking Sty,
Where the wild Boar does in the Forest lye.

Of Smells, the simple and natural seem to be most pleasing. Let the Ladies look to that, for 'tis chiefly their Concern. In the wildest Parts of *Barbary*, the *Scythian* Women, after Bathing, were wont to powder and crust their Faces, and whole Bodies, with a certain odoriferous Drug, growing in their own Territories; which being cleansed off, when they came to have Familiarity with Men, they were found perfumed and sleek: 'Tis not to be believed, how strangely all Sorts of Odours cleave to me, and how apt my Skin is to imbibe them. He that complains of Nature, that she has not furnished Mankind with a Vehicle to convey Smells to the Nose, had no Reason; for they will do it themselves; especially to me: My very Mustachio's perform that Office; for if I stroke them but with my Gloves or Handkerchief, the Smell will remain a whole Day: They will reproach me where I have been; the close, luscious, devouring and melting Kisses of youthful Ardour, would, in my wanton Age, have left a Sweetness upon my Lips for several Hours after. And yet I have ever found myself very little subject to Epidemick Diseases, that are caught either by conversing with the Sick, or bred by the Contagion of the Air; I have very well escaped from those of my Time, of which there has been several virulent Sorts in our Cities and Armies. We read of *Socrates*, that though he never departed from *Athens*,

† *Hor. Ep. 12.*

during the frequent Plagues that infested that City, he was the only Man that was never infected. Physicians might (I believe) if they would, extract greater Utility from Odours than they do; for I have often observed, that they cause an Alteration in me, and work upon my Spirits according to their several Virtues; which makes me approve of what is said, namely, That the Use of Incense and Perfumes in Churches, so ancient, and so universally received in all Nations and Religions, was intended to chear us, and to rouse and purify the Senses, the better to fit us for Contemplation. I could have been glad, the better to judge of it, to have tasted the Culinary Art of those Cooks, who had so rare a Way of seasoning exotick Odours with the Relish of Meats; as it was particularly observed in the Service of the King of *Tunis*, who, in our Days, landed at *Naples*, to have an Interview with *Charles* the Emperor, where his Dishes were farced with odoriferous Drugs, to that Degree of Expence, that the Cookery of one Peacock and two Pheasants amounted to an hundred Ducats, to dress them after their Fashion. And when the Carver came to break them up, not only the Dining-Room, but all the Apartments of his Palace, and the adjoining Streets were filled with an Aromatick Vapour, which did not presently vanish. My chiefeft Care in chusing my Lodgings, is always to avoid a thick and stinking Air; and those beautiful Cities of *Venice* and *Paris* have very much lessened the Kindness I had for them, the one by the offensive Smell of her Marshes, and the other of her Dirt.





C H A P. LVI.

Of Prayers.

I Propose formless and undetermin'd Fancies, like those who publish subtle Questions, to be after disputed upon in the Schools, not to establish Truth, but to seek it: I submit them to the better Judgments of those, whose Office it is to regulate, not my Writings and Actions only, but moreover my very Thoughts and Opinions. Let what I here set down meet with Correction or Applause, it shall be of equal Welcome and Utility to me, myself before-hand condemning it for absurd and impious, if any thing shall be found through Ignorance or Inadvertency, couched in this Rhapsody contrary to the Resolutions and Prescriptions of the *Roman Catholick Church*, in which I was born, and in which I will die. And yet always submitting to the Authority of their Censure, who have an absolute Power over me, I thus temerariouly venture at every Thing, as upon this present Subject.

I don't know whether I am deceived or not; but since by a particular Favour of the Divine Bounty, a certain Form of Prayer has been prescribed and dictated to us, Word by Word, from the Mouth of God himself, I have ever been of Opinion, that we ought to have it in more frequent Use, than we yet have, and if I were worthy to advise, at sitting down to, and rising from our Tables, at our rising and going to Bed, and in every particular Action, wherein Prayer is required, I would have *Christians* always make Use of the Lord's Prayer; if not that Prayer alone, yet at least always. The Church may lengthen or alter Prayers according to the Necessity of our Instruction, for I know very well, that it is always the same in Substance, and the same Thing: But yet such a Preference ought to be given to that Prayer, that the People should have it continually in their Mouths; for it is most certain, that all necessary Petitions are com-

prehended in it, and that it is infinitely proper for all Occasions. 'Tis the only Prayer I use in all Places and Conditions, and what I still repeat instead of changing; whence it also happens, that I have no other by Heart but that only. It just now comes into my Mind, from whence we should derive that Error of having Recourse to God in all our Designs and Enterprizes, to call him to our Assistance in all Sorts of Affairs, and in all Places where our Weakness stands in Need of Support, without considering whether the Occasion be just, or otherwise, and to invoke his Name and Power, in what Condition soever we are, or Action we are engaged in, how vicious soever: He is indeed our sole and only Protector, and can do all Things for us: But though he is pleased to honour us with his paternal Care, he is, notwithstanding, as just as he is good and mighty, and does oftener exercise his Justice than his Power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our Petitions. *Plato* in his Laws, makes three Sorts of Belief injurious to the Gods; that there is none; that they concern not themselves about human Affairs; and, that they never reject or deny any thing to our Vows, Offerings, and Sacrifices. The first of these (Errors according to his Opinion) did never continue rooted in any Man, from his Infancy to his old Age; the other two, he confesses, Men might be obstinate in. God's Justice and his Power are inseparable, and therefore in vain we invoke his Power in an unjust Cause: We are to have our Souls pure and clean, at that Moment at least, wherein we pray to him, and purified from all vicious Passions, otherwise we ourselves present him the Rods wherewith to chastise us. Instead of repairing any thing we have done amiss, we double the Wickedness and the Offence, whilst we offer to him, to whom we are to sue for Pardon, an Affection full of Irreverence and Hatred. Which makes me not very apt to applaud those whom I observe to be so frequent on their Knees, if the Actions nearest of Kind to Prayer, do not give me some Evidence of Reformation.

*Si Nocturnus adulter
Tempora Sanctonico velas adopena Cucullo*.*

* *Juven. Sat. 8.*

With

With Night-Adulteries, if being foul,
Thou shad'st thy guilty Forehead with a Cowl.

And the Practice of a Man that mixes Devotion with an execrable Life, seems, in some Sort, more to be condemned than that of a Man conformable to his own Propension, and dissolute throughout: And, for that Reason it is, that our Church denies Admittance to, and Communion with, Men obstinate and incorrigible in any Kind of Impiety. We pray only by Custom, and for fashion's Sake; or rather we read and pronounce our Prayers aloud, which is no better than an hypocritical Shew of Devotion: And I am scandalized to see a Man make the Sign of the Cross thrice at the *Benedicite*, and as often at another's saying Grace, (and the more, because it is a Sign I have in great Veneration and constant Use upon solemn Occasions) and to dedicate all the other Hours of the Day to Acts of Malice, Avarice, and Injustice; one Hour to God, the rest to the Devil, as if by Commutation and Consent. 'Tis a Wonder to me, Actions so various in themselves, succeed one another with such an Uniformity of Method, as not to interfere, nor suffer any Alteration, even upon the very Confines and Passes from the one to the other. What a prodigious Conscience must that be, that can be at Quiet within itself, whilst it harbours under the same Roof, with so agreeing and so calm a Society, both the Crime and the Judge? A Man whose whole Meditation is continually working upon nothing but Impurity, which he knows to be so odious to Almighty God, what can he say when he comes to speak to him? He reforms, but immediately falls into a Relapse. If the Object of the Divine Justice, and the Presence of his Maker, did, as he pretends, strike and chastise his Soul, how short soever the Repentance might be, the very Fear of offending that infinite Majesty, would so often present itself to his Imagination, that he would soon see himself Master of those Vices that are most natural and habitual in him. But what shall we say of those who settle their whole Course of Life upon the Profit and Emolument of Sins which they know to be mortal? How many Trades and Vocations have we admitted and countenanced amongst

us, whose very Essence is vicious? And he that opening himself to me voluntarily told me, That he had all his Life-time professed and practised a Religion, in his Opinion, damnable and contrary to that which he had in his Heart, only to preserve his Credit and the Honour of his Employments, how could his Courage suffer so infamous a Confession? What can Men say to the Divine Justice upon this Subject? Their Repentance consisting in a visible and manifest Reformation and Restitution, they lose the Colour of alledging it both to God and Man. Are they so impudent as to sue for Remission without Satisfaction, and without Penitency or Remorse? I look upon these as in the same Condition with the first: But the Obstinacy is not there so easy to be overcome. This Contrariety and Volubility of Opinion, so sudden and violent, as they pretend, is a Kind of Miracle to me. They present us with the State of an indigestible Anxiety and Doubtfulness of Mind. It seemed to me a fantastick and ridiculous Imagination in those, who, these late Years past, used to reproach every Man whom they knew to be of any extraordinary Parts, and, at the same Time, made Profession of the *Roman Catholick Religion*, that it was but outwardly; maintaining, moreover, to do him Honour forsooth, that whatever he might pretend to the contrary, he could not but in his Heart be of their reformed Opinion. An untoward Disease, that a Man should be so rivetted to his own Belief, as to fancy, that no Man can believe otherwise than as he does; and yet worse in this, that they should entertain so vicious an Opinion of such Parts as to think, that any Man so qualified, should prefer any present Advantage of Fortune, before the Promises of eternal Life, and the Means of eternal Salvation. They may believe me: Could any thing have tempted my Youth, the Ambition of the Danger and Difficulties in the late Commotions, had not been the least Motives.

It is not without very good Reason, in my Opinion, that the Church interdicts the promiscuous, indiscreet, and irreverent Use of the Holy and Divine *Psalms*, with which the Holy Ghost inspired King *David*. We ought not to mix God in our Actions, but with the highest Reverence and Caution. That Poesy is too sacred to be put to no other Use than to exercise the Lungs, and to delight our Ears.

Ears. It ought to come from the Soul, and not from the Tongue. It is not fit that a 'Prentice in his Shop, amongst his vain and frivolous Thoughts, should be permitted to pass away his Time, and divert himself with such sacred Things. Neither is it decent to see the Holy Bible, the Rule of our Worship and Belief, tumbled up and down a Hall, or a Kitchen. They were formerly Mysteries, but are now become Sports and Recreations. 'Tis a Book too serious and too venerable to be cursorily or slightly turned over. The Reading of the Scripture ought to be a temperate and premeditated Act, and to which Men should always add this devout Preface, *Sursum Corda*, preparing even the Body to so humble and composed a Gesture and Countenance as shall evidence their Veneration and Attention. Neither is it a Book for every one to fift, but the Study of select Men set apart for that Purpose, and whom Almighty God has been pleased to call to that Office and sacred Function: The Wicked and Ignorant blemish and deprave it. 'Tis not a Story to tell, but a History to fear and adore. Are not they then pleasant Men, who think they have render'd this fit for the People's handling, by translating it into the Vulgar Tongue? Does the understanding of all therein contain'd only stick at Words? Shall I venture to say farther, that by coming so near to understand a little, they are much wider of the whole Scope than before. A total Ignorance, and wholly depending upon the Exposition of other qualify'd Persons, was more knowing and salutary than this vain and verbal Knowledge, which has only prov'd the Nurse of Temerity and Presumption. And I do farther believe, that the Liberty every one has taken to disperse the sacred Writ into so many Idioms, carries with it a great deal more of Danger than Utility. The *Jews*, *Mahometans*, and almost all others, have espoused and revered the Language wherein their Laws and Mysteries were first conceiv'd, and have expressly, and not without Colour of Reason, forbid the Version or Alteration of them into any other. Are we assur'd, that in *Biscay* and in *Brittany*, there are competent Judges enough of this Affair, to establish this Translation into their own Language? Why the universal Church has not a more difficult and solemn Judgment to make. One of our *Greek* Historians does justly accuse the Age he liv'd in,

in, for that the Secrets of the *Christian Religion* were dispersed into the Hands of every Mechanick, to expound and argue upon according to his own Fancy; and that we ought to be much ashamed, we, who by God's especial Favour enjoy the purest Mysteries of Piety, to suffer them to be profaned by the ignorant Rabble; considering, that the *Gentiles* expressly forbid *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the other Sages, to enquire into, or so much as to mention the Things committed only to the Priests of *Delphos*; saying moreover, that the Factions of Princes, upon theological Accounts, are not armed with Zeal, but Fury; that Zeal springs from the divine Wisdom and Justice, and governs itself with Prudence and Moderation; but degenerates into Hatred and Envy, producing Tares and Nettles, instead of Corn and Wine, when conducted by human Passions. And it was truly said of another, who advising the Emperor *Theodosius*, told him, That Disputes did not so much rock the Schisms of the Church asleep, as it roused and animated Heresies. That therefore all Contentions and logical Disputations were to be avoided, and Men absolutely to acquiesce in the Prescriptions and Formula's of Faith, established by the Ancients. And the Emperor *Andronicus*, having overheard some great Men at high Words in his Palace with *Lopodius*, about a Point of ours of great Importance, gave them so severe a Check, as to threaten to cause them to be thrown into the River if they did not desist. The very Women and Children, now-a-days, take upon them to document the oldest and most experienced Men about the Ecclesiastical Laws: Whereas the first of those of *Plato* forbids them to enquire so much as into the Civil Laws; which were to stand instead of divine Ordinances: And allowing the old Men to confer amongst themselves, or with the Magistrate, about those Things, he adds, provided it be not in the Presence of young or profane Persons. A Bishop has left in Writing, that, at the other End of the World, there is an Isle by the Ancients called *Dioscorides*, abundantly fertile in all Sorts of Trees and Fruits, and of an exceeding healthful Air; the Inhabitants of which are *Christians*, having Churches and Altars only adorned with Crucifixes, without any other Images; great Observers of Fasts and Feasts; exact Payers of their Tythes to the Priest; and so chaste,
that

that none of them are permitted to have to do with more than one Woman in his Life: As to the rest, so content with their Condition, that, environ'd with the Sea, they know nothing of Navigation; and so simple, that they understand not one Syllable of the Religion they profess, and wherein they are so devout. A Thing incredible to such as do not know, that the *Pagans*, who are so zealous Idolaters, know nothing more of their Gods, than their bare Names and their Statues. The ancient Beginning of *Menaippus*, a Tragedy of *Euripides*, ran thus;

Jupiter, for that Name alone,
Of what thou art, to me is known.

I have known also, in my Time, some Men's Writings found Fault with, for being purely human and philosophical, without any Mixture of Divinity; and yet whoever should, on the contrary say, that divine Doctrine, as *Queen* and Regent of the rest, better, and with greater Decency, keeps her State apart: That she ought to be Sovereign throughout, not Subsidiary and Saffragan: And that, peradventure, Grammatical, Rhetorical, and Logical Examples, may elsewhere be more suitably chosen, and also the Arguments for the Stage and publick Entertainments, than from so sacred a Matter: That divine Reasons are consider'd with greater Veneration and Attention, when by themselves, and in their own proper Stile, than when mix'd with, and adapted to, human Discourses: That it is a Fault much more often observ'd, that the Divines write too humanly, than that the Humanists write not theologically enough: Philosophy, says *St. Chrysostom*, has long been banish'd the holy Schools, as an Hand-maid altogether useles and thought unworthy to peep, so much as in passing by the Door, into the Sacrifice of the divine Doctrine: And that the human Way of speaking is of a much lower Form, and ought not to serve herself with the Dignity and Majesty of divine Eloquence. I say, whoever, on the contrary, should object against all this, would not be without Reason on his Side. Let who will, *Verbis Indisciplinatis*, talk of Fortune, Destiny, Accident, good and evil Hap, and other such like Phrases, according to his own Humour;

I, for

I, for my Part, propose Fancies merely human, and merely my own, and that simply, as human Fancies, and separately consider'd, not as determin'd by an Arrest from Heaven, or incapable of Doubt or Dispute. Matter of Opinion, not Matter of Faith. Things which I discourse of according to my own Capacity, not what I believe according to God; which also I do after a Laical, not Clerical, and yet always after a very religious Manner. And it were as rational to affirm, That an Edict, enjoining all People, but such as are public Professors of Divinity, to be very reserv'd in writing of Religion, would carry with it a very good Colour of Utility and Justice, and me, amongst the rest, to hold my prating. I have been told, that even those who are not of our Church, do nevertheless, amongst themselves, expressly forbid the Name of God to be us'd in common Discourse; not so much as by way of Interjection, Exclamation, Assertion of a Truth, or Comparison; and I think them in the right. And upon what Occasion soever we call upon God to accompany and assist us, it ought always to be done with the greatest Reverence and Devotion. There is, as I remember, a Passage in *Xenophon*, where he tells us, that we ought so much the more seldom to call upon God, by how much it is hard to compose our Souls to such a Degree of Calmness, Penitency, and Devotion, as it ought to be in at such Time, otherwise our Prayers are not only vain and fruitless, but vicious in themselves, *Forgive us (we say) our Trespases, as we forgive them that trespass against us*. What do we mean by this Petition, but that we present him a Soul free from all Rancour and Revenge? And yet we make nothing of invoking God's Assistance in our Vices, and inviting him into our unjust Designs.

*Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divi **.

Which only to the Gods a-part,
Thou hast the Impudence to impart.

The covetous Man prays for the Conversation of his superfluous, and, peradventure, ill-got Riches; the Ambitious,

* *Perf. Sat. 2.*

for Victory, and the Conduct of his Fortune: The Thief calls God to his Assistance, to deliver him from the Dangers and Difficulties that obstruct his wicked Designs; or returns him Thanks for the Facility he has met with in robbing a poor Peasant. At the Door of the House they are going to storm, or break into by Force of a *Petarde*, they fall to Prayers for Success, having their Instruction and Hopes full of Cruelty, Avarice, and Lust.

*Hoc ipsum quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio, pro Jupiter, ô bone clamet,
Jupiter, at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse *.*

The Pray'rs with which thou dost assault *Jove's* Ear,
Repeat to *Staio*, whom thou soon wilt hear.
But *Jupiter*, good *Jupiter*, exclaim:
But *Jupiter* exclaims not.

Marguarette, Queen of *Navarre*, tells of a young Prince (whom though she does not name, is easily enough, by his great Quality, to be known,) who going upon an amorous Assignment to lye with an Advocate's Wife of *Paris*, his Way thither being through a Church, he never pass'd that holy Place, going to or returning from this godly Exercise, but he always kneel'd down to pray; in what he would implore the divine Favour, his Soul being full of such virtuous Meditations, I leave others to judge; which nevertheless, she instances for a Testimony of singular Devotion. But it is by this Proof only, that a Man may conclude few Men very fit to treat of Theological Affairs. A true Prayer, and religious reconciling of ourselves to Almighty God, cannot enter into an impure Soul, and at the very Instant subjected to the very Dominion of Satan. He who calls God to his Assistance, whilst in a Habit of Vice, does, as if a Cut-purse should call a Magistrate to help him, or like those who introduce the Name of God to the Attestation of a Lie.

*Tacito mala vota susurro
Concipimus †.*

* *Perf. Sat. 2.*

†. *Lucan. l. 5.*

In Whispers we guilty Prayers do make.

There are few Men who durst publish to the World the Prayers they make to Almighty God.

*Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de Templis, & aperto vivere voto* *.

'Tis not convenient for every one
To bring the Pray'r he mutters over there,
Out of the Temple to the publick Ear.

And this is the Reason why the *Pythagoreans* would have them always public, to be heard by every one, to the End they might not prefer indecent or unjust Petitions, as he did, who hearing

*Clare cum dixit, Apollo,
Labra movet metuens audiri; pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da justum, sanctumque videri,
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem* †.

Apollo's Name pronounc'd aloud for fear
Any his Oraison's should over-hear,
Mutter'd betwixt his Teeth, *Laverna* great,
Grant me the Talent to deceive and cheat
All I shall have to do with ev'ry where,
Yet all the while holy and just appear,
And from the Sight of Men be pleas'd to shroud
My Sins with Night, Frauds with a fable Cloud.

The God did severely punish the wicked Prayers of *Oedipus*, in granting them: He had pray'd that his Children might amongst themselves determine the Succession to his Throne by Arms; and was so miserable, as to see himself taken at his Word. We are not to pray, that all Things may go as we would have them, but as most conducing to the Good of the World; and we are not in our Prayers

* *Perf. Sat. 2.*

† *Hor. l. 1. Epist. 10.*

to obey our Wills, but Prudence. We seem in truth, to make use of our Prayers, as a kind of Gibberish, and as those do who employ holy Words about Sorceries and magical Operations : And as if I made account, the Benefit we are to reap from them, depended upon the Contexture, Sound and Gingle of Words, or upon the composing of the Countenance. For having the Soul contaminated with Concupiscence, not touch'd with Repentance, or comforted by any late Reconciliation with Almighty God, we go to present him such Words as the Memory suggests to the Tongue, and hope from thence to retain the Remission of our Sins. There is nothing so easy, so sweet and so favourable, as the divine Law : She calls and invites us to her, guilty and abominable as we are ; Extends her Arms, and receives us into her Bosom, as foul and polluted as we at present are, and are for the future to be. But then in Return, we are to look upon her with a respectful, and a graceful Eye, we are to receive this Pardon with all imaginable Gratitude and Submission, and, for that Instant at least, wherein we address ourselves to her, to have the Soul sensible of the Evils we have committed, and at Defiance with those Passions, that seduc'd her to offend, for neither the Gods, nor good Men (says Plato) will accept the Present of a wicked Man.

*Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates,
Farre pio, & saliente mica*.*

The pious Off'ring of a Piece of Bread,
If by a pure Hand on the Altar laid,
Than costly Hecatombs, will better please
Th' offended Gods, and their just Wrath appease.

* Her. l. 3. Ode 23.



C H A P. LVII.

Of Age.

I Cannot approve of the Proportion we settle upon ourselves, and the Space we allot to the Duration of Life. I see that the wise contract it very much, in Comparison of the common Opinion. What (said the younger *Cato* to those who would stay his Hand from killing himself,) am I now of an Age to be reproach'd, that I go out of the World too soon? And yet he was but eight and forty Years old. He thought that to be a mature and competent Age, considering how few arrive to it, and such as soothing their Thoughts with I know not what Course of Nature, promise to themselves some Years beyond it, could they be privileg'd from the infinite Number of Accidents to which they are by natural Subjection expos'd, might have some Reason to do so. What an idle Conceit it is, to expect to die of a Decay of Strength, which is the last Effects of the extremest Age, and to propose to ourselves no shorter Lease of Life than that, considering it is a kind of Death of all others the most rare, and very hardly seen? We call that only a natural Death, as if it were contrary to Nature, to see a Man break his Neck with a Fall, be drown'd in Shipwreck, or snatch'd away with a Pleurisy, or the Plague, and, as if our ordinary Condition of Life did not expose us to these Inconveniencies. Let us no more flatter ourselves with these fine sounding Words: We ought rather at a Venture, to call that natural, which is common and universal. To die of old Age, is a Death rare, extraordinary and singular, and therefore so much less natural than the others: 'Tis the last and extremest sort of dying: And the more remote, the less to be hop'd for. It is indeed the Boundary of Life, beyond which we are not to pass: Which the Law of Nature has pitch'd for a Limit, not to be exceeded: But to last till then, is
withal

withal a Privilege she is rarely seen to give us. 'Tis a Lease she only signs by particular Favour, and it may be, to one only, in the Space of two or three Ages; and then with a Pass to boot, to carry him through all the Traverses and Difficulties, she has strewed in the Way of this long Career. And therefore my Opinion is, that when once forty Years old, we should consider it as an Age to which very few arrive: For seeing that Men do not usually proceed so far, it is a Sign that we are pretty well advanced, and since we have exceeded the ordinary Bounds, which make the just Measure of Life, we ought not to expect to go much farther; having escaped so many Precipices of Death, whereinto we have seen so many other Men fall, we should acknowledge, that so extraordinary a Fortune, as that which has hitherto rescued us from those imminent Perils, and kept us alive beyond the ordinary Term of Living, is not likely to continue long. 'Tis a Fault in our very Laws, to maintain this Error, That a Man is not capable of managing his own Estate 'till he be five and twenty Years old, whereas he will have much ado to manage his Life so long. *Augustus* cut off five Years from the ancient *Roman* Standard, and declared that thirty Years old was sufficient for a Judge. *Servius Tullius* superseded the Knights of above seven and forty Years of Age, from the Fatigues of War: *Augustus* dismissed them at forty-five: Though methinks it seems a little unlikely, that Men should be sent to the Fire-side till five and fifty, or sixty Years of Age. I should be of Opinion, that both our Vacancy and Employment should be as far as possible extended for the publick Good: But I find the Fault on the other Side, that they do not employ us early enough. This Emperor was Arbiter of the whole World at nineteen, and yet would have a Man to be thirty, before he could be fit to bear Office in the Commonwealth: For my Part I believe our Souls are adult at twenty, such as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A Soul that has not by that time given evident Earnest of it's Force and Virtue, will never after come to Proof. Natural Parts and Excellencies produce, what they have of vigorous and fine, within that Term or never.

Of all the great human Actions I ever heard, or read of, of what Sort soever, I have observed, both in former

Ages, and our own, more performed before the Age of thirty, than after : And oft-times in the very Lives of the same Men. May I not confidently instance in those of *Hannibal*, and his great Competitor *Scipio*? The better Half of their Lives, they lived upon the Glory they had acquired in their Youth ; great Men after, 'tis true, in Comparison of others ; but by no Means in Comparison of themselves. As to my own Particular, I do certainly believe, that since that Age, both my Understanding, and my Constitution, have rather decay'd, than improv'd, and retir'd, rather than advanc'd. 'Tis possible, that with those who make the best Use of their Time, Knowledge and Experience may grow up and increase with their Years ; but the Vivacity, Quickness and Steadiness, and other Pieces of us, of much greater Importance, and much more essentially our own, languish and decay,

— *Ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi
Corpus, & obtusis ceciderunt viribus artus,
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque mensque* *.

When once the Body's shaken by Time's Rage,
The Blood and Vigour ebbing into Age,
The Judgment then halts upon either Hip,
The Mind does doat, Tongue into Nonsense trip.

Sometimes the Body first submits to Age, sometimes the Soul, and I have seen Men enough who had got a Weakness in their Brains, before either in their Hams or Stomach : And by how much the more, it is a Disease of no great Pain to the infected Party, and of obscure Symptoms, so much greater the Danger is. And for this Reason it is, that I complain of our Laws, not that they keep us too long to our Work, but that they set us to work too late. For the Frailty of Life and the many natural and accidental Rubs to which it is obnoxious and daily exposed : Birth, though noble, ought not to share so large a Vacancy, and so tedious a Course of Education.

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* *Lucret. l. 3.*



A COMPLETE

I N D E X



REMARKABLE MATTERS

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